THE LAND OF THE NORTH WIND

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THE

LAPLANDERS AND SAMOYEDES

SLEDGING OVER THE TÛNDRAS TO KAROLÉON

THE

LAND OF THE NORTH WIND

OR

TRAVELS AMONG THE LAPLANDERS AND THE SAMOYEDES

By EDWARD RAE

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1875

The right of translation is reserved

TO MY DEAR FATHER

MOST GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY I DEVOTE

MY FIRST AND PROBABLY MY ONLY BOOK

CHRISTMAS 1874

Happy is the Man that expecteth nothing, for he avoideth disappointment.

OLD PERSIAN PROVERB.

TO THE READER.

ESTEEMED READER,

I will venture to beg that your anticipations with regard to the book in your hands may of the most humble nature. I trust that you will endeavour to see in the following pages the simple reproduction of two journals, written from spot to spot, from hour to hour, and originally destined to follow the steps of their several predecessors, and never to emerge into daylight.

In your good nature, bear in mind that this is the rough and shapeless—but to the best of my poor ability, faithful—record, of what befel us personally and mentally in the course of our wanderings. Believe me, you cannot be more sensible than I am of the tediousness of some parts, the inappropriateness and foolishness of many others. You can make no severer criticisms upon the book than I have already made myself: but you will see in it perhaps the reflections of varying circumstances, sometimes of depression, sometimes of exhilaration, which beset us from time to time. Now and then you will yawn during the perusal, now and then

sneer, now and then (who knows?) you may laugh. On the whole, I think you will be satisfied that, had I contemplated writing anything beyond a customary journal, I should have set about it in a different fashion.

Finally, kind Reader, if in the face of this warning you are willing to venture upon accompanying the Doctor and myself to the rude and boisterous land where the North Wind's home is, you must be satisfied to put up with the same rough fare and disappointments that we ourselves endured. So that, to use the words of one of the most charming masters of the English language, Sir Roger l'Estrange: Though I deliver up these Papers to the Press, I invite no Man to the Reading of them: and whosoever Reads and Repents, it is his own Fault. Yet, if any Man has a mind to take part with me, he has Free Leave, and Welcome.

Believe me, dear Reader,

Most obediently and faithfully yours,

THE AUTHOR.

CLAUGHTON, BIRKENHEAD:
24 *February*, 1875.

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Errata.

Page 24, line 5 from bottom, *for* I went *read* we went

„ 43, „ 9, *for* means *read* meant

„ 127, „ 6 from bottom, *for* quay on *read* quay in

„ 150, last line, *for* we did *read* we do

„ 161, line 8, *for* hung *read* hang

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THE

LAND OF THE NORTH WIND.

CHAPTER I.

The North Wind doth blow—The Doctor—Decline of Originality—Our Scheme of Travel—Preparations for Journey to Lapland, and Means of Transport.

The North Wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow.

THESE were among the first sounds that fell upon my infant ear, and I used to be deeply concerned to hear from my nurse what steps the robin would take to keep himself warm. There was a charm in the words that they have not yet lost, and the experiences of other journeys into the distant North made the prospect of travelling to the home of the North Wind a very attractive one. I had the good fortune to associate with me in the wish a gentleman of energy, endurance, and unexceptionable appetite: in Mr. Henry Pilkington Brandreth I found a hardy and patient companion, and one who is now very widely

known north of the Arctic Circle by the honorary title of Doctor.

We have heard of a distinguished soldier whose friends make it a boast that he is silent in seven languages. What would they say of the Doctor, of whom as a friend I can boast that he is silent in about seventeen out of eighteen European languages, and who still travels unpretendingly into the remoter parts of Europe.

We live in difficult times, and young men of initiative are put to their wits' ends for novelties. Dr. Livingstone has been found, the American flag has been carried into the heart of Africa, and from one end of England to another: the gipsy has been married: amateur coachmen and paupers, aristocratic republicans and organ-grinders, are getting played out: we see hysterical efforts to assert the intellectual equality of the gentler sex: we see eminent essayists in their thirst for originality descending to the profane: we see others striving to Germanise our finer Saxon tongue, and to coin and fashion new words which have the ring of false originality: in fact, in spite of the efforts of poor weak humanity, we have to recognise that eccentricity is hard to achieve, and notoriety is getting to be next to impossible. Happy are those who are born eccentric, for this rare quality now-a-days ranks with talent, and is considered preferable to greatness.

The Doctor and I, like many deep thinkers, are aware that our own peculiar weakness, travel, like everything else, is beginning to grow commonplace; but we feel with Marivaux, the French dramatist—who, on his admission to the Academy, made the following sensible remarks—that it is idle to make professions of self-disparagement, the sincerity of which is always suspected, and which occasion to those who do make them in good faith, only the affront of being disbelieved.

As we cannot therefore conscientiously depreciate the merit, particularly of our second journey, we will beg the forgiving reader to believe that if the following relation fails in interest it is not owing to the fault of the journeys themselves. If our photographs, taken during the second year's journey, had been worthy of reproduction, they would have been a redeeming and enlightening feature in the book. To tell the truth, I was rather satisfied with the results—more particularly seeing that we had risked the loss of our reason through mosquito persecution, in taking them—but after submitting them to the clear light of Mr. Murray's judgment, I saw that they were not perfect enough for publication.

Our first scheme was to travel up the Gulf of Bothnia to Haparanda, thence to ascend the Torneå or Kémi river, and descend the Ivâlojoki to Enâra

Traesk, the Lake of a Thousand Islands—but as the journey up-stream would be so slow and toilsome in the midsummer heat, and aggravated by mosquitoes, as we were fond, too, of the magnificent scenery of the Norway coast, we eventually decided upon going by steamer as far as Altenfiord on the Arctic coast, and then travelling through the Norwegian, Swedish, and Russian Laplands to the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. Our modes of conveyance would thus be evenly divided between steamers, horses, and boats—all of which were agreeable to us.

Of our preparations for Lapland there is not much to be said. Whatever we did take is probably referred to in some part or other of my journal. Our baggage was restricted, owing to the difficulty of transport on horseback, the providing of each additional horse in that empty land involving perhaps many hours' delay. We were to travel on, too, without returning, and could make no convenient provision, or at all events did not take the trouble to, for anything to await us anywhere.

We chose, in addition to our portmanteaus, stout hampers, as the best means of carrying our food and necessaries; and as we rarely moved at anything beyond a walking pace, particularly through the close and tangled woods, there was not the same necessity for strong heavy boxes as in Iceland, for example, where

the swamps and rivers are deep, and where the horses have an inexcusable passion for rolling. We chose the beginning of July as the most favourable time for our start, as the swamps would have got rid of the melted snows, the tracks over the hills would be practicable, and the days would be at their longest.

The mosquitoes we felt there was no avoiding, and we made up our minds to endure to the bitter end. From all we have since gathered, we believe we hit upon the most suitable season in the year.

I ought not to close these few preliminary words without expressing my indebtedness to Mr. Murray for his patience and courtesy, and for affording me the opportunity of publishing the record of our travels under such extenuating circumstances as the shelter of his powerful name.

We travelled to Hull on one of the rainiest days we happen to recollect, and arrived there late on the night of July 2, 1873.

CHAPTER II.

Embark for Norway—Our Fellow-passengers—Touch at Molde and Christiansund—Arrival at Throndhjem—Reminder of byegone Days—Supplementary Preparations—Cathedral of St. Olaf—Set sail in Steamer Hakon Jarl for the North—Crowded Vessel and deplorable Accommodation—The Libby Prison, late the Tank—An old Friend—Arrive at Bodö—The branch Steamer for the Lôfoden Islands—Orpheus—The Lôfodens—Meeting with King Oscar—Reach Tromsö—Expedition to an Encampment of Laplanders—Good-bye to Tromsö—Leave the Hakon Jarl at Öxfiord.

July 3*rd*.—It rained most heavily when we went on board of the Tasso in the Hull docks, and we found the saloon full of wet and waterproofed passengers. We had no curiosity to know when we sailed, but went straight to sleep, and awoke this morning to find the steamer making slow and cautious progress through a dense fog. It seemed, from the muddy colour of the water, that we were not very far out of the Humber. The first passenger that we stumbled across was our excellent friend and Icelandic companion, Col. Moggridge, R.E. We sit together at table—the Doctor, owing to his delayed appearance, having had to secure a seat somewhere round a mast, or over a stove.

The afternoon was fine, and brought everybody

up on deck. Among the passengers is a gentleman who, it transpired in the course of conversation, is going to Tromsö with a party of ladies and a little boy, and who has secured berths on the mail steamer going north: and, as he has engaged more than he requires himself, we think it possible we may come in for the remainder. So we learn funny stories from books and relate them to him as original. These make him laugh, and we think he promises well. It also appears that the Tasso is to stop for a few minutes at Molde, to disembark three pleasant men who are going south to fish, and one of them has already overtured to telegraph from Molde to Throndhjem for berths for us, that we may anticipate those travellers going northwards who purpose securing places on our arrival.

We have perhaps forty passengers in all—that is effective passengers—for some few are still in their berths. Among the most notable of them is the gentleman going north, who shares our state-room, and who objects to our opening the sidelight for fear his boy, who sleeps in front of it, might take a cold in his doze, or get wet when the decks are washed in the morning. Having no little boys of our own, we cannot appreciate this self-indulgence, and think meanly of our fellow-passenger. If we had not designs upon his berths in the Norwegian steamer, we should pick a quarrel with him.

Then there is Mr. Bailward, of Ball. Coll., Oxford, a merry pleasant companion, and an individual whom we know as the Hardy Norseman, with a great light beard, a great red nose, a great appetite, and a vast Scotch cap which gives him laterally the appearance of an old-fashioned battle-axe. Then there is a gentleman whom we know as the Knave of Diamonds, and there is the Duke of Roxburghe, an unassuming good-looking old nobleman with a strong Scotch accent, going with his son to fish in the Alten River. Next comes Captain Chaplin, also going to fish: and Mr. Domville, travelling with three ladies, his wife, daughter, and Miss Hill—a pleasant party. It is very fairly cold, and we all wrap up well and eat largely. The night becomes very chill, and, judging by the sounds of the steam whistle we hear from our berths, foggy: so our rest is broken.

At breakfast, lunch, and tea, we make such ravages among the sardines and marmalade that the head steward declares they cannot hold out for twenty-four hours more. All day we sail pleasantly along, and pass the time quietly enough in lounging, reading, and talking. We remain later than ever on deck to-night, beguiled by the beauty of the evening.

Sunday, 6th.—The land is in sight now, and in the afternoon we put into Molde, where we lose three pleasant companions, and where we detect and defeat a scheme of the Knave of Diamonds to supplant us by

sending a telegram to Throndhjem too. The evening was delicious, and towards ten o'clock we passed in between rocks to the curious little port of Christiansund.

The little boys, some of them, understand Spanish here, as a number of ships of that country come for dried fish. At eight o'clock on the fourth morning we cast anchor in the roads of Throndhjem, and, dropping agilely into a boat, while the other passengers were at breakfast, we went on shore to secure our berths on the Hammerfest steamer, the Hakon Jarl. Our telegram had not arrived, and we were glad to have been prompt, for our landlord of the Victoria Hotel, half-an-hour later, failed to get a single berth for a large party of Scotch people.

On the Hakon Jarl I noticed a steward look hard at me. You don't remember me, he said. I said modestly that I did not. He said, Do you remember going to Vadsö, and fishing with the second officer at Hammerfest? It transpired that he had been steward on board the steamer at the time, and he had probably a floating recollection of my appetite, or of the lesson the cook gave me in making Norwegian pancakes, or of the whale steaks I was to have had at Vadsö, and how they fell through because whale does not bear keeping so long as blackcock, or of some gratuity or other. He gave us our choice of all the berths on board, and we saw that he would be of use during the voyage.

Alongside of the Hakon Jarl, our steamer, lay our old friend in question, the Throndhjem, of North Cape associations. Her captain was in the country some miles away, or we should have liked to meet him.

We went back to the Tasso to bring off our luggage, and to say good-bye to those of our pleasant passengers who were not travelling farther with us; then we took up our quarters at the familiar and comfortable Victoria Hotel. We had several little matters to attend to—the manufacture of strong riding mosquito-proof gauntlets, the changing of money, the acquisition of some old silver Lapp spoons and rings, and the visé to the Doctor's passport by the Russian consul, or rather by an obliging amateur, who acted in his absence. What sort of visé would you prefer? he asked; and we dictated one to him that would have made the consul's hair stand on end. Have you any choice in the matter of seals? he asked. We said we had a preference for an immense one in wax, which he good-naturedly affixed, and stamped with an enormous effigy of the Imperial eagle.

After dinner, in the evening, the Doctor went for a vigorous climb, and I went to stroll in the Tivoli Gardens. I came upon a body of militia training for the approaching coronation ceremony, but identifying in the ranks a shopkeeper who had endeavoured to defraud me in the morning in the matter of an old

silver ring, I became disgusted, and went to the fine old cathedral, built by the good Saint Olaf eight centuries ago. In the beautiful old churchyard I sat for an hour, in the clear evening light, watching the relatives who came to put fresh flowers on the graves of their dead, and came back late to the hotel.

The next day found us busy with preparations still; we wanted a map and several other things: we had a plunge into the sea before dinner. I spent the evening in Bailward's company, going afterwards to the grand old churchyard: and coming back late, I met the Doctor, who had returned from a long walk to the Leerfoss or Falls of the Nidelven, a beautiful spot some miles out of Throndhjem.

We rise at six o'clock and make our way on board of the Damskib, which is absolutely alive with human beings, and choked with luggage. Damskib is a harmless word, meaning steam-boat, and nothing more. Many of the Tasso's passengers are there, wildly struggling for their effects, and places to put them in. Among the new faces are those of some American ladies, with their courier, the only ladies on board who preserve their composure. At length we are off; the Dam—better say steam-boat—Hakon Jarl slips from her moorings, and steals away down the glassy Nidelven, bound for the Arctic, the land of the Laplanders, the land of mist and snow—the land of ice-

bergs and seals—the land of the white polar bears and whales—the land of the North Wind and the Midnight Sun—the land where the year is but one great day and one great night. Vive le Nord!

All the morning we wind about among not very interesting fiords. Mr. Domville and his ladies are on board, and we sit on deck talking. The American ladies—Mrs. Wild, of Linwood, N. Y., her sister, Mrs. Nott, and daughters—sit near us, and in a frank unaffected way they talk to us, and we enjoy talking to them. The dinner-table was much crowded, and but for Mrs. Wild's courier, who found a place for us near them, we should have remained on deck and dined in lonely grandeur afterwards.

Towards sunset—that is, towards eleven o'clock—rain fell heavily: but tinged as it was with rose-coloured light, when the sun dipped behind a great purple cliff, even the rain was magnificent, and we watched it from beneath the awning.

At Namsos, the little port we were approaching, we remained for two or three hours, to enable the crew to exercise the steam winch that lay immediately above our heads, and with such effect that our teeth rattled and our eyeballs rolled in their sockets. We gentlemen have a famous sleeping-place, which we knew as the Tank, until the American ladies consecrated for it the name of the Libby Prison—a dark and fearful spot

where the Southerners were said to keep their Northern prisoners during the war, deprived of light, air, and water. In these three particulars we have no advantage, we consider, over the Northern prisoners, but in the matter of the steam winch we have decidedly the pull. Black bread, raw meat, and animal life of a minute kind, we have equally with the Northern prisoners: we are willing to believe that sickness broke out among them: it has also broken out among us: that their sleeping cells may have been as bad as ours we are ready to admit: but that their rest was broken by the music of the steam winch we can never, no never, believe. There is one satisfaction, however, that we Northern prisoners have, in common with them—the sympathy of the American ladies.

The first, and most welcome, face that I saw in our dungeon was that of my old friend Mr. Dahll, geologist to the Norwegian Government, a kind and clever man, and who said he was glad to see me again. He travels with us as far as Altenfiord.

On coming out of prison we found the morning raw and misty, and we saddened our fellow-passengers by telling them they had passed, unbeknown, the famous perforated mountain Torghatten. We passed a merry morning on deck, wrapped up becomingly, our Lapland raiment exciting general satisfaction. The accommodation is really shocking: the saloon is filled each

night with homeless and wandering passengers. The food is very indifferent, indeed but for the fish and cream that we pick up from one little port or another, that department would break down. Everybody is good-natured, except the Knave of Diamonds, who spends most of his time in smoking near the engine-room, and growling at the inconveniences of the voyage. He told us that if ever we found him again on board of this ricketty old steamer——: he wished us good-bye without finishing the sentence. Farewell the Knave of Diamonds, we shall go to no expense in endeavouring to find him on board of this or of any other steamer—now or in after life. The rest of the passengers put up with everything, as a natural accompaniment of a voyage into North latitude 70°, in search of the midnight sun.

I was a little annoyed to-day to receive no answer from Altenfiord to the telegram which I had dictated to the Doctor from my berth last night. After some thought I attached no blame to the telegraph operatives. The Doctor and I had been invited to write our names in a book on arriving at the Victoria Hotel, Drontheim, and the newspaper agent who had called for a list of visitors had copied the Doctor's out as Jems Simmons.

We drew near the Hestemand, or Horseman—that fine old mountain—still astride on the Arctic circle,

and watching the sea with as much interest as ever. The passengers were all at tea, while we were talking to the captain on the bridge, and as we came upon the Line an eccentric whale sprang bodily out of the water. The rain clouds came down upon the Hestemand, and upon the mountains to seaward, so that the prospect of our seeing the midnight sun became dim indeed.

It is a noble coast—a wild illimitable succession of rock mountains, rugged and stern: not much snow upon them now, but many a white tumbling waterfall and distant glacier. We sail along, night and day, through fiord and strait—between crag and island. At times the wind comes gustily in from the Arctic, but for the most part we are out of sight of the sea, sheltered as we are by this grandest breakwater in the world, this broken fringe of rocks extending from the southern capes of Norway to the uttermost parts of the North.

In the night so-called we come to Bodö, and anchor for a few hours. Driven up on deck by our evil demon the steam winch, and looking out for the beautiful snow mountain of Lapland—Sulitelma—I was taken by pleasant surprise to see the genial, mild-faced Bishop of Tromsö, who greeted me kindly, and who is to travel for some little distance with us. Alongside of us lay the steamer for the Lôfodens, which was to deprive us of three pleasant medical gentlemen going to circum-

navigate the Islands: we could more readily have spared others of our passengers.

The Hakon Jarl and his brother mail-steamers go no longer through the Lôfodens as in old times: they make for Hammerfest, direct along the coast, and a branch steamer visits the wild and splendid Lôfodens. Some of our passengers were very cross with the mail administration, and even the uncomplaining ladies expressed mild disappointment. We should see the Islands from the Vestfiord, but should not sail beneath their grand and broken peaks, nor steam for hours up narrow channels with swift eddying stream and overhanging cliffs.

At Bodö there came on board a minstrel—though that word, when applied to him, is mere foolishness. He was a collection of minstrels—a band, a Norwegian musical festival. With his mouth he played upon Pandean pipes, attached round his neck by a scarf: with his right hand he turned a barrel-organ: with his left he played a pair of castanets: his left foot moved a cord which ran under his arm, and put in motion a drumstick: on his back was slung the drum: with his right knee he manœuvred a pair of cymbals hanging from the organ: to his hat was attached a rod, which struck a triangle when he nodded his head: and somewhere about him was a tambourine. When we saw him we were struck with a great awe, and felt that this

was no ordinary being. Was this the familiar god Pan? was this the Genius of Music turned loose upon the earth? was this Orphée aux enfers? We looked at him, speaking in hushed whispers, and waiting for his first note. When he began to play, all doubt was laid aside: he was Orphée and we were aux enfers.

With the connivance of the trusty steward, we had succeeded in allotting our two selves three berths, in one of which we kept the essentials of life, such as collars, clothes, and tooth-brushes, and of which we generally kept the curtains closed. We had felt all along that some disaffected selfish passenger might seek to deprive us of it: and when the steward—not our steward—came down into the Libby Prison this evening, we felt there was disquieting news. The steward had come by the captain's wish, to find how only nineteen gentlemen could be got into twenty berths. As he came our way we seized his arm. Hush! we said, pointing to the drawn curtains,—the poor sick gentleman. The steward put his finger to his lips and went out on tiptoe, to reassure the captain as to the allotment of berths.

The days passed quickly—almost too quickly now—in pleasant talk with our kind-hearted American friends, Mr. Dahll, the Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Domville and their young ladies. The kind old Duke of Roxburghe, too, interested himself in our journey, and

at his recommendation we had telegraphed to Mr. Nielsen, the Lansmand at Bosekop, on the Altenfiord. The Duke goes to fish yearly in the Alten river, but keeps mostly towards the mouth. Mrs. Wild and her daughters had been reading their countryman, Bayard Taylor's, excellent book of Northern Travel, and his account of Bishop Hvoslef's narrow escape from martyrdom by the Laplanders some twenty years ago. They were pleased to make his acquaintance, and charmed by his soft, gentle manner. We said good-bye to him in the afternoon, as he disembarked at a little village, to make some school inspection.

We sailed now up the Vestfiord—not across it, alas, to the noble Lôfodens—but coasting due north. Such a lovely afternoon we had: we sat, a merry party, in the stern, wrapped in shawls and rugs, and the hours passed delightfully. Later in the day the Hakon Jarl put out to the Lôfodens—only to call—and though the sun shone brightly, and the steamer threw showers of diamonds from her sides, the wind as it met us was very cold.

It was understood after dinner that we were to meet Oscar, King of Sweden and King expectant of Norway, on his way down to Throndhjem to receive his second crown. He had been to Vadsö, and to almost every small fishing-station along the coast, to make the personal acquaintance of his subjects; and everywhere

were flags and evergreens and arches, and little decorated wooden landing-places. At length we saw a fine stately frigate approaching, as we steamed up a narrow fiord; and as we passed and dipped our ensign, we saw the King upon the bridge raising his cap. We removed ours, and the Norwegians gave three short hoarse cheers. A small gunboat followed in the frigate's wake, and with this unpretending escort Oscar the Second, King of Sweden and Norway, went down the coast to his coronation.

The voyage was drawing to a close, we had had dinner and were sitting on deck, when Tromsö came in sight. There was bustle and confusion on board of the Hakon Jarl, and when the anchor went down the decks were alive with human beings. We had planned an expedition to the Lapp encampment a few miles away, and Mrs. Wild's courier, the reliable Ring—a bronzed stalwart Norwegian—a police detective when at home in Christiania—was sent on shore for a guide and boats, and as we waited for his return, passengers and visitors swarmed over the side of the steamer.

Mr. Ring soon hove in sight with two boats, into which we packed ourselves, and were pulled leisurely to the opposite side of the fiord. We walked up a beautiful wooded valley among silver birch-trees, past mossy banks, and over rippling brooks, through carpets

of lovely oak and beech fern, and blueberries, harebells, and anemones. At length, after an hour and a quarter's walk, we came to the encampment of the Laplanders: six or eight rude huts or wigwams, half of which were storehouses and half human dwellings. The Lapp occupants were poor and dirty, and we well-nigh asphyxiated ourselves by entering in our young enthusiasm a hut where a woman was baking rye-cakes by a wood fire. Chimney there was none: a hole in the roof admitted the draught which fanned the smoke into our mouths, arousing choking coughs, and into our eyes, which filled with bitter tears.

There was a magnificent Lapp baby—in a red leather cradle, lined with soft white fur—that took our fancy, and was handed round and kissed. It was the only cleanly object we saw in the huts. We asked for old silver spoons with wide bowls and slight twisted stems, but they had been sold long ago—no doubt to sordid English travellers. We loitered about for an hour or two, waiting for the herd of reindeer (which only arrived on the following day), and becoming tired, bade the poor Laplanders good-bye, leaving them some presents of money, which greatly contented them; and then walked back down the valley.

The delightful ramble soon came to an end, and we were ferried across to the town, passing under the stern of the Earl Hakon, when some of the passengers

exchanged lively farewells with the American ladies. We had been invited, with a young Norwegian student who had accompanied us, to supper in the comfortable wooden house in which the reliable Ring had established himself, and where we had a merry and agreeable meal. We parted with great regret from these amiable ladies, and returned to the steamer in the bright evening light. Two hours later the hills and houses of Tromsö re-echoed with the sound of the steamer's whistle, awakening the inhabitants to let them know that we were on our way once more to Lapland and the far North.

The Sunday morning was dull and rainy. We were to leave the Hakon Jarl early in the afternoon, so packed our luggage, and sat about restlessly in the cabin, talking or reading by turns. At four o'clock we entered the little inlet of Öxfiord : and, wishing goodbye to our pleasant friends the Domvilles, who were bound for the North Cape and the Varanger Fiord, we transferred ourselves and effects to the little steamer Nor, which lay alongside. As the Hakon Jarl steamed away out of the Öxfiord, we stood on the bridge of the Nor, and had a most genial and friendly farewell demonstration. Mr. Domville stood in the stern of the steamer, with a standard made from an umbrella and a mouchoir, Mrs. and Miss Domville with scarfs and handkerchiefs, and Miss Hill in a bright red

shawl. We waved our hats till the Hakon Jarl disappeared round a cliff on her way to Hammerfest.

Mr. Dahll, the Duke of Roxburghe and his son, and two Norwegian gentlemen, were the only passengers with us on this little vessel, and on her we spent about twelve hours.

CHAPTER III.

Voyage on Steamer Nor to Altenfiord—First Interview with Midnight Sun—Delay in obtaining Horses—Engage a Laplander as Guide—Leave Bosekop and enter the Lapland Forests—Jones—The Mosquitoes—Crossing of Alten River—Traverse lonely Birch-woods—Gargia—Comforts under Difficulties—Upon the Fjelds—Arrival at Suolovuolme—The Curse of the Arctic Summer—River Másí—Desolation of the Fjelds—Bengis Järvi—Johannes Strand—We lose Jones' Services—Somerset—Leave for Kauto-keino.

MOST of the Nor's passengers had gone to sleep when my good friend Mr. Dahll came running down. Get up, he said—if you would like to see the midnight sun. I went upon deck with him. Between us and the sea were dark, clear-edged mountains, and the sun himself was still sinking among clouds of amber and gold. In a few minutes more—it was close upon twelve—these clouds dispersed, and we had a glorious interview with the midnight sun. To borrow the words of a friend—We read the wondrous poem written in the sky: we felt the Presence in the hush and stillness as we waited for the day: we saw the marvellous light flooding the valley and crowning with a glory each hill-top: and our souls were filled, we were satisfied.

We left the steamer Nor early in the morning:

Mr. Dahll, the two Scotch noblemen, and ourselves. With us, too, was a clever Norwegian gentleman, once captain in the navy—now Director of Telegraphs for the Government—Mr. Pettersen. We walked up to the little inn, kept by Madame Diesenthun, and restored ourselves with the never-absent coffee. The Duke of Roxburghe had seen the Amtmandsysselmand-lansmand Nielsen, to whom I had telegraphed, and ascertained from him that the horses would be ready for us by eight in the morning (morning, eight hours after day-break). Then we said good-bye to this kindly gentleman and to his son, good-morning to Mr. Dahll and Mr. Pettersen, and went upstairs to finish the night in slumber.

At eight o'clock the unreliable Nielsen said the horses would be ready beyond any doubt at twelve, so we dressed in high boots and riding breeches, and thought we did not look amiss. The time was pleasantly spent with our two clever Norwegian friends; but here we were, ready to plunge into Lapland, without the drawbacks and hindrances that we more than half feared all the way from England; and we were, or I was, fretful and impatient. At twelve o'clock I went down to Nielsen—the unjustifiable Nielsen—who said the horses would be ready beyond possibility of disappointment at four o'clock, so we returned to the house and abode, but did not grin. We noticed that

this man moved in cycles of four hours each—progressive, prospective cycles, of a quarter of a day each. We did not fathom his darksome purposes at once, but resolved to watch him. A conviction that wound itself round our minds was, that until we set foot in Bosekop, Nielsen had not sent for the horses.

At four o'clock I went down to Nielsen—the untrustworthy, subtle Nielsen—who said the horses would be ready, beyond the shadow of a possibility of unpunctuality, at eight o'clock—four hours again. I think when I heard this I used a harmful word in English, but the Lansmand did not understand it, and took no offence.

The day had not been altogether an unprofitable one. We had engaged a guide, a gentleman of this country: in fact, a Laplander, a native of Kauto-keino, who said he was sanguine he could find the way to Kauto-keino. We said we hoped his impressions were in the neighbourhood of certainty, as we were only provisioned for a limited number of months, and were looking forward to arriving upon the Gulf of Bothnia before winter set in. We agreed to give him twelve dollars for the journey, and a douceur of two more in case he satisfied us; but made the stipulation that if we fell in with a better guide, one Strand by name, who was up in Lapland at the time, we should be at liberty to discharge him on a pro ratâ payment. We

then said that he must undertake to answer to the name of Jones, at which he burst into a loud guffaw. We saw from this that Jones was a man of parts, and were glad to have secured him on moderate terms. At eight o'clock we absolutely were packing our luggage on to two horses, very gratefully we mounted two others, and escorted by Jones and a Norwegian named Indebrick —of course we called him Brick—we sallied forth.

We were a little ashamed to find that the good-natured Lansmand had been taking trouble for us for nothing, while we had worried and abused him so much. We apologised for the hasty impatience of travellers who could not understand the reason of the delays, and Mr. Nielsen laughed pleasantly as we shook hands with him, and hoped we should have a satisfactory journey.

Mr. Dahll and Mr. Pettersen accompanied us for a mile out of Bosekop, and wished us good-speed. Mr. Dahll had given us his own excellent map of Finnemarken and Norwegian Lapland, and invited us to accompany him on his exploring mission to the Tâna district: but, much as we should have liked to undertake it, it was too late to change our minds now. We were very sorry to lose him, and shall look forward to meeting him again.

Our cavalcade was not unimpressive as it wound through the woods. Jones first, on foot, with one

packhorse fully laden ; Brick second, with another; then the Doctor and myself, each with a high-spirited Norwegian horse. We ride slowly along a fair waggon-track in the delicious evening air, in sight of the clear swift Alten river. On one side of us are green hills and silver-birch forests : on the other, across the stream, an abrupt purple cliff, with clinging firs and birches. As we ride we make merry and talk of our late fellow-travellers : some gone north, some south, and others left at Tromsö.

Jones is a delight : his figure, as he steps on in front, with a kind of lounging waddle, is irresistible. If we had undertaken the voyage only to know Jones, we should have gone home in humble and peaceful contentment, and said we were satisfied with the expense. Jones's countenance would do any parents credit, but his figure must be the result of one of Nature's most successful efforts. When we make Jones laugh, we can hardly look at him and remain in our saddles too. Jones is short—quite a short man. His face it would be useless to try and describe : but on his head he has long matted hair, which he keeps in a dark blue Laplander's cap with red and yellow ornamentation. His feet are in reindeer skin, bulgy, peaked, shoes, bound tightly round his ankles ; his legs in tight reindeer leggings : and a homespun rough whitish coat, with an erect collar about nine inches deep, covers him from head to knees. His belt, of strong dark skin, is

about eight inches deep, and girds him tightly round his body a little above the knees. His countenance is miserably described by the word comical. It is of an orange tan colour, and the general effect is that of a Norwegian Chinaman: the expression is excellent.

After a ride of a few miles we came to a lonesome part of the wood, where we sighted a farm-house, and sent Brick in to ask for a boatman, as we heard the rush of Alten river a short way from us. In a quarter of an hour we were on the banks, with our horses unpacked, and ready for the boat, with two young men in it, which shot round a point at the moment. A short way up the larger river—for we were on a smaller branch—was a second boat almost stationary. We heard the Duke of Roxburghe hail us from it, and bade him good-bye. He is a pleasant old nobleman, and we received many civilities from him.

One boatman took my horse and rode away along the bank with him, followed by Jones on one of the other horses. Brick, who is a small, hard, wizened, sunburnt little man, with about as much sense of humour as a crayfish, respectably dressed—hopped into the boat, and having arranged our baggage-train in the bottom of it, thrust off with the second boatman, and so poled the boat to the other side. The stream ran swiftly over a broken bottom, and as the boat was urged across it, it came within very little of being capsized.

The horses here came to meet us, having forded higher up; and Brick reloaded them, and the boat came over for us. The Doctor crouched upon hands and knees, holding on for his life, and I had a comfortable seat in the bottom. It was quite a little excitement driving up and across the stream, while the stream came racing down upon us, and several times it nearly swung our boat's head round. We might easily have had an upset and wetting, but nothing worse; however, we did not even wet our feet.

In a quarter of an hour we ran down into the great river, and the feeling of delicious gliding, as we went skimming down a rapid was worth travelling for. The midnight sun shone gloriously over our heads behind the woods, and flooded the cliffs with a golden rosy light. Then came more riding through the solitude of birch woods—ascending all the while, till we could look back upon the fine broad river.

The mosquitoes began to annoy us, and we regretted having ridden for one or two hours without our veils. We crossed small streams, rude wooden bridges, narrow swamps, and wound round ravines where were waterfalls, until at last we heard the welcome music of a sheep-bell, and before many minutes we rode up to the farm-hut of Gargia.

The hut was quite of a moderate size. One room held a lone old Lapp lady; and the other, a bare but

not unclean apartment, contained faggots of silver-birch wood and reindeer skins, which we had to displace from two wooden berths. Then there were a rudely-constructed table, chair, and bench, and a window: also a stove, which the old Lapp at once lighted up. In five minutes more we had had a battue of mosquitoes, procured a can of water, unpacked our provision-baskets, and set a stewpan, with famous New Zealand preserved meat, to heat upon the stove. Then we made our coffee ready, opened a case of game-soup, and roasted some captains' biscuits. In half an hour more we were in a fair way to satisfy our enormous appetites. We rolled into our reindeer skins, with birch boughs for mattresses, and slumbered till two o'clock in the afternoon.

So much for a delightful ride of twenty miles through sweet Norwegian air. We had a luxurious dinner before starting for our second stage—Suolovuolme (pronounced Sölövum), twenty-two miles away, and exactly at five o'clock in the afternoon we left Gargia. We had thus fared capitally in our first quarters. We passed through birch woods again for two hours, and in the cool bright afternoon could not help feeling glad that we had chosen the night for our travel.

We were hideous objects when we went to peer at ourselves in the glass this morning: our foreheads were

disfigured with redoubts which the mosquitoes had thrown up: and over my left brow was a Mamelon which rivalled a hen's egg in size. It was impossible to wear my hat by at least three-quarters of an inch, and we very fervently cursed the mosquitoes and our own foolhardiness in dispensing so long with our veils.

At length we escaped from the valley, and came up on to the Fjelds, where a cool benignant breeze fanned us and dispersed our enemies. For forty miles round were undulating rocky hills, softened with moss, lichens, and brushwood. Small bare lakes, and patches of snow, lay here and there: and far over to the west—seaward—were the dark and splendid mountains of the Finmark coast. In an hour or two more it was resolved that the horses ought to feed for an hour, so we unpacked the cooking appareil, and made ourselves some excellent soup. Also we intended to make coffee, but the agile Doctor—probably in lighting his pipe with some spirit, or some spirit with his pipe, or in piping some light with his spirit, or in any case by doing something he ought not to have done—illuminated the whole cuisine, and we had to go behind a rock for shelter until it had burned itself out.

We were soon under weigh again, and faring southward over the Fjelds. It struck me as reasonable that I might allow Jones to take my place on horseback now and then, and I overtured. Jones accepted with gra-

titude and surprise, and was soon astride. I am sorry now to have to mention the first and only accident of importance that happened on this stage of the journey. Jones fell off my horse into a bog, and made his hands and feet muddy. No one knows how it happened. The luckless fellow had been seen by the Doctor very shortly before. He seemed well and cheerful, and was humming some Lapp music. Whether the horse stumbled, or the girth broke, or whether Jones fell off independently, has not transpired, and probably now never will transpire. He has never referred to it himself. We pulled him together, and reseated him on the horse: and the Doctor and myself went rambling over the rocky moorland among lovely mosses—staghorn and reindeer moss, and club moss—and white and red lichens: and dwarf plants covered with eatable berries, whether bilberries, whinberries, or cranberries, I don't know. I had forgotten to mention that our lunch was consumed on the banks of Lake Helgi, renamed Lake Mémie after one of the most agreeable of our fellow-passengers.

The afternoon continued cool and delicious, and with the exception of one or two strolls to stretch our legs, we spent the time in riding happily along—the Doctor with his pipe in his mouth, and his thoughts, doubtless, intent upon his next meal, and upon speculations as to how far my good-nature will go in saving

him the labour of cooking it. It was very like Iceland —cold and clear—up on these Fjelds, and it might almost have been our cavalcade filing away out of Reykjavik. We rode presently down into a birch-clad valley, passed two deserted huts, and amid a hungry howling and prodigious swarm of mosquitoes, rode through the wood to the huts of Suolovuolme.

I aroused an old half-clad Lapp lady, and without waiting for Jones or the Doctor, hurried into the hut to escape the mosquitoes. We took possession of one room in the hut after dispossessing a Lapp young lady, who stared sleepily at us, and eventually roused herself and lighted a famous wood fire. While the silver-birch faggots roared and crackled up the chimney, we were upon our knees hauling out tin pots, biscuits, jam, and filling our kettle for coffee. Then we fell to work and destroyed between five and six hundred mosquitoes, and barred the door, lest the enthusiastic Jones should come in to stare at us, and admit others. And so we sat and sang U-pi-dee, and devilled our biscuits, and d— that is, denounced the mosquitoes, until it was time to tumble off to sleep upon our reindeer skins— to sleep, perchance to snore.

On a portmanteau, July 16th.—In the morning we were up in good time, and made as usual a noble meal, then went to look at the camp of Laplanders close to our hut. There were only two tents, and those rather

shabby, as indeed most of them are. Their inhabitants, too, are far from cleanly, rarely changing their clothes.

On the whole Suolovuolme was not a great success, and we have cause to feel thankful that Providence in its mercy allowed us to depart in the possession of our senses. From the moment in which we left the hut, mosquitoes in infuriating exasperating clouds settled upon us: if we wore gloves or not, our hands were covered with them. A blow of my flapper would crush thirty or forty on the Doctor's back, or upon my horse's neck. If I drew my hand along the side of the mane, it left a patch of bodies as broad as my hand. O happy Egyptians, who do not know what mosquitoes are! O blessed cold autumn wind, that kills these deadly insects by the million! This dainty creature will not look at flesh, unless it be living: it turns up its proboscis at luscious marmalade. Fiendlike, it will have blood—human blood—my blood—not even the Doctor's blood half so much as mine. Jones' blood won't do, or I should not shrink from shedding it. If Jones' blood would do, then I would kill Jones: but it is Mr. Rae's blood that these infernalest of all insects want. And this is not the worst: they seek the tenderest and softest skin to puncture it, and then inject a foul insidious venom. We believe that up to Suolovuolme upwards of ten thousand mosquitoes had perished by our hands—this was Jones' impression: or at least

we understood it to be so, and Jones we consider is an honourable man.

With bitterness in our hearts and poison in our blood, we parted with our hostess at Suolovuolme, and hied us away over dale and fjeld, bound for Bengis Järvi (Benghis Yervi), twenty miles distant. We were riding over a hill, Jones in front, I second, the Doctor third, and the inconsiderable Brick last, when my horse, who had been startled by the report of the Doctor's gun in the morning, heard him sneeze, and bolted in a convulsion of terror, leaving me sitting upon the ground, and the saddle-girth snapped in two. From the time of leaving the Alten river up to now, we have not, with the exception of the Lapp women at Gargia and Suolovuolme, sighted a single human being, for the Laplanders with their reindeer are in the mountains by the sea.

Towards noon, I mean at the middle of our day's journey—for in the great long day we have had since leaving Throndhjem, we make no distinction between day and night—at about that undefined time of day we lunched, and turned the horses loose upon the fjeld to graze. As we lounged upon the carpet of blueberry plants after eating, we satisfied ourselves with the ripe fruit that grew upon them, and sent many a mosquito to the place where mosquitoes ultimately go.

And now we traverse silent birch-woods, and come to the river Mâsi, which we ford in safety, with the

exception of Jones, who gets his feet wet. Our persecutors—and more particularly my persecutors—affect woods and river banks: thus we find we have to travel a good deal through woods and along river banks. If the venturesome Jones requires to drink, we must stop by some swamp or river-course until he has done so, and let the mosquitoes revel in the taste of our blood. If the intemperate Brick—as he does three or four times in a morning—chances to break his horse's harness, the odds are two hundred to twenty that it is by some small swamp or river-course. We wear our veils —at least, I do, devotedly—but when we take them off at night we are objects unfair to see. They bite the backs of our necks, they creep round to our temples—how, they only know: but worse than all, our hands, which are protected by double leather gauntlets and thick hard riding-gloves, are stung and swollen from end to end.

This afternoon we pass a ruined basket, and look with interest upon it as a sign of a vanished civilization. We meet with bones at one point upon a lonely spot upon the fjeld. We believe them to be human bones. We imagine them to be the bones of travellers —victims of Jones' ambition: for the conviction is growing in our minds that Jones is an amateur, that he does not know the route. We are aware that the usual time occupied between Alten and Kauto-keino is from

two-and-a-half days to three days, and we also know that we have spent two days and a half in accomplishing half the distance. We feel that Jones is training himself for the duties of guide at our expense, and that when we part with him at Kauto-keino, Jones will exclaim, Well, it was not bad for a second attempt.

I was startled to hear a cry from Jones in the afternoon: he had sighted a man upon the fjeld, and said he was a well-known Norseman from Bosekop—the Johannes Strand who would have been our guide had he not been absent at the time. It transpired, of course, that it was somebody else—a Lapp with a cow, on his way to Suolovuolme, and we stopped to greet him. He told us that Strand was at Bengis Järvi, where we were to pass the night. The sameness of country continued: we rode over one round rocky hill into some hollow or swamp—from a swamp over a brook or through a wood: there was less snow to be seen in the distance now: we had ridden over some on the second day, and partly thought of snowballing Jones.

At length we rode along the bank of one of the five hundred lakes we had seen, and dismounted within a wooden stockade. A hut was there: also two strange horses and a tall powerful loosely-built man, who it transpired was Johannes Strand. There was a huge fire with damp turf upon it, from which a dense and

almost solid smoke arose. Our poor unhappy horses, in their eagerness to escape the mosquitoes, thrust their heads into the smoke and their hoofs into the smouldering turf, until we had to drive them away for fear their feet should be injured.

After supper we took the canoe which was lying in the lake twenty yards from the huts, and pulled out in pursuit of some ducks that the Doctor had scented. After pulling for twenty minutes I became tired, and, leaving the Doctor to the development of his destructive faculties, came back to the hut to scribble. In the wood behind I had fallen in love with a silvery sheep-bell, and sent Brick in pursuit of the animal that carried it. While he was away I bargained for an old Lapland silver belt which I coveted for my collection, and by-and-by Brick returned. He entered the room, and told me, with some hesitation, that there was bad news about Jones. We had become so reconciled to the thought that sooner or later there must be bad news about Jones, that I bore the intelligence without flinching.

Jones had broken down—he had fallen through—he had faltered—he had cast aside his unscrupulous projects at the last moment—he had said to himself, I know not the way: methinks I have but groped the way from Altenfiord to Bengis Järvi: but that Jumâla, omnipotent father of Laplanders, had guided me, I

should even now have nourished the wolves and ravens with my flesh. Perchance the same good deity might bring us forty miles hence to Kauto-keino, in three more circles of the sun: but here no wigwams are, where the Engelmands can pass the night. In their wrath 'tis even chances that they fall upon me—above all the man of blood who slew the duck—so shall Jones perish and not be seen ever any more. How now, shall I not rather kneel before the tall ill-favoured Engelmand who makes me laugh, and tell him all? I will away to Johannes Strand.

Strand came in shortly, and said that Jones waited without. I said, Desire Jones to step in. When Jones had stepped in, he stood with his hair erect all over his head, his embroidered collar upright above his ears, and twirling uneasily in his hands his blue and red square cloth cap. His rueful, penitent, comical, uncomfortable expression, was too much to look at seriously: but I shook my head at him, and said, O Jones, and has it come to this? Jones, who was uncertain whether to fall upon his knees, burst into tears, or break out into laughter, then confessed everything, saying finally that he would be content with any arrangement we we might make as to his remuneration. We decided to give him his fair proportion of money, and a present of two silver dollars and a pocket-knife, upon which he advanced and shook our hands with effusion. We

then arranged with Strand—who said he preferred the name of Somerset—that he should take us to Karesvando.

Perhaps the title of Somerset requires some little explanation. While travelling through Spain seven years ago, we came to Cadiz, and on our arrival at the station were taken possession of by such a remarkable character, that we resolved all future guides should be known by his name. He described himself to us as a Rock-scorpion, the name given to those nondescript individuals—Anglo-Maltese-Spaniards—who inhabit Gibraltar: of a noble but decayed family, reduced on this account to the necessity of preying upon travellers to Cadiz. Now and then an involuntary recollection of his former greatness would come upon him: he would stop in the street, and beating his breast, exclaim with a hollow laugh, Ha, ha, poor Somerset! On the whole, he was a great success, and we retained his services as guide during our short stay in Cadiz.

Our parting with this child of misfortune was characteristic. He escorted us by rail to San Fernando, whence we were to take diligence to Gibraltar: and as we were leaving, we put into the unhappy Somerset's hand, in addition to his remuneration, a silver dollar. He looked at the dollar. A dollar, sir: tank you, sir. Not much, sir. Ha, ha, poor Somerset! We burst out laughing, gave him a further half dollar, and

we saw him no more. Thus the name became identified with our guides, here and elsewhere.

Very early we were in the saddle again, and the moment came for bidding adieu to Jones. He was drawn up in front of the hut with one hand at liberty, and the other holding the money he had earned, the knife I had given him, and a pipe he had received from the Doctor. After a few words we held out our hands, which Jones squeezed cordially. We recommended him to learn the whole route to Kauto-keino, to practise English, and thus by his talents and popularity to attract to the Alten Valley most of the passenger traffic and a great part of the commerce now finding their way from England up the Baltic to Russia, and the countries beyond. Jones shifted uneasily from one foot to the other while we thus addressed him: but he undertook this, and we left him, probably never to meet again on this side of the Great River.

CHAPTER IV.

Come upon the Alten River—Reach Kauto-keino and take up our Quarters—The Lansmand—In search of the Antique—Bishop Hvoslef—Agreeable Interview with Laplanders—Portraits—John Schefferus, Professor at Upsala, on Lapland and its Inhabitants.

I SHOULD slight Bengis Järvi were I not to say that the old silver belt became mine, also the musical little old bell. We strike at once into the birch forests—Somerset, whom we find to be a most surprising walker, first, I second, on my sensitive horse, the Doctor third, and the aimless Brick last. Poor Brick! we thought, who used to seem so tired after our twenty-mile marches, how will he ever accomplish forty miles to-day? However, it is the only long day's march on our journey, and he will have nearly two days' rest at Kauto-keino. We plunged from one forest into another—past rippling grey pools and lakes with wild-fowl on them—over rocky moss-covered hills—through rushing rivers. The atmosphere was pure and lovely, a cool sweet breeze refreshing both the animals and ourselves.

I never knew such a walker as Somerset—our horses were upon the trot half the day. We made

about four good miles an hour, whereas with Jones and Brick we accomplished two. We knew then that this humourist Brick had been playing us false on the first three days: here he was stepping out famously, never a minute behind us, and showing no sign of inconvenience whatever. With the same exertion that it gave us to march two miles with Jones, we went four miles with Somerset, and we were delighted: for forty miles at two miles an hour, means twenty hours' riding without other sleeping-place than the saddle, which was more or less precarious. The mosquitoes abounded, but not in such numbers—possibly we are now hardly worth preying upon—or maybe we take greater pains with our veils and watch our gloves more closely.

While resting at a brook I chanced to see upon the grass a leathern drinking-cup, the counterpart of my own. Was it possible? had the lawless Jones plagiarised it, and trafficked it away to Somerset for a sum of gold? No, mine was in my pocket: but in Somerset's mouth was a pipe which I seemed to think I knew again. It was the Doctor's souvenir to Jones. Jones had sold it to Somerset for half a dollar. O Jones, half a dollar for the priceless gift of the Doctor's friendship! He kept my knife, though—I think he loved me. After a bivouac of two hours to refresh the horses—during which pause we ate potted chicken, biscuit, and chocolate—we got into motion again.

We see no snow-streaked mountains now on the horizon—woods all round us, and fjelds all beyond the woods. Late in the afternoon we come upon the river Alten, and cross it by a rocky difficult ford, the swift stream almost sweeping our sturdy horses off their feet. After two or three stumbles on wet rocks, we came safely over. The last traveller who crossed here fell into the river, but we saw nothing of him. Our spirits rise as we feel we are approaching the end of the first stage of our journey, Kauto-keino: and we gloat in anticipation upon food. In the woods we almost stumble upon ptarmigan, with their plump frightened little coveys of young: the simple but devoted parent fluttering along, under our horses' feet almost, as if with a broken wing, to decoy us aside from her family. The Laplanders snare vast numbers of these pretty birds in the winter in the neighbourhood of Kauto-keino.

We find a regular though narrow track now, and still among the birches, we skirt a series of lakes which the Alten river connects. At length we catch sight of a black wooden belfry, wind into a saucer-like plain through which the river sweeps, and come in view of the few red wooden houses and many scattered Lapp huts of Kauto-keino.

We had come magnificently—in fourteen hours, including halts—and with far less fatigue than on any

of our twenty-mile rides. We rode for nearly half an hour past Lapp enclosures and huts before we came upon the bank of the river, here called the Kauto-keino river. The mosquitoes came down like a cloud on the sea, their trumpets all sounding in hideous glee: to their wives and their daughters a summoning note, on the fair Englishman's succulent flesh as they gloat. We were ferried across the shallow sandy-bottomed river, and conducted by the comprehensive Somerset to a clean wooden building. On hearing our knock, a hard-featured wooden-figured woman came to the door: and, on catching sight of us, jerked her hands like a semaphore, and exclaimed Mangarieh mafeesh, meaning in the Lapp tongue, Nothing to eat—no got to eat. This she said twelve or thirteen times, and went on jerking her hands: but we desired her to be calm, and walked into the clean birch-lined room where she had been spinning, and sat down upon a comfortable couch. We said we were able to eat a little fish, a few dozen of eggs, and one or two loaves of bread: otherwise, we said, we should swallow her wool and drain her lamp—oil, wick, and all. She exclaimed, Sadaxi pohôua Venaia! equivalent, we should think, to Oh, goodness gracious! and jerked herself out of the room. In another half-hour a snowy tablecloth, and clean knives forks cups plates and glasses, were placed in front of us. We had ferreted out of the hampers

some biscuits, marmalade, and chocolate. Shortly notre dame en bois came in with a steaming dish of fried fish—eggs we could not have till to-morrow: but there was coffee, and there was delicious cream, and there was a vessel full of milk. We ate like panthers who have not seen a kid for three days, and then lounged upon the sofa in peaceful repletion.

After a short stroll we mounted a steep wooden ladder to a beautifully clean birch-lined room, with two snowy beds, and not six mosquitoes in it. Here we slept the sleep of the contented until the sun was bright in the noonday sky, and then we called for our hostess, who brought us boundless cans of water and promised us breakfast. Happy and clean we came down to devour it, and found there had been rain enough in the night to deck every blade of grass and leaf with diamonds, and to steep the air in the sweet scent of clover.

I went out alone shortly after breakfast—our hostess undertaking to provide dinner for us, and to have all our linen washed: and chancing along, I came upon a pleasant-looking man, Herr Lies the Lansmand. I put my inclinations into words: said I was groping around for old silver to put in my museum, and he most kindly volunteered to come with me, as my Lapp knowledge was restricted.

I must apologize to the reader for the sordid inte-

rest with which I—as the Spoliator of more than one church, and the unprincipled possessor of many an old silver cross and spoon, or dingy parchment book, a little glass vessel from a tomb, and a flint arrow-head —dwell upon the details of my researches.

Having visited all the convenient huts, we engaged a Lapp to prosecute the search for us, and to bring before us in the afternoon all persons suspected of having old books or silver spoons. Herr Lies then took me to the church, and showed me the quaint old brazen candlesticks two or three hundred years old: also a silver chalice, not very fine, of the same date. In the little churchyard lies one of the children of my kindly friend, Bishop Hvoslef. We picked a bunch of pretty flowers, and placed them on the grave—glad to be able to pay a little tribute to a child dear to the sweet-faced old gentleman.

Some twenty years ago, this good earnest Christian came very near lying where his child now lies, or affording an involuntary example of cremation. The Lapps, driven into a state of spiritual exaltation by certain fanatical agitators, murdered the merchant living in the house we occupy, cut the Lansmand's head off, and cast his body into the burning heap of his own house: then dragged the pastor, Hvoslef, forth with his wife, by the hair of their heads: and but for the interference of well-disposed Lapps, would have killed them too.

The Bishop modestly never talks of this: but without any suggestion from him, the thought has come to me that there was more excuse for the Laplanders' mental aberration than is generally found for them. I know of an American writer who maintains that it is justifiable to kill a man when you are tired of seeing him about: but apart from this, many and many a time the frenzied thought has come into my head that I would take it as a personal favour if I might put Brick to death, cast him into the flames of the nearest burning house, and drag Jones about on the ground by the hair of his head. This was when I became mentally alienated, when I was bewildered overmuch by mosquitoes: and may it not have been so with these poor benighted Laplanders? The Bishop has devoted himself to them for twenty years since, and he no doubt knew the circumstances.

I am under an obligation to the Doctor for the liberty to make a tracing of his drawing of the Church of Kauto-keino, with a foreground of meadow. I regret the impossibility of reproducing it here.

The climate of this Lapland capital in the winter is inconceivably severe. Mercury constantly freezes—spirits have done so. They fear to light fires in the poor inflammable church: for though not much to boast of, still each beam and each log of it have been dragged up by reindeer from Altenfiord.

On my return, after my ramble with the Lansmand, whom I invited to late dinner with us, I set me to write, and had dotted one i and crossed a t, when my Lapp hireling entered without ceremony, and chaperoned five or six young ladies along with him. I rose and bowed, and the ladies bowed, and I desired them to give themselves the trouble of sitting down. The solicitous Laplander bundled them into various seats, and began to conjure old silver out of their pockets. Without the slightest deception he brought a spoon, a brooch, and two rings out of one stout lady's wardrobe: relieved one good-looking girl of a silver cup, a locket, and another ring. From a third he brought to light four pieces of a belt, and found a second spoon in the first old lady's shawl. In all, he produced about a dozen and a half of interesting objects, two thirds of which entered into my possession. Then followed a little conversation and laughter, and finally a proposal to sketch the visitors individually, which renewed the good folks' mirth. First came one of the young ladies, who tittered and wriggled her shoulders with bashfulness until I showed her the result. This amused her greatly, although an indifferent likeness. She stated her opinion that it was not over-complimentary, as indeed it was not. Then came the turn of an obeser lady, who it transpired was mother to the above, and who

abandoned her papoose to the younger squaw with alacrity, when it oozed out that remuneration was about. Then came the chargé d'affaires himself—not at all a bad little Lapp, and of whom we saw more under other circumstances.

I did not say that before my visitors arrived I took a lesson in spinning from the landlady, who laughed till I feared for the flooring of our bedroom overhead, when she saw me seated trundling away at the wheel with my feet, and entangling dozens of feet of wool in furious disorder.

I have hitherto neglected to record certain information with which I stored my note-book before leaving home, respecting the curious people in the heart of whose country we now are. The book to which I am indebted is the History of Lapland, written by Iohn Schefferus, Professor of Law and Rhetorrick at Upsal in Sweden, and printed in English at the Theater in Oxford MDCLXXIV.

This most delightful of all old books states the boundaries of Lapland to be these. 'Lapland is the same that was first by the inhabitants called Biarmia, afterwards Lappia or Lapponia—which beginning from Jamtia and Angermannia goes all about each Bothnia, and at length ends in the extremities of Carelia and Finland: so as to comprehend the whole tract from the North even to the main ocean, the White Sea and the

Lake Ladek.' Then it quotes a Portuguese knight, Damianus à Goes, who says, 'Lapland is divided into the Eastern and Western parts, the Bothnick sea coming between. The extremity of it is Torneå. Eastward it reaches to the White Lake: towards the North, comprehending diverse provinces, it extends itself beyond all knowledge. On the West towards Iseland it joins to part of Norway, tis bounded with Swedland, Finland, and both the Bothnia's. But,' says my old chronicler with triumph, 'thus part of Lapland would lie in Finland or Ostrobothnia, and part in Westrobothnia, which everyone knows is false, and the very Vulgar can tell so much that the Bothnick sea comes not anywhere within eighteen or twenty miles of Lapland.

'In those parts the Antients have placed, besides the Laplanders or Scritofinni, the Cynocephali, Busii, Troglodytes, Pygmies, Cyclops, and some others: though in this Age none doubts but the Laplanders inhabit it all. Still in the year 1600. Charles the IX. King of Swedland, sent two professors, with instruments and necessaries to make what discoveries they could of Lapland, who at their return did certify, that beyond the elevation of the Pole 73°—(Gifted reader, do you know where that is?—I do not), there was no continent towards the North but the Great Frozen Sea, and that the farthest point was Norcum or Norkap, not far from

the Castle of Wardöhus. But of this distant Lapland those that are curious may enquire at their leisure.' What I have gathered from the foregoing, if I had remembered to make use of it at the proper time, might have led to ethnological results not easy to appreciate. As it is, whether Jones' ancestors were Cyclops, Pygmies, or Troglodytes I am ignorant, and the world will remain in darkness. If it were not impertinent to advance an opinion founded upon mere personal observation, and only of value accordingly, I should be inclined to set Jones down as a Troglodyte.

Of the climate of Lapland John Schefferus, Professor at Upsal, says: 'It is so extreme cold here in the Winter, that tis not to be endured but by those that have bin brought up in it. It has bin attested to him also by eyewitnesses, that there rises a certain Wind out of the Sea, which beginning to blow, raises presently such thick and dark clouds even in the midst of Summer, that they utterly hinder the sight, and in the winter drives the Snow with such force and quantity, that if any person be surprised abroad he hath no remedy but to throw himself on the ground untill the storm is past: which don,' old Schefferus quaintly adds, 'he rises up and betakes himself to the next Cottage he can meet.' The Professor now becomes a little unreliable. 'In the upper part of Lapland there are Mountains of such a vast height that the snow con-

tinueth upon them summer and winter, and is never dissolved.' It is true that the Snow continueth upon the mountains winter and summer, but none of them rise to a vast height.

'They have also very great Frosts and Mists, and good store of them, which sometimes so thicken the air that the sight is quite obstructed. Their swiftest rivers are sometimes frozen so hard that the Ice is frozen three or four cubits thick; and their greatest Lakes and deepest Seas bear any burden whatsoever. Nor is the Summer, which to some may seem incredible, more moderately hot. For tho the Sun be very low and his raies oblique, yet lying upon them so long together, their force is strangely increast, the only allay being from the Vapours rising out of the neighbouring sea. There are many large woods and forests, especially towards Norway, likewise steep and high Mountains called Doffrini, upon whose naked tops by reason of the violence of the winds to which they are exposed, never yet grew Tree. Below these hills lie most pleasant vallies, in which are clear Fountains and rivulets innumerable, which emptying themselves into the River, at length are carried into the Bothnick Sea. This country hath an incredible number—in winter and summer—of Wild Beasts.'

Of the divisions my old friend says: 'All the Sea coasts,' saith he, 'Northward and Eastward as far as

Findmarkia reaches, are possest by the Sicefinni or maritime Finlanders—but the mountainous and champaign Country by the Lapfinni, from thence named Lapmarkia or Wildfinlandia—that is, Savage Finland. The former lying along the Shore, and bordering on the sea, the other Woody, Mountainous, and Savage, upon the terra firma. There are many thousands in that place that feed on nothing but the flesh of wild beasts.' Then he makes Olaus Magnus responsible for the statement that 'the wild Laplanders are clothed with rich Skins, and that the fierceness is notorious of the Savages, or those that dwell in woods.' He is also made to speak of 'the savage Finlanders, who tho they dwell on the sea-coast in little Cottages, and lead a brutish kind of life, yet are more civilised than the Savages of Lapland.' O Jones, is it thus he speaks of your ancestors?

Apropos of the sea Lapps, there was one who came on board the Hakon Jarl somewhere towards the Lôfodens, and who gave evidence of such a childish delight, that we said to him, O Laplander, dwelling on the sea coast in a little Cottage, and leading a brutish kind of life, what is it delights thee so? Sons of the south, he replied, never before have I journeyed on the magical Ship which sails toward the wind, and regardeth not the tempest. O idolatrous Laplander, we said, leading a savage life in the inclement North, may the children

of the land where Mist and Rain, and East wind, are unknown, defray the expense of thy first Voyage upon the black Fire-ship? The Laplander took our hands in his, and invoked the blessing of Jumâla upon our wayworn shabby hats. Poor fellow, when the purser gave him back his passage-money, he nearly cried with pleasure.

My learned friend at Upsal goes on to say of the subdivisions of Lapland: 'The greatest part of Lapland, viz. the southern and inland country, belongs all to the Kingdom of Swedeland: the maritime tract that lies on the ocean, and is called Findmarkia, to Norroway: the rest of them that dwell from the Castle of Wardöhus to the mouth of the White Sea, are subject to the Muscovites.'

He has not a high opinion of the Laplanders, and questions above all their courage. 'Scaliger saies they are a Valiant People, and that they were a long time free, resisting both the arms of Norway and Swedland, and Petrus Claudius saies they had a King of their own called Motle, and that Harald Fairhair, tho he had conquered the countries round about, could not subdue them: but all this doth not evince their Courage. There is besides mention in Saxo Grammaticus, of severall Wars of the Biarmians, but those not managed by courage, but by Magick and Enchantments, so that it no way follows that because they continued for

many Ages a free people, that therefore they were valiant. The Laplanders are besides Notorious cheats, and industrious to overreach each other in bargaining: tho heretofore they had the reputation of plain dealing and honesty. So that tis probable that they took up their present practice, having bin first cheated by those Strangers with whom they dealt, and now think it best to be beforehand with one another. It is farther observable that they take great pleasure if they happen to outwit anyone. They are noted also to be of a Censorious and detracting humour, so as to make it a chief ingredient of their familiar converse, to reproach and dispise others. And this they do especially to Strangers.' How much these untutored, gossiping, backbiting Laplanders might learn from the spirit of charity prevailing in English social life.

After stating the various sources from which the Laplanders could not have come, my old chronicler says: 'It remains therefore that they are of the race of the Finlanders and Samojedes. The name of both nations is the same, the Laplanders being in their own tongue called Sabmi or Same, and the Finlanders Suomi. We may also observe that their languages have much affinity, as shall be proven at large. But what need we to go about to prove this by so many arguments, when they confess it themselves, and still keep a list of the Captains that first led them forth

into Lapland, of whom Mieschogiesch is the chief? And this is my Opinion, out of which I shall not be perswaded by those learned men who believe they rather came from the Tartars, for we never read of any of them going into the North. Moreover the Tartars live by war and plunder, whereas the Laplanders abhor nothing more than war.' Certainly I should not call Jones a man of war, but he is no Tartar, Finn, or Samojede—Jones is a Troglodyte; and this is my Opinion, out of which I shall not be perswaded by learned men either.

'After the Swedes had learnt from the Finlanders that they were called Lappi, or banished persons, they also gave them the same name; then the Danes took it up, then Saxo, and so at last all the country was called Lapland from the Bay of Bothnia northwards, except only that part of it which lies on the Coasts of Norway, which retained its antient name of Finland, as also that part towards the White Sea called by the Muscovites Cajanica.'

'The Laplanders, in early times, worshipped a god named Jumâla, likewise the god of Victory, Turrisas—or Thor, prince of the Asiatics—those who in former times came out of Asia into these parts being called Asiatics (Scythians). To Jumâla and Thor may be added the Sun, for he is still Reckoned among the gods. These are the chief gods, though I doubt it not they

had others, because they worship to this day Rongotheus, god of Ry: Pellonpeko, of Barley: Wierecannos, of Oats: Uko, of Tempests: Nyrke, of Squirrel-hunting: Hyttavanes, of Hunting. Jumâla had power and command over the air, thunder, lightning, health, life and death of men, and such like.'

'Charles IX. about the latter end of his reign, was the first that caused Churches to be built in every one of the divisions or Marches, at his own peculiar charge. Two of them are in Lapponia Tornensis, viz. Tenotekis (Enontekis or Karesvando), and Jukasjærff, whereof one was built Ann. 1600. the other three years after. In Torneå Lapland (the country we have to traverse) another was subsequently built—Rounala. In Kemi Lapland only one—Enâra.'

That upright Protestant soldier, Gustavus Adolphus, by the grace of God King of the Goths and Vandals, King of Finland, Esthonia, Carelia, and Ingria, as his charter states, decreed that schools should be established in this hitherto benighted and pagan country. The idea came to him while engaged in the endless war in Germany—and his good intention was carried out. As the causes of Christianity and learning advanced, the Laplanders lost one by one their old superstitions—'they pulled down all their drums, and burned and demolished all their Images of wood and stone.'

In a chapter on the Heathenish Gods of the

Laplanders, my chronicler says: 'Thor is otherwise known as Tiermes—when he thunders, as Aijeke—the Scythians know him as Taramis. He has power of Life and of death, and also over the Hurtfull demons who frequent Rocks and Mountains. Another of their principall gods is Storjunkar, described as a tall, personable man, habited like a Nobleman, with a Gun (!) in his hand, and his feet like those of a bird. Their worship is conducted in a piece of ground behind the hut, set apart for the purpose, above a bowshott off. They place their Images on a table, which serves for an altar, and is surrounded with birch and pine boughs, which serve for the Temple. Storjunkar is worshipped not only in rocks and cliffes of mountains, but also on the shores of Lakes and Banks of Rivers. These sacred spots are called Passewara. In the province of Luhla there are thirty of these primæval places of worship: one by the river Waikajaur, about Half a mile from the Laplandish church called Jochmochs: another by the Cataract of Mouskommokke: a third at the hill Haoraoaos.' I think I must not venture further into the Laplandish names, and will end the list by the mention of one Passewar, 'at the top of a prodigious hill called Darrawaori. In other parts of Lapland, such as Torneå Lappmark and Kémi Lappmark, the number is far greater. The shape of their Idols is very rude. In Lapponia Tornensis there are some who worship a

mere Stump. In a Cataract of the Tornea called Darra, there are found Seitæ, just in the shape of a man—one of them tall, and hard by four others, something lower, with a cap on their heads. But because the passage into the island is dangerous because of the Cataract, the Laplanders are forced to desist from going to that place. So that it is impossible now to know how those stones are worshipped, or how they came there. These Stones are not set up by themselves, but lie three or four together.'

'When Thor or another god signifies by a ring in the Drum that sacrifice is pleasing to him, they fall presently to work. The manner of it is thus: They pull off some hair at the bottom of the beast's neck, and bind it to a Ring fastened to the drum: one of them beats the Drum, and the rest sing: What say'st thou, O great and sacred god? dost thou accept this Sacrifice which we design to offer unto thee? Or else this: Father god, will you have my sacrifice? Peucer thro false intelligence relates this differently, saying that upon the drum they fix an iron pearch upon which stands a Brazen Frog, which, at the beating of the drum, falls upon some of the Pictures painted upon the drum; and that creature (Beast, Bird, or Fish) whose picture the Frog touches, they sacrifice. They approach the Idol reverently, anoint the back and Head with blood, on the Breast they smear several Crosses. They place

behind him the skull, feet, and horns, of the sacrificed Dear; in a coffer before him they put a bit of every member of the Raindear, with some fat, and the rest of the flesh they convert to their private uses. This is the manner of the Laplander's Sacrificing,' and a very economical manner it is. The practise of sacrificing these portions of the animals is still used by more than one European nation.

Another form of sacrifice common among these devoted people is this: 'When the hill is craggy, so that they cannot (easily) ascend it, they throw up a stone to the top of the mountain—which they dip in blood, and go away as having paid their devotion. It remains now that we treat of the sacrifices used to the Sun: these are young Raindears, and those Does. They have no particular names for the Ghosts, but call them Sitte. They also sacrifice to them with the same method. Having performed the Sacrifice, they spend all the flesh upon their own uses.'

'It hath bin a received opinion that the Laplanders are addicted to Magic. They have Teachers and Professors in this Science, and parents in their last Will bequeath to their children as the greatest part of their Estate those spirits and devils that have bin any waies serviceable to them in their lifetime. Thus they become famous in their Art, more especially when they be apt Schollars. Some of the obsequious spirits will not engage

themselves without great solicitation, while others more readily proffer themselves to young children. For when the devil takes a liking to any person in his infancy, he presently haunts him with apparitions, from whence he learns what belongs to the art. When the devil appears to him in all his shapes, he becomes so knowing that without the Drum they can see things at the greatest distances, and are so possessed by the Devil that they can see them against their will. The divining drums are Oval and covered with skin, painted over with pictures in red.'

Each figure represents something. On one drum there would be designs of the most archaic nature, representing, for example:—

A. Storjunkar. *B.* Thor. *C.* Thor's servant. *D.* Christ. *E.* Apostles. *F.* Reindear. *G.* A Wolf. *H.* Oxen. *K.* A B-flat, falsely described as a Bear by chronicler. *M.* Fox and Squeril. *N.* Black foxes. *P.* One carrying a soul to hell. *Q.* A fish. *R.* Saint John. &c., &c.

The index, a brass, of either ring or rhomboidal form, is placed upon the skin, and the drum is beaten with a hammer of T form, until the index rests upon some form or figure. From this they read the oracle. To do this, the operator 'presently falls into an extasie, and lies as if dead: for his Soul is carried by some ill-Genius into a far Countrey.'

'Then they have their Magicall Cords, in which they tye three knots: these they sell to Merchants that trafic with them. When the first Knot is untied, there blows a favourable gale of Wind: when the second, a brisker: when the third, the Sea and wind grow mighty stormy and tempestuous. We now come to the Magicall Darts, which they make of Lead, according to report: but Petr. Claud. says it is some little Devil of which they keep great numbers in a leathern bag, and dispatch daily some of them abroad. But if the devil or Gan can find nothing to destroy in particular, then he roves about at a venture, and destroies the first thing he meets with.' We believe the first impulse of the disappointed Gan would be to enter into a mosquito and possess him.

The old Professor believes the Laplandish tongue to have originated in Finlandish, from their strong similarity. Ioh. Buræus tells of 'certain gravestones and monuments in Lappland, on which were engraved Runick Characters: but from these we should not conclude that these were formerly the letters of the Lapplanders.'

Speaking of their personal ornaments, he says: 'They have a girdle, adorned not with studs but with plates of silver of a finger length, engraved with divers shapes, and these they fasten upon a leathern fillet. With these they are very delighted, especially when there are a number of rings, whereof the Jingling is grateful to their ear.'

'In Lappland the bear is chief of wild beasts: Him, saies Rheen, they stile King of the Woods, from his strength and fierceness. They are very numerous. Next, the Elk is remarkable, excelling the Raindear by not a little, being as high as any Horse. He hath a long head and huge lips alwaies hanging down: his body inclines in colour to a dark yellow mixt with ashen. Twice a year they swim in great herds out of Carelia over the R. Niva. The other beasts are Stags, Wolves, Gluttons, Beavers, Otters, Squerils, and wild Raindears. The wolves venture not only on Beasts, but on men and Women. The gluttons somewhat resemble an otter, living not altogether on land, but are far greedier than he. The gnats infest man and beast, the Raindears especially, which on that account are driven to the mountains. The men arm themselves by keeping a Continual smoak in the house, and in sleeping by putting a blanket over head and body. Abroad they wear a garment of Hides, and many to defend themselves from this insect dawb their faces all over except their eies, with Resine and Pitch.'

'Lappland, if any countrey, is well watered with springs and rivers, such as the Luleå, Torneå, Kemeo. These spring from the Norway mountains, and unburthen themselves at last into the Bothnick Sea. The Torneå is filled with the Rivers Kœungemœ, Tengeleao, and others. And so with all the great rivers, which upon

that account are so impetuous and big, that they yield to few in the World: and because they run thro Hilly and uneven Countrys and are stopt by several Dams and Weares, they force their way over Precipices with a great noise, and in those Places are not navigable. Such like Cataracts are found at Torna, the most remarkable is called Terrafors, next Kengerbruk's-fors, then Lappiafors, Pellofors, Kettilefors, and lastly Kukkula-fors near Torna. Above all the Pooles is Enâratraesk, in which the Hills and Islands are innumerable.'

This Enâra Traesk is a great lake, close to Buolgai Suolo, on the northern coast of Lapland—the funny little place I visited three years ago: not far either from Mr. Dahll's gold river, the Tâna, where the Russians are working. We are fairly in the heart of Lapland now, the Lapland sung by Regnard:

Tombeau de la nature, effroyables rivages,
Que l'ours dispute encore à l'homme sauvage.

If the Doctor finds the bear disputing anything with savage man, he will not wait to see the result: indeed, if he sees a bear without the savage man, and not disputing with anybody, he will not stay.

In justice to Jones, if not to myself, I may take the opportunity of recording my recollection of a song with which he and I used to beguile the tedious hours in the wilds of Norwegian Lapland. It would be an affectation of modesty to pretend not to remember it: I am

luckily enabled to give it in full. Jones composed the words, and Jones and I together set them to music: all rights are reserved. At the last moment I have been prevailed upon by an immense circle of friends and relatives to withdraw the song and music, and can only express a regret that I may have raised the reader's hopes too high.

The Doctor and I have been asked whether it is true that the Laplanders bury their money for the sake of security. We are none of those travellers who think it right to express an opinion upon every point that may be raised: we can only say modestly, we do not know. We never found any buried money: we never met anybody who had found any: we never saw a Laplander bury his money: and we never knew a Laplander who had any money to bury.

CHAPTER V.

Farewell to Kauto-keino.—Ascend Alten River—Poling—Râouda Muodki—Bivouac in Silver-birch Forests—Cross the Frontier of Russian Lapland by the Light of the Midnight Sun—Watershed of Rivers Alten and Muônio—Midnight Rainbow—Suajärvi—Tame White Reindeer—Rambling over Fjelds and through Forests—Come upon River Muônio—Karesvando—Farewell to Brick and Somerset—Embark on the River—Shooting Rapids—Finlanders: our Boatmen—Their Language—Palajoki—Pass the Night on the River—Muônioniska—Take Herr Forsström's Household at Muôniovara by Storm—Luxury—Swedish and Russian Laplands—Âbraham, our Pilot—A Finlandish Bath—Take Leave of our Hosts—Acerbi on the Lappiafors—Regnard.

The Doctor, on his return, found me among the Lapps: and Herr Lies very shortly came in to dinner. We had a successful meal, and the Lansmand seemed to enjoy himself: in course of conversation he imparted to us a precious secret, viz. an antidote to mosquito-bites. He went further than this: the worthy Christian man left the table and returned, bringing a phial full of this elixir of life, and bestowed it with his best wishes. He called it Alumnvand, we call it Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. We applied it at once, and found to our joy it was an almost instant relief.

We passed a second comfortable night in Kauto-

keino, and consumed a huge breakfast. We took leave of our solicitous landlady, and walked down over the meadows to the river bank, hostess and handmaid standing at the door waving two enormous handkerchiefs. We got into our canoe, with a young Quain—or half Finlander, in the bow, and a fine old Laplander in the stern. The former made use alternately of oars and a pole, while the latter availed himself of a broad paddle. As we passed the Lansmand's house, he and his family stood upon the doorstep, and waved hats hands and handkerchiefs, until we disappeared behind the bank, and bade a long adieu to Kauto-keino.

We proceeded up the beautiful clear river, with its wooded banks, in the genial sunlight—passed from one lake into another: the Doctor, gun in hand, on the keen look-out for ducks. His heart was gladdened soon by the trophy of a poor half-shot, oar-stricken, eager duck, which tried very hard to escape, swimming, with a wounded wing, to its sad little family, and was only finally at rest when its head came off in the Doctor's hand in his attempt to quiet it.

Two hours of rowing through strings of small lakes, poling up rapids, and gliding up the quiet river course, during which time I delighted the boatmen by assuming the bow-pole, and most successfully taking part in the progress up a rapid—these two hours brought us to a part of the stream where two human

forms burst upon our view. The versatile Brick, the impenetrable Somerset were there, and greeted our approach—my approach particularly, pole in hand—with a well-sustained grin. They loaded themselves with our numerous packages, and led us to a larger Lapp hut than we had seen, filled with inhabitants of a better, and evidently a more opulent class than we had seen out of Kauto-keino. We unpacked our cooking apparatus, and did the Laplanders the pleasure of dining with them.

We fried some admirable fish which our hostess had procured for us from the Kauto-keino river: then a blameless omelette à l'Algérienne followed, and coffee of the best type. The Lapps sat round and watched us eat, much as we should have sat to watch them eat if they had come into our drawing-rooms. Râouda Muodki, as the city was termed, was of the usual extent—a few huts and winter storehouses. The prefect was by occupation a carpenter, and his tools hung round the walls of our dining compartment.

Two or three worthy natives allowed me to sketch them, and were much contented by the small silver offerings which they received in return. The first was a fine healthy young Lapp of one-and-twenty, with bright ochre complexion and sparkling eyes. The second was a dark, black-haired, brown-cheeked man of thirty, who fell a victim to the libellous pencil as he

sat at his ease on a bench. A third gentleman, in perhaps the handsomest dress we had yet seen, stipulated so greedily for acknowledgment before he would allow me to draw him, that I abandoned him in disappointment. Brick and Somerset, instead of having the forethought to lunch and have all ready on our arrival, kept us waiting for more than twenty minutes. It was a pretty little place, and we could hear the murmur of the Kauto-keino river, only a short distance away.

With good-natured adieux from all the Lapps save one—l'Avare—we disappeared into the old familiar birch forests, and rode quietly and pleasantly all the afternoon. Towards six o'clock the undefinable Brick complained of hunger, and asked for a halt. So we lighted a fire, to warm coffee for the men and to relieve the poor horses from the unrighteous insects, and sat us down to supper. We lounged comfortably for nearly two hours, and set forth again gleefully. Now we came upon the Fjelds again, and the Doctor and I would resign our animals to Brick and Somerset, and slink along on foot. In this way we approached the frontier of Russian Lapland, and the summit of the watershed which sends to the Arctic Ocean on one side the river Alten, and to the Bothnian Gulf on the other the famous river Muônio-Torneå, three hundred odd miles long from its source to the sea.

We rambled happily along, picking berries and flowers, and reindeer moss: then we rode again, and so got over the fifteen miles that lay between Râouda Muodki and Suajärvi. The stage was a short one, and Somerset and Brick, demoralised by enervating repose at Kauto-keino, were indisposed to do more than saunter along. Consequently we had the pleasure of seeing a glorious double midnight rainbow: and the jovial genial old Sun himself was our midnight torch. We disestablished a Lapp maiden in the hut of Suajärvi before we could sequestrate her apartment, but she left three little Lapp brothers and sisters in a deep childlike sleep in one corner, all unconscious of the presence of the ferocious white men. Their bare little bodies might have been a temptation to us a week ago: but with our New Zealand beef, Kauto-keino fish, and eggs, we were under no necessity of providing flesh for supper. I noticed the Doctor's eyes water more than once, but I assisted him to unduly great portions of beef and fish, and so crowded out his wrongful appetite.

After breakfast we summoned the agile Brick and imaginative Somerset to clean our weapons and plates. The Doctor's form is visibly rounding, and my hands do not so readily find their way into my pockets. Beyond the farm huts, in front of our quarters, was such a draw-well, so deep, so clear, so cold, that our fingers

were numbed in washing, and the Doctor's nose took quite a colour. The tall graceful old Lapp-Finnish method of raising the water was in use. A long, tapering, curving spar, like a Nile-boat's yard, and weighted at one end, balanced itself across an upright pole twenty feet in height, and the pitcher or bucket was suspended from the slender extremity.

The Doctor, after breakfast, sought out and purchased, as a souvenir of Russian Lapland, and more especially of the pretty white reindeer that stole into our room this morning, the hide, no doubt, of some relative dear to it. He paid between five and six shillings for it, and rolled it up with much satisfaction, to travel on the back of one of our pack-horses. He rubbed his hands then, and used an expression which fell strangely upon my ears. He said, It was rather the touch to take home a reindeer skin. He must have learned this from the inscrutable Jones.

We roamed away, upon the last easy stage of our journey to Karesvando, in our usual order—Somerset and I well together, laughing and talking: Brick and the Doctor fifty paces behind. We passed acres of the lovely and tempting but alas unripe möltebeer, a kind of dwarf amber-coloured mulberry, upon which the Doctor and I were ofttimes fain to graze.

We are travelling almost due South, as we have done ever since leaving Altenfiord, and are striking

through Russian Lapland for the river Muônio, and the Swedish Lapland frontier town of Karesvando. We came early in the afternoon upon the banks of the river in question, near to the Russian village of Enontekis: and but that we fell in love with a silver-sounding sheep-bell in a wood near at hand, we should have crossed at once. So we must find the proprietor, and go away with him into the woods, on the trail of the hardened old bell-wether, who scented our approach and the attempt upon his bell. We spoke him softly and with guile, but he mistrusted our mosquito veils and sunburnt skin, and so got him away speedily. The farmer undertook however to bring the bell to our quarters before we went to sleep.

We landed amid general satisfaction in Karesvando, and were marshalled to a cleanly unpretending house, in which was a room, in which was the most portentous stove we had ever cast eyes upon. Full one-third of the area of the chamber did this massive erection occupy—a great frowning whitewashed mountain of stone, with a hot and deadly entrance for the fuel. We pitied any frost that might find its way in here in the genial Christmastide, and could not at all realise snow remaining upon the ground within a dozen yards of it.

Karesvando and Enontekis contain between them a few hundred settled inhabitants. In the winter large

numbers of Laplanders with their reindeer assemble here. In this city we remained the rest of the day, and the whole night. Here we obtained many little bells, which shall find their way to our private belfry.

In the morning we were awakened by the familiar voices—soon to be familiar no more—of Brick and Somerset, who came to despatch us upon our watery journey down to the Gulf of Bothnia. Good worthy men, we made them a present of money, a knife and a few odds and ends, and I wrote them each a letter of recommendation—letters that were never more worthily bestowed. Then we shook hands warmly with them and walked down to the river side. They stood hat in hand while we pushed off: and in a quarter of an hour they had taken their places on the shelves of our memory, side by side with the effigy of Jones.

We began to forget the discomforts of the fjelds and forests in the delightful occupation of gliding down the swift clear noble stream, past its pines and birches, rocks and shallows, eddies and rapids. Every half-hour or so brought us to a rapid—sometimes a succession of rapids—down which our boat would shoot like a swallow in pursuit of a dragon-fly: our steersman, with all his faculties sharpened, guiding us with a paddle—the other boatmen tugging lustily at their oars to keep steerage way on the boat. In the winter months the Muônio is frozen to the depth of eight or ten feet, and in all places of lesser depth, down to the ground. It is strange

to imagine this river so full of life and strength, icebound, silent, and immoveable. The fishes must be put to the greatest inconvenience, as no fish can look forward cheerfully to being frozen.

It was a delicious feeling to skim past the banks and the grey waterbeaten rocks at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, the stream tearing and bubbling along beside us: and the quick gliding in the eddying water below the falls was almost as delightful. Our steersman and his merry men were perhaps unamusing, but we learned to speak a few words of Finnish from them, words to which we were able to add afterwards, and we think of them gratefully.

This Finnish tongue I think is the finest I have ever listened to. I have never been so struck with a language: to hear these illiterate boatmen talk to one another in sounds that rivalled the most beautiful in the ancient Greek, made us jealous, and very ambitious to speak it with them. No weak mincing words, nor coarse gutturals: more dignified than the delicate French: more manly and strong than the soft Spanish. Their towns, rivers, hills, and villages have good names: Kardis, Haparanda, Muônioniska, Matarengi, Aâwasaksa, Torneå, Saimen, Wuoxin, Imâtra, are common instances: and I prefer them to Piteå, Luleå, Throndhjem, Molde, or Levanger—Swedish and Norwegian names.

In the afternoon rain began to fall at intervals, and

we stopped at Palajoki to refresh ourselves with coffee and meat. Here the hideous spectre of hunger began to stare us in the face. The New Zealand beef, our generous and sustaining friend, no longer able to withstand our unreasonable demands upon it, here gave in, and we tearfully threw away our last tin pot empty. The soup was no more, our potted chicken had breathed its last at Râouda Muodki. Our butter was dwindling away, our sugar had sweetened its last cup of coffee: our chocolate succumbed here. Our biscuits—our weather-beaten faithful biscuits—were still in force: we had fallen upon them, roasted them, stewed them, pocketed them, worried them, and given them away: but there they were, half a hamperful yet, a thing of beauty and a satisfaction still. We had eaten scarcely any other bread since we left the Hakon Jarl, and were at a loss to think how they had lasted. We were not uneasy about our food: our calculations had been delicately made: on the morrow should we not fall into the lap of luxury itself at Herr Forsström's house in Muônioniska?

We set forth again in the unpromising evening, comfortably nestling among rugs, birch-boughs, and reindeer-skins, and in good form for our sail of six hours more. Now and then we napped, now and then we shot a rapid, and then napped again. Between two and three in the morning we entered a shallow smooth

pool in the bright light of the sun: that old friend having used diligence to dispel the rain-clouds.

We walked up the path leading from the landing-place to the homestead of Muôniovara, resolved to spare neither Herr Forsström nor his ablebodied household the necessity of administering to our clamorous appetites. We stepped blithely up to the wooden platform surmounting the half-dozen steps, characteristic of all houses in this country, and rapped unhesitatingly at the door of the large wooden building. A cleanly half-awake maiden, wrapping a shawl about her, came to the door, and at once asked us to come in and make ourselves comfortable. We arrived in a bright clean room, overlooking the landing-place and the small lake, and the fine sweeping river, and the sloping fields and woods, and finally the pretty village of Muônioniska beyond the river, and farther still the soft purple hills of Russian Lapland, brightened by the morning sun. In twenty minutes not only the handmaid, but Mrs. and Miss Forsström were up, and busying themselves with providing chocolate, cream, eggs, tongue, sweet bread and biscuits. We have a tender recollection of luxuriating upon these, until we felt it was quite time to crown the slumbers we had availed ourselves of in the boat, by a dive into the soft white beds the maiden had prepared.

Some time on the following, or the next but one fol-

lowing, morning—for we slept so sweetly that it makes but little matter which—I was awakened by a gruff voice, and sitting erect in bed saw three figures on the horizon. Our joysome crew were about to return to Karesvando, and would feel obliged if the gentleman would settle with them before they left. The gentleman arose swiftly, and was reassured to find by his watch that it was very little past nine o'clock after all. He then paid the worthy boatmen their hire, made them each a present in money, and of one of the invaluable pocket-knives he had brought from England, and found that a tray with admirable coffee was already upon its way upstairs. The Doctor had then to be stimulated, by the promise of breakfast and a plunge in the river, to get out of bed. Then we lounged out of the window, and began to think that life was not altogether without roses.

The house of Herr Forsström is on Swedish territory, while Muônioniska is in Russian Lapland. This noble river Muônio, with an average width of five hundred yards from its source near the Norway mountains to the sea, forms the boundary between the two kingdoms, and our stoppages on shore were made as frequently in one country as in the other. We made a memorable breakfast, ending with cranberries and whipped cream, and then idled forth on to the wooden balcony or platform, the common place of resort in

Finland houses: where we had a long chat with jolly old Mr. Forsström and his well-informed intelligent son. We asked about the grand rapid, the Lappiafors, a mile-and-a-half away, where the Muônio falls ninety feet, and about the only two men who can undertake to pilot boats down it. One of them, Âbraham, was in Muônioniska now, but it was feared he would no longer accompany travellers down the river, being in comfortable circumstances, and occupied in getting in his rye-harvest.

We got a boat and crossed over to Muônioniska. Coming to a rye-field, we caught sight of a gentleman in a faded red shirt and a well-worn naval cap without a gold band round it: and, raising our hats after the manner appropriate to great and unassuming discoverers, we said, Mr. Âbraham, we presume? He said mildly that he was. Apologising for the liberty, we came at once to the object of our visit, assuring him that we were desirous of availing ourselves of his indispensable services in descending only as far as Muonionalûsta. Our rugged eloquence told upon his weather-hardened countenance, and he smiled assent. He has a resolute head, with hard clear lines in his face, and we felt that his reputation had not been lightly gained.

Then we went through the little wooden town, past the church with its isolated belfry, into one farm after another. I asked for a warm bath to rehabilitate me

after the forced uncleanliness of the Fjelds, and Mr. Forsström suggested a Finnish vapour-bath. The Doctor preferred a swim in the river, so left with young Forsström, while they made my bath ready. In about an hour and a half they came to say that I had better wrap myself up in my capuchon and very little else, and run across to the bathhouse. It was a wooden house, perhaps twenty feet in length by fifteen in width, supported on piles, with a few steps leading to the door. One small window admitted all the light, and in one corner of the floor was a pile of heated stones. The temperature was high, but dry and comfortable. Two or three benches, and pails of cold water and towels, completed the arrangements. I was directed to leave everything at the door of the hut, and in a few minutes the bathing attendant, a decent hard-featured woman, came in without the slightest embarrassment or false delicacy, and bathed me much as if I had been in a Turkish bath. By-and-by she told me to mount by a wooden ladder to a small raised platform, when she threw a pailful of cold water upon the heated stones, and the hot steam came round me in clouds. I was directed to switch my limbs and shoulders with a bunch of birch-twigs, until the gentle perspiration came upon my forehead and face. Then I sat with my feet in a bucket of delicious cool water, while the bathing-mistress poured soft water over my

head and shoulders: then I was soaped and drenched again until I felt as clean as an ivory statue. Then came the drying, and the delightful gradual cooling, and I skipped across to the house exhilarated and clean. I have now a great respect for the Finlanders' bath: and a respect, too, for their straightforward frankness and primitive absence of reserve, which is the truest delicacy after all.

The Doctor and young Forsström came back in high feather from their river bath, and by that time we learned from Miss Forsström that dinner was ready. So clean and so good it was too, and the worthy old man made us each drink a glass of wine with him. In another hour it behoved us to go and select from some old silver which had been brought over from Muônioniska, and I found an old beaker and two satisfactory spoons. 'At Muônioniska,' Von Buch wrote in 1807, 'is an inn, where they gave me silver spoons to eat my bread and milk with.' I am proud to have those spoons now in my possession, with the marks of Von Buch's teeth in them.

We bade our host and his obliging family a grateful farewell—not having forgotten to carry away with us a joint of famous veal as a consolation and support. At the landing-place we found our friend Âbraham, and two fine handsome sinewy companions with clear skins and fair hair—I would have consented to the Doctor's

going down Niagara with them if they had said it was practicable.

Of this cataract the pleasant and amusing Italian traveller, Acerbi, writes: 'Several people have perished in this place. It is a situation which presents danger in such frightful shapes, that you could hardly open your eyes and refrain from trembling. The passenger thinks that he shall see the boat dashed into a thousand pieces, and a moment afterwards he is astonished at his own existence. The waves rush into the boat from all sides and drench you to the skin, while at other times a billow will dash over the boat from side to side: the nature of the channel and the amazing velocity of the current seem to conspire to its destruction. Nevertheless,' he adds, 'we were bold enough to attempt and accomplish it.' And yet this humourist denounces poor Regnard for closing his book with the following words: 'So at last we ended our toilsome journey into Lapland—the most curious that ever was—one that I would not have failed to make for a great deal of money, and that I would not recommence for much more.' 'Regnard,' he says, 'would not for all the world have foregone the vain satisfaction of having been the only Frenchman who had ever been in Lapland; but at the same time, by exaggerating the toils of his journey, he seemed to be desirous of deterring every other person who might wish to per-

form it after him. The love of fame,' he austerely adds, 'is justly denominated the last infirmity of noble minds; but when it degenerates into the frivolous vanity of discouraging others from an enterprise which we ourselves have accomplished, though conceived before to be very difficult, it becomes very blameable. It is a sentiment wholly unworthy of a philosopher, and even degrading to his character.' This philosopher could not forgive Regnard for having anticipated him by one hundred and eighteen years in the journey upon which he plumes himself so much.

Speaking still of the cataract of Muôniokoski, Herr Forsström related to us this morning how, not long ago, two Finlanders had attempted to descend it in a boat: the boat had been capsized, and the Finlanders drowned. We were surprised that so clear-headed a man as Herr Forsström should have considered it worth our while to listen to any such statement. If he had told us that the two Finlanders had endeavoured to descend the cataract, and the boat had been capsized but the Finlanders had not been drowned: or that the boat had not been capsized, but the two Finlanders had been drowned: or that one Finlander had attempted to descend in two boats, and had not been drowned: we think it would have been a statement worth recollecting.

CHAPTER VI.

Descend the Cataract of Muôniokoski—Impressive Sight—Halt at Muonionalûsta—Continue our Journey down the Muônio—Our new Companions—Ariovara—Kindly Reception—Mosquitoes abating—Success of Remedy—Wild Reindeer—Narrow Escape at Kengis Cataract—Enter upon the Torneå River—Kardis—Pello and approach to Civilisation—Rapid of Kettilafors—Recross the Polar Circle—Avasaxa—Matarengi—Karyol Journey—Aged and eccentric Companion—Haparanda.

We glided away from Muônioniska in all the glory of the Arctic evening sun. The broad swift river, with its fringe of silvery birch-trees, was a sheet of gold, and in the stern of our boat was Âbraham's form standing out against the sky. In twenty minutes we heard the roar of the fall—a dull hoarse sound—and Âbraham's eyes grew brighter, and he examined keenly the washboards which had been nailed all round, above the gunwale of the boat.

In a few minutes more we were among them—the whirling, boiling breakers—one handsome clear-eyed boatman pulling in front of us, the Doctor and I in waterproofs and skins sitting abreast in the middle of the boat: behind us another boatman pulling quickly, and in the stern the fine figure of Âbraham, stooping

eagerly forward now, and his eye flashing like a hawk's. It was a wonderful sensation: how the torn and broken rocks flew past, how the furious beaten waters swept round and over them! How they howled and roared along with us! How the men pulled, at a glance from Âbraham, and how they watched for his eye! Above the rocks on either bank were pine-trees, clear and beautiful against the sky, but we were going too swiftly to see much of them. Our boat flew like a hunted sea-bird, never touching a rock or stone, guided by the unfailing hands of Âbraham and his famous crew. It was a curious feeling: one of such absolute and happy confidence in men that we saw for the first time a few hours ago: but it was delightful to see the perfect way in which they controlled the boat.

We had descended the first series of falls—the men had paused for a breathing space, and then we hurried into the second and more difficult mass of tumbling waters. We glanced between two grim and deadly rocks like a cork on a seething flood, and shot down, down, into a white and foaming caldron fifty feet below us: two bursting waves met like thunder behind the back of our foremost oarsman, and swept over his shoulders into our boat, drenching him from head to foot, and sweeping along till it met the sleeve of my waterproof, which I had incautiously left above the friendly reindeer skin. Up this wide-mouthed passage a cold

stream of water gushed, and made me burst out laughing. It was too funny for the keen anxious boatman in front of me, and he too roared aloud, while we shot round a shelf of rock and the men began to bale the boat.

It was a solemn and impressive sight to turn and watch the great river tumbling and bursting through the gorge, and over the frightful broken descent by which we had come. We descended merrily to Muonionalûsta, and found our second boat waiting for us, but such a different crew!

Âbraham and his men were the perfect types of boatmen, boatmen indeed: and we should have liked to take them to Matarengi. We went into a Finnish farm hut, and sat round the stove while our clothes and waterproofs were drying. I took a lesson in weaving from a lady who was busy with a loom—to the mirth-moving of the five-and-twenty people who had collected in the apartment. Then we shook hands with the brave unfaltering Âbraham and his two companions, and launched forth again. This rapid, until comparatively late years, I mean within a century, had never been attempted by boat or boatmen: but a certain boatman of Muônioniska was wont to ponder upon it from the rocks above, and it seemed to him that he saw a practicable channel for a boat. He had indeed the heart of oak and triple brass the Roman poet immortalised, for he went and took his boat down all by him-

self, and for many years his position as pilot was undisputed.

We paddled down the river, still among the familiar lines of birches, and still in the clear warm sunlight. This morning we found a very remarkable statement in our pocket almanac: July 21. Merc. in inf. comb. with Sun. We acknowledge the delicacy of the almanographer, but at the same time it must be plain to everybody that this means: Mercury in infernal combination with the Sun. What the appalling results of this conspiracy are to be, is what we are most interested in learning. The entry fixed for the 13th of August next is suggestive and disquieting: Neptune in quad. with Sun.

Of our three new boatmen we only know one by name—the Driveller. The first man has a shaggy wild imbecile expression: the second is the most dismal soul that we ever saw in our lives: while the Driveller systematically misleads us, requires superhuman efforts to make him grasp our Finnish, and twaddles foolishly in return. With this unpromising crew we are led to think of the rapacious Brick and that ruffler Jones with feelings bordering upon regret. It flashes upon us, however, that Jones, adapted by disposition and by picturesqueness for the boundless and breezy fjelds, would never do for a boat. It was the little flaw in Jones's perfection—il sentait très-puissamment.

We hammered away at Finnish as a labour of love,

and made progress enough to express our few wants and necessary enquiries. We travelled all night upon the river, descended rapids forty-nine and fifty, and came in a few hours to the pretty little settlement of Ariovara, where we made a descent upon the house of a good-natured, kindly woman, who bustled about to make us comfortable, and who refused to accept anything whatever in return when we left. We had an excellent meal, and the unlimited use of her kitchen. We were obliged to insist upon giving to her handmaiden what we intended giving her, for we were ashamed to leave otherwise. It was a pleasant change to loiter about here, after our too lazy comfortable lounging hour after hour in the boat, and we were quite sorry to leave the pretty little place.

The mosquitoes too, we are speechlessly thankful to say, are diminishing in number, and the destruction of one or two dozen generally clears a room for us now. One or two dozen! Good gracious! when we think of Suolovuolme and Bengis Järvi, where we darkened the windows with their dead bodies, and awoke to struggle for an hour with them in the middle of the night. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been an unlimited success, and we are no longer in dread of seeing our necks and foreheads in the morning. If a mosquito stings us through our gloves, we kill it and apply the soothing syrup, and seldom feel it again. Sometimes

a mosquito of initiative finds his way through the gap left by the buttoning of the glove, and penetrates unperceived the thick inner skin of our hands; then we suffer a good deal of irritation, and must apply the soft emollient syrup perhaps a dozen times in a day.

At Lumboloxa we stopped to lunch, and found a fine old spacious Finnish wooden farm, with large clear rooms and great stoves. Most of the stations now were of the same form, built round a quadrangle, with a crowd of winter store-houses grouped round. All the buildings were raised on piles from the ground, on account of the winter snows, and all were of rough grey unpainted timber. There was always the graceful draw-well apparatus, and there were always the sociable steps and platform in front of the chief building.

Sailing along in the afternoon, we came upon a beautiful reindeer, drinking on the bank of the stream. We pulled to the shore, imagining we might chance upon the Lapp encampment. The reindeer disappeared leisurely into the forest, but too quickly for us to trace its direction. The Driveller, who was anxious to return to the canoe, delivered himself of the statement that this reindeer had strayed, as reindeer were in the habit of doing, fifty or sixty miles from the parent encampment. Driveller, we said, taking him by the hand, ever since we knew you we have observed in you a passionate concern for the truth, and when you say this about the rein-

deer we believe you. Still we could not help noticing that the Driveller's statements, like Aaron's rod, blossomed as he put them forth. The deer would have been fair sport for the Doctor: but by a strange fatality the gun was not loaded, nor pointing, as it generally was, at my head, or the small of somebody's back, or the Doctor's own kneecap: otherwise we might have provisioned the expedition with fresh meat, of which it was growing to be in need. We followed the deer for some way through the forest, then returning to the boat, pushed off.

In two or three hours we come to the mouth of the Torneå river—a fine broad stream, but not so fine as our old friend the Muônio—which comes pouring down from among rocks and birch woods into our river, and at once monopolising its identity. Farewell the beautiful Muônio, with its fifty rapids and its cataracts, and wild solitary banks: henceforth our rolling highway to the sea will be the Torneå. From this point we can hear the noise of the double river as it falls eighty feet at Kengis, an English half-mile away—and we come swiftly upon it.

Down we go, over the brink, as if hurrying to destruction—the steersman, in whom we have no reliance, in the stern, another man pulling behind us, and the Driveller at the bow oar. As the boat goes leaping and lurching down, each jerk brings water on board—the

steersman is undecided, unskilled—the Driveller turns deadly white, and ceases pulling, while a cloven wave bursts upon his back, and he groans aloud. Another sea sweeps on board, and the Driveller is a ghastly object to look at—his face like a corpse, and his lips pale green: the boat is half full now, we are sitting in water up to our waists, but down we go, tumbling and swerving to escape the rocks—and the great violent stream bears us like a sinking eggshell, past grinning gaps and roaring foaming cascades, till we gain a jutting bank of rock, and can look back upon Kengis rapid with emotions of less satisfaction than those with which we viewed the previous cataract.

We drew the boat on shore, spread rugs waterproofs and skins to dry in the hot sun, while the men baled the boat and pulled dry birch boughs for our couch. We walked up to the Kengis homestead, and asked for a fire and coffee, which were quickly made ready: and then nous nous débarassâmes of our wet garments, and sat drying them before the fire. After two hours we left, and went down to the river bank, finding that the fair warm sun had dried everything, and brought even colour into the Driveller's wan cheeks, and we thrust the boat's head into the stream again. We could not but feel that Âbraham would have brought our boat down this formidable rapid without six inches of water in her, but it was ungracious to grumble with

dry warm clothes and such an evening light as beamed upon us.

We made steady progress all evening, and after three or four hours' journey came to Kardis, where we were to pass the night. Again a fine old Finland farm, although in Swedish Lapland, and our hosts bright clean people, who brought us all their store afforded—delicious milk and capital rye-bread: about the first eatable rye-bread we had encountered. Then we had still some veal, which we stewed with biscuits: and though eggs would have been very welcome, we made an admirable meal without them. Then I went out and sketched Kardis in the rich sunset light, with solemn mists rising from the river, and did not linger long, for the mosquitoes distracted me. We slept a gentle sleep until our boatmen came to say that all was ready for starting, and then we swallowed our coffee and left Kardis.

In three hours—the rapids were few in number now—in three hours of quiet pulling, we came to Pello, an important-looking place, with dwellings on both sides of the river, and stepping on shore we met the head farmer and asked him for breakfast. He offered us eggs and coffee and fish, if we would wait for half an hour: we said certainly we would wait for half an hour. Pello was more in the world than any place we had come to yet. We sailed away under a blazing sun

down the stream, passing numerous farms, huts, and storehouses: fields of rye and wheat, too—the first we had seen. We traversed a wild and broken rapid within a few miles of Pello—the Kettilafors: but it was not equal to that at Kengis Brûk. The Driveller of course lost his presence of mind, and his countenance rivalled the richer tones of parchment: but we shipped no seas to speak of, and arrived in good form at Tórtola in the afternoon. Rather a pretty place Tórtola, and the river fine and expansive: we went on shore for a ramble. Then with a stiff cool breeze in our faces we made our way down to Rûskola—passing the famous mountain of Aâwasaksa on the Russian bank, the index of the Arctic Circle. Everybody has told, from Acerbi downwards, how this mountain was visited by the savants Celsius and Maupertuis, who remained for some time taking celestial and terrestrial observations in the cause of science.

Rûskola is on the Swedish bank, and has a rather imposing church and belfry. We laughed now to see the huts and storehouses dotted about on the banks of the Torneå—twenty in sight at a time—any one of which a fortnight ago would have been a city and a refuge to the mosquito-worn travellers. Half an hour brought us through a narrow passage—almost a trench—with high reedy banks, into a small bright pool, and the Driveller leapt out and drew our boat up on the strand of Matarengi.

We found our beautiful voyage had come to an end: we left the fine river Torneå, and the finer Muônio, to drive in jolting karyols down to the Bothnian port of Haparanda. We went up to the inn at Matarengi, and had a long talk with our good-natured obliging host, who bespoke horses and karyols at once for us. He prepared us a capital dinner, and while we were eating it the horses came round to the door. There was no need for delay: a drive of six hours or eight hours was not a heavy tax upon travellers who had lounged upon cushions and skins for four or five days: and directly our meal was dispatched we started, after a grateful adieu from the Driveller and the two other boatmen. After settling money matters to their entire satisfaction, I rose from the table, and taking three of the inevitable pocket-knives from a piece of paper, addressed them in eloquent and appropriate terms. They listened respectfully, bowed low over my hand, and took the knives with effusion. As I held out one to the Driveller—Driveller, I said, take this slight present: be happy—you deserve it. He looked at the knife in silent joy for a moment, and then stepped forward and wrung our hands.

Our jovial host led the way in a hard, springless karyol, along the pretty road overlooking the Torneå. On the Russian bank was the scattered centre of population Öfvre Torneå, or Upper Torneå, with an im-

mense wooden church. The Doctor and I were perched up in a little karyol, likewise without springs: and as the horses rattled along, we flew up into the air at every stone and rut, until we had almost to hold our teeth fast in our mouths. I had an air cushion, but how it never exploded, and how the Doctor was never blown across the river in a thousand atoms, when I used to come down from my airy bounds, we do not know. Our first station, nine miles in about an hour and a quarter, brought good coffee, but no improvement in karyols —no springs, nor cushions, nor nothing.

As we steamed along the first half-mile of our second stage—I driving, and bringing the cattle along in excellent style—we became aware of a strange animal, cantering if we cantered, trotting if we trotted, walking if we walked, by our side. We knew it at once to be the Original Old Extinct Elk. Had we not read in Johannis Schefferus: 'Next, the Elk is remarkable—excelling the Raindear by not a little, being as high as any horse. He hath a long Head and huge lips alwaies hanging down: his Body inclines in colour to a dark yellow mixt with Ashen.' Our cocher shouted from his mail cart in front that it was only an aged reindeer —goodness knew how old—who had taken a fancy into his old head that whenever a karyol passed his paddock he must spring over the palisade and follow it. We did not believe the cocher, for we had seen horns very

like our old friend's, which clever people had told us came from bone-caves, where the Irish Elk resorted of yore. At our next stage, after ordering another cup of the fascinating and excellent coffee, we walked forth to sketch our eccentric companion. He was nowhere to be found. The driver said he had trotted home again: but we are aware now that that was no living reindeer, that, ghostly and weirdly, tracked us from Alkula to Hiétaniémi in the calm evening light. It was the primæval Elk, whose earthly home we had recklessly and heedlessly entered but a few short months before.

The Doctor drove to the next stage, where two pretty clean little girls became our pilots: one perhaps seven, and her sister eight years old. It was droll to see their pretty child faces in their hoods, looking back from their karyol as we sang some favourite song in chorus, and to hear them laugh merrily.

It was in lovely sunshine that we drove into the long-anticipated goal, Haparanda, the gate of the Gulf of Bothnia. We could not see the gulf, which was still seven English miles away, beyond the river and the woods: but we saw, O welcome sight, the entrance to such an inn—comfortable and clean, with the pleasantest, best-looking, and plumpest of landladies, and the most admirable and abundant food. We had a refreshing bathe, and changed our garments from head

to foot, emerging clean but sunburnt, to the unspoken admiration of the Haparandans, who had seen us arrive travel-stained and dusty an hour before.

Here we had to begin with a boundless breakfast, then a refreshing lounge: then we walked about in the warm sun. We telegraphed to Hotel Rydberg at Stockholm, to ask for news, and then went out to the Guldshmid's.

CHAPTER VII.

Cross the River to Torneå—The old Church—Our Quarters in Haparanda—Expedition to the Kémi River—Billiards under the Arctic Circle—Disquieting Mile-posts—Misconstructions—Rapids on the Kémi river—An entertaining Acquaintance—Old stone Church of Kémi—Mummies of the Bishops—Return to Torneå—Farewell to Haparanda—Embark upon the Aâwasaksa—The last of the Midnight Sun.

He was a fine easy-going old boy the Guldshmid, in comfortable circumstances, and provided our collection with various old spoons, rings, beads, and belt ornaments. I also put my elbow through a glass case, and he was quite indifferent whether I paid him for a new glass or no. Across the river Torneå—it would be simpler to write Torneo at once, but it is too late to begin now—lay the bright pretty little town of the same name, with a slight and graceful spire to its old wooden church.

By-and-by we took a boat and sailed across: ten minutes were enough to bring us over, and we stood once more upon Russian soil. Here were Cossacks and flat-capped officials in uniform, who stared at the Doctor as if he were *suspect*: they had heard how he was wont to carry his gun in Lapland, no doubt.

Haparanda looked pretty over the smooth still river, and not very unlike Torneå. We went to a steamship agent's, and secured two berths upon the steamer Aâwasaksa, sailing a few days afterwards for Uleåborg and the coast of Finland. These steamers are not so frequent, or so frequented, as those sailing down the western coast of the gulf, and we were fortunate in finding one so convenient. The goldsmiths of Torneå—sad falling off in a town where many long years ago half the silver ornaments of Lapland were made—had not a solitary piece of old silver.

Then I walked with the Doctor to the church, a picturesque and quaint old wooden building, with a slight tall scaly-looking wooden spire, and an isolated old belfry with a covering like an armadillo. It was all very old—church, churchyard and trees—and we sat for some time enjoying the quiet. Afterwards we sought a photographer's, but came away empty-handed: then I went over the river to Haparanda to write, and left the Doctor to amuse himself after his own fashion: probably to climb some considerable height and obtain a view, which seemed to be the principal aim of his travels. In the case of Torneå his ambitious prospects would be limited to a haystack or some friendly wall, as the church and belfry were both locked up, and the country around is a dead level. However, he came

true to time when dinner was ready, and said he had enjoyed himself.

We made a meal as if we had not lived on the fat of the land throughout our journey, and I think I saw a shade of care cross our landlady's good-humoured brow. I told the Doctor that I feared he was overdoing it, but that of course he was the best judge. We strolled after dinner to a festively-adorned pavilion, where we were told was an entrancing panorama, but found that there was no evening performance: we had seen the dazzling structure from our windows, and had enquired whether King Oscar was to be crowned here likewise.

I have most foolishly overlooked the description of our quarters in Haparanda. We are not lodged, like common travellers, in the inn. Immediately on its becoming known that the inn was full, the principal educational establishment of Haparanda was placed at the disposal of the second Linnæus and the Finnish scholar—a large room, two large rooms, were secured on the first floor of the Elementar Lärowerk, or Elementary Learn-works, as the title literally means. The two finest and most handsomely furnished rooms, too, that we had seen since leaving England.

Here we took up our comfortable abode and spent an idle good-for-nothing time, until it occurred to my massive imagination to suggest an expedition to the

famous river of Kémi, which enters the gulf twenty miles east of Haparanda. We had long regarded this river with a covetous eye, and believed that there was gold to be found upon its banks, as Mr. Dahll had said was likely. We had also wormed out of a pleasant old Finn that in the village of Kémi was an ancient stone church, in the vaults of which lay the ancient embalmed bodies of five hundred ancient bishops. The Doctor was led into enthusiasm by the united prospect of gold and mummies, and said that he also would go to Kémi.

We arranged for a swift and enduring horse to await us at seven o'clock on the following morning, at the little quay of Torneå, and on our arrival punctually at nine o'clock, we were surprised to find that the swift and enduring horse had left for his stable. We thought sternly that the Torneå people had not done the handsome thing by us. We went morosely to the inn, and asked the reason of this thusness. The innkeeper, whom we at once put down as a forward person, reminded us that we had selected the hour of seven, and that the swift and enduring horse had dozed upon the quay in the sun until a quarter to nine. We said that of course if the people of Torneå expected us to consider ourselves bound in the morning by what we had promised on the evening before, we should know better than to make any arrangements with them for

the future. When we thought of the large-hearted Jones, who was never punctual within a day or two, we could not help feeling the difference between Lapland and Finland.

I had scored seven-and-thirty and the Doctor seven without the thirty, on a gigantic billiard-table, with inexact cues, balls like cricket-balls, and with a startling and ingenious contrivance which brought every ball, no matter where you pocketed it, into an underground drawer with a rumbling like thunder—when the landlord made us aware that the impatient courser was at the door: and we flung our cues aside, paid for our two bottles of Uleåborg ale, and hastened into the karyol.

We wept tears of silent happiness when we found that we were suspended on delicious springs, and when we began to think that we should get to Kémi without beheading our tongues or losing a single tooth. We had a bright fair little Finn as our charioteer, who laughed and taught us Finnish all the way to Luukos, our only station. We were ferried over the farther mouth of the Torneå, the small island where the town lies dividing the two outlets, and drove along an excellent road in the direction of Uleåborg.

The Finnish mile-posts are of a dark, bewildering character—they inspire us with a solemn and mysterious dread. We drive peacefully along for twenty

minutes, and I say to the Doctor cheerfully, Two versts already, Doctor. In five minutes more a cold perspiration comes over us, when we find that we have travelled sixteen versts since we last spoke. The next mile-post says we are within three-quarters of a verst of Uleåborg, while its spectral neighbour warns us that Kémi is one hundred and sixteen versts away. We began to think now that it was a mistake to go in idle worldly curiosity, to see the embalmed bodies of the five hundred ancient bishops, or to long to grub for yellow nuggets in the Kémi's gold-bearing sand. In another hour we arrive—so the mile-post says—within a quarter of a verst of Torneå, and shortly afterwards cross a river in a flat-bottomed boat, impelled by a family of about nine individuals, from the mother who steers, to a little boy who wields an oar about twenty-seven times as long as himself. It transpired that this was the river Raouna, and that we were about half-way to Luukos. After having been led to believe that we had travelled fully one hundred and thirty-seven versts in the first hour and a half, and that we were about nine versts on the Russian side of Uleåborg, it was saddening to find that we had made so little progress on the Kémi road. We said it was almost idle to trust to the mile-posts.

The object of the dark and sanguinary plotter who devised these mile-posts is apparent: the guileless tra-

veller is decoyed from his comfortable inn in Haparanda by the delusive prospect of a short and easy drive to Uleåborg: his vanity as a coachman is flattered by the astonishing progress of which every milepost tells the tale: and then, as his pulse quickens, his appetite strengthens, his horses press forward, and he already imagines himself in view of Uleåborg, he reads with a cold sickening feeling the words—Torneå ¼ verst—Uleåborg 279 versts.

At Lûûkos—the second vowel in Finnish prolongs the sound of the first—we changed horses, and the malignant farmer proposed to change our karyol for one without springs: but when he saw the expression on our faces—one of quiet readiness to take human life, but not to ride again in a karyol without springs—he withdrew his suggestion, and allowed his boy to fasten the new horse into the old karyol.

We set out still on the Uleåborg road, and looked forward to reaching Kémi comfortably in two hours. After about an hour we came in sight of a broad and splendid river, which we felt certain was the Kémi: we were then, we supposed, about five miles from the sea. Shortly we passed a large new wooden church, erected by Alexander Nikolaievicz for his Finnish subjects some fifteen years ago, and on the left hand towards the river bank an old rude stone chapel. We wondered to know of two stone churches only a few miles apart

in this land of wooden buildings, but we drove on till it struck us that we might descend this noble river, and we said we would take the first boat we chanced upon, and send the boy and horse to meet us at the Gästgivaré, as it is pronounced, or inn of Kémi.

We told the boy in excellent Finnish what we meant to do, but some doubt appeared to cloud his mind: so we drew up at a roadside cottage and spoke pleasantly to a group of peasants. One of them, a lady, came forward and smiled upon us, offering her services in Swedish. We asked her to be so good as to tell our pumpkin-headed boy that we wanted him to meet us at Kémi inn an hour hence, the Doctor and I going by river. The lady repeated what we had already said, and when the boy made a move with the horse, we thought his clayey intellect had been penetrated. It was disappointing to watch him drive down to the water's edge and begin to unharness the horse. We walked down to him, and taking him by the throat asked whether he intended coming to Kémi in the boat, horse karyol and all. We then said he was the most drivelling idiot we ever had known. We began at the beginning, and told him again what we wanted. Umaráxi? we said with energy —Do you understand? Ey ûmara—I don't understand. Drive, we said with violence, to the Kémi gästgivaré in karyol with horse—Umaráxi? No, I don't. Drive, we exclaimed with ferocity——then catching sight of

some civil-looking haymakers we asked them to be so polite as to tell this boy to meet us at Kémi inn an hour hence. The haymakers laughed a little to one another, and one of them said to us, We are in Kémi now.

We went without a word to the water's edge and got into a boat. The bright muscular young boatman in his clean white shirt told us that there were two Kémis, one with an inn, lying across the river: so our Finnish was vindicated, and we didn't care for the boy's feelings.

A stiff breeze carried our trim-built wherry beautifully up the stream. We ascended for some distance, surmounted one rough and angry rapid, and having made fast the sail, strove to pole the boat up a second. It was a nasty crooked rush of water, and in a minute our boat went on a rock. Push! we roared to one another, as the wind caught the sail, the boat's head swung round, and the furious stream tore past. When another second would have been too late, the boat lurched off and we thrust her up into smooth water. As we had no wish to descend the Kémi with our faces downward and with two or three wild fowl resting upon us, we agreed not to ascend any more rapids until we had become more familiar with poling. We went to restore ourselves by dining on shore, and making our way into a little wooden inn, sat down to rest.

As we sat here there came into the room a bounding lunatic—we cannot think of him as anything else —who addressed us in terms of high-sounding compliment, and we had a long talk about Kémi—the river and the rapids and the fish, the old church, and the wild ducks. We invited the boundless lunatic to assist in devouring some möltebeer that we had bought from a peasant woman, with which the hostess gave us sugar and cream, and he accepted without a word of contention.

By-and-by, going to settle with our hostess, we were a little surprised to learn the amount of our bill —it being about three times more than any we had paid for a similar entertainment. Upon mentioning the sum incidentally to the lunatic, he clenched his fist and made so hideous a face that we thought the hostess' life was insecure. We begged him to be composed, as we could quite well support this financial shock, but he ground his teeth, tore his beard, and swore aloud in Finnish : O noble stranger, O shameless woman, O disgrace to Kémi. When the landlady ventured in again, I asked for details of our extravagant meal. The abounding lunatic had made us pay for six or seven bottles of Uleåborg ale which he had consumed before we came in. His apologies and protests were illimitable, but there was a coolness between us for a short time after.

In the afternoon our acquaintance volunteered to guide and admit us to the little old church, so we set off along a pretty wooded path overlooking the river, walking until we came to the low old wall which protects the churchyard. Over this the lunatic bounded, and we followed him to the church porch. He fell upon his knees, and groped among some débris till he brought to light a key so huge that it might have unlocked the Kremlin. He brandished it in his two hands to the serious risk of the Doctor, and launched it into a dim and rusty lock. Then he leapt into the air and swung himself round upon the key, which turned in the lock, and the grim old door opened.

The interior was bare, the walls plastered and adorned with grotesque old frescoes: a rude wooden font, and some bad old painted carvings stood in one corner, while the lunatic led us stealthily to another. We lifted, he and I, a part of the floor-planking, and found a wooden sarcophagus which held the mummy of one of the bishops. Poor old bishop! when the lunatic lifted the white linen shroud which covered him, his rigid, shrunken, parchment-like old body lay as bare as when he came into the world many long centuries ago.

We assisted to replace the shroud reverently over him, and the lunatic pointed gleefully to a heap of stained and tattered garments which lay in a corner, close by the bishop's coffin. A murdered Russian, he

softly chuckled. Then he apologised for the impossibility of showing us the four hundred and ninety-nine other old bishops, as they were laid safely away down in the crypt, out of his reach: however, he danced merrily on the planks over their coffins, to let us know where they lay. On coming out into the road, the unbounded lunatic becoming exhilarated by the sunshine and the Uleåborg ale, broke out into English. He said, Ver goods! and then explained that besides Finnish, the Swedish, German, and English tongues were all equally familiar to him. We thought he might have gone further, and said that beyond his native language, Finnish, all earthly languages were alike to him.

Our carriage was waiting for us by the imposing wooden church of Alexander III. and it became time to part from the lunatic. With a lofty and ceremonious wave of his hat, he declared that we should not leave Kémi without being able to remember his name. He wrote it down for us, and then brought out a book in which he requested us, with a Spanish bow and flourish of his hand, to write our names. When we had done so the abundant lunatic was overcome with joy, for he shed tears and would have fallen upon our necks had we not gotten us nimbly into the karyol. Then he stood balancing himself with the help of a little boy's head, until we had driven out of sight.

We stopped by the way here and there to pick brilliant wild strawberries which tempted us from roadside banks, and then we came to Luûkos, to the great relief of our little Torneå yamstchik, who began to imagine that we had left for Archangel with his karyol, and that he should never never see us or our money any more. The Sun—Auringa as the Finlanders call him—was flooding the Torneå with his golden light as we drove back into the town, and after a pleasant talk on the wooden pier with a Russian gentleman, whom we cross-examined with regard to the journey viâ Kem to the White Sea, and who invited us to go and visit him somewhere on the shores of the Frozen Sea, next year or the next or the next, and to stay with him one week, two week, three week, or so long as we pleased—we journeyed over the river to Haparanda.

We found here that the steamer Avasaxa was to leave the port of Salmis, seven miles away by the sea, shortly after midnight, so we had about four hours in which to pack our luggage and to dine. Then we went to a bokhandler from whom we wanted a map of Finland, and found him an intelligent conversible man. We were a little surprised to hear of a gentleman who had come to spend more than one summer with him, and who appeared to us to be much like a fish out of water in these latitudes—M. du Chaillu, the well-known tropical traveller and gorilla-hunter. His

pleasant eccentric ways have made him a favourite with the people of Haparanda.

Then we went to keep an appointment with a photographer, whom we had engaged to photograph Haparanda from Torneå for us, and Torneå from Haparanda. The forsworn artist saw us coming and fled, for he had not attempted to take either photograph. We hailed him lustily as he was escaping, and he had to stop and face us. He declared he would take the photographs the first thing in the morning, and excused himself by saying that he had no idea of taking a view of Haparanda until we had suggested to him that it would be remunerative: he begged us to spare him for a fortnight more, when he declared the photograph should be in our hands in England. We asked how it was possible to believe him after perjuring himself so violently, but his good-natured little wife came out and we were softened, and told them where to direct the photographs.

When we came to the hotel the baggage was ready for packing, and we fell to work. Such was our energy that in half an hour cooking apparatus, riding garments, reindeer skins, waterproofs, portmanteaus, and rugs were condensed into an orderly group of seven packages, and ready for transport to the boat. We left the hospitable Learn-works with regret, and went across to the inn to take our last admirable meal

before starting. It was a delicious calm evening, and the Haparandans had retired to rest. We watched the boatmen through the open window carrying the heavy part of the baggage away from the Learn-works, and addressed ourselves peacefully to the dinner—supper I should say—for it was close upon eleven o'clock and we were no longer in the wilds with the midnight sun.

We were pulled for an hour or more down the Torneå—here a broad steady stream with low banks—passing the large white church of New Torneå. We saw then several tall masts out to seaward beyond wooded islands, and at length came in sight of the Avasaxa lying in the small Russian port of Something-ov-sjö. The steam whistle shrieked out that we must lose no time, and five minutes more brought us alongside. Many passengers were sitting on deck when we made our appearance, and there was a general murmur of contentment when in our faded clothes and sunburnt skin we stepped on board. The good-natured captain was only waiting our arrival, and we sailed immediately: the wooden pier was thronged with friends and midnight promenaders, who cheered and waved their pocket-handkerchiefs. We were leaving the regions of the midnight sun now though, and every hour took us farther away from the perpetual daylight. Down the gulf we should have the light, but in Stockholm we should see the stars again.

We left the coast as the glorious sunset streamed into sunrise, and before the Doctor came below we were out in the open sea. The pleasant old gentleman, agent for the steamer, from whom we had extorted information two days before, and whose heart we had won by admiring his turning lathe and falsely describing ourselves as proficient amateurs, had so recommended us to the captain, that we found the best berths on board reserved for us.

At about this time we began to present a picturesque appearance. Our faces, literally scorched by the Lapland sun, began to shed their skin, and those parts which were undecided whether to come off or no, hung mournfully about our cheeks and brows. For several days we slunk about like badly papered pillars, and wore our hats very much over our eyes.

CHAPTER VIII.

Arrival at Uleåborg—Our Friend Rae—The Cathedral—Sunday in the northern Capital of Finland—Inquisition by Finlanders—Reach Brâhestad—Opulence of Inhabitants—The Church—Forbidden Fruit—Calm sailing on the Gulf of Bothnia—Fire on board—Gamle Karleby—Economy of Living—A Feast—Decayed old Town—The last of the Mosquitoes—Sail along the Coast of Ostrobothnia—Pleasant Finnish Company—Another Fire on Board—An Uleåborg Acquaintance—The Finlanders' Language—Russian Administration and Prosperity of the Country—Wâsa—Imposing Buildings—Evidences of Intemperance—A Finnish Grammar—Eager Inquisitiveness of the Finlanders—Life in Uleåborg—The Oûlu and its Rapids—Shipwrecked Mariners—An evening Resort—Out in the open Gulf—Pass through the Åland Islands—An ugly Fleet—Stockholm—The Royal Library—The Codex Argenteus—Leave for Upsala.

It was a bright and lovely Sunday morning when we moved up the Oûlu river and attached the steamer to the wooden quay, half a mile below Uleåborg. While we were waiting for the small omnibus steamer which was to take us up to the town, a Finnish gentleman came and asked us whether we knew a Mr. Rae. We said that we knew him exceedingly well, and were intimate with his brother: when the Finlander told us that at the telegraph office there was a despatch for him. We said we would take care that it reached our friend Rae.

We sailed in the little steamer up past quays, with timber stacked upon them, and pretty wooden houses among green trees: we saw a series of three fine wooden bridges spanning the mouths of the Oûlu, and moored finally at the entrance of a little canal. We engaged a boy to pilot us about, and then set off for the Telegraf-Kontor. Then we went into the church, to hear one of the finest voices we ever recollect hearing—and a Lutheran sermon in Swedish, of which we could only catch a few words here and there. The ladies sat down one aisle in very fair numbers, the gentlemen down the other in very indifferent numbers indeed. After the service, which was simple and impressive, we went to find a photograph of Uleåborg—then a bok-handler, to ask for an old Bible and a Finnish grammar, securing an old psalm book and an assurance that Brâhestad, our next port of call, was the place of all others for a grammar. Afterwards we had an admirable Finnish dinner, and passed the remainder of the day in idling round the streets.

There is something Finlandish, picturesque, and at the same time pretty, about Uleåborg—the part towards the Oûlu is very much so. The houses are wooden—some very old-fashioned—and there are many pretty green little enclosures, with seats for idlers, dotted about in the town. The church is not interesting, though its predecessors have occupied the same spot

for many centuries back. In all the Finnish churches, however, are fine old brazen swinging candelabra, generally with the Russian eagle stretching himself above them. We now thought we should like a map of Finland, but with the exception of the friend who sold us the psalm book, no one of the booksellers was to be found in Uleåborg—all were in their country houses. This speaks well for their means.

After despatching all our business of this nature, we strolled back over the three wooden bridges and the three fine arms of the Oûlu, and came upon the river itself, hurrying over a mild rocky decline. The mosquitoes would only allow us to make a rough and scrambling sketch, and we returned to the steamer. Before leaving the Aâwasaksa this morning, I had asked one of the stewardesses where I could get some mouchoirs washed. She said it was impossible until we reached Stockholm: But, added this good-natured maiden, you are welcome to as many of mine as you want in the meantime. Uleåborg the Finlanders call Oûlu—Brâhestad, Brâhin—Gamle Karleby, Kokkola—and Wâsa, which the Russians in vain attempt to know as Nikolaïestad, the Finns persist in calling Wâsa.

We sailed half an hour after midnight from this old Finnish northern capital, and we were glad, for two of the inquisitivest monsters we had ever met, even in Finland: struck by our ingenuous and pleasing ap-

pearance: came and baited us with questions while we were inoffensively eating our supper. Were we English? Were we going to Stockholm? Had we come from Torneå? Had we gone to Lapland for our pleasure? Were we artists, or naturalists? Were we married? and so on. We replied without passion for some time, and then an evil spirit entered into us and we lied to them. We said without hesitation that we did not know when we had left England, we could not recollect how we had reached Torneå, or if we had ever reached it: we could neither of us read or write: we were uncertain whether we were of European parentage: we had never been inside a church. They listened to us open-mouthed, they gloated upon our innocent countenances with fiendish curiosity: they clung round us and transfixed us with volleys of questions: they gulped down every syllable that left our lips: they glared upon us with cobra-like interest, and finally, like unsatisfied birds of prey, fluttered reluctantly away when the gangway was about to be put on shore.

We like a gossip—a good conscientious industrious unscrupulous gossip—whose conversation announces that he came into this world to mind other people's business, and who has no false shame about the length of his ears, or about writing himself down what he really is. We do not think his mission, though very generally respected, is so universally appreciated as it should be.

This morning, towards breakfast time, we came to Brâhestad. I took the opportunity of making an admirable sketch of Brâhestad, and of going on shore with the Doctor. We walked round the beach—for the steamer was moored to a small wooden quay a quarter of a mile from the town—and came into the thriving well-built little place with some surprise. We saw hardly any poor houses, all were capacious and clean—indeed we heard afterwards that the shipowners of Brâhestad are noted for their wealth and comfortable mode of living. Brâhestad and Pietasâari have absorbed the commerce of poor Gamle, or Old Karleby. We sought a bokhandler's to ask for an old Bible and a Finnish grammar—securing a psalm book, and an assurance that Gamle Karleby, our next port of call, was the place of all others for a grammar. Opportunities for perfecting ourselves in Finnish seemed to be post-poning themselves as time went on, but we thought we could worry the Finnish passengers with success enough to prevent the time from being thrown away.

We went to the church, and while I had gone into the building and was staring reverently about me, the Doctor came in, smelling strongly of fruit. It transpired that he had been lunching in the church-yard upon strawberries that grew on graves. Upon this it was thought better that we should go back at once to the steamer. Go we did, and the Aâwasaksa

soon left for Gamle Karleby. We enjoyed the calm warm weather and spent the afternoon in our state-room, with the windows open, glad of the opportunity for doing some writing. We were told at dinner-time that a rather dangerous-looking fire had broken out on board, but had been extinguished with the help of the engine.

We sailed down the coast of Ostrobothnia, and came to Kokkola or Gamle Karleby, where, as our custom was, we got a boat and went on shore. We were pulled up a pretty river, with decayed rickety old warehouses here and there among gardens upon its banks—melancholy evidences of present decline and not distant fall. We were accompanied by a Finnish gentleman, of whom we shall think with gratitude one day when we shall have thrown away our patrimony, run into debt, been married, or have taken some such step in life.

This good Finlander told us that in Gamle Karleby a respectable middle-class family of four persons might live upon twenty-five pounds a year. Everything was cheap here—bread, meat, fruit, milk, coffee, fowls, eggs, fish, and lodging. The Doctor and I, by a common impulse, resolved to go straightway to the principal inn and partake of the handsomest dinner that gold could procure. Give us, we said to the landlady, the richest and most extravagant dinner that the resources of Finland can produce. The poor landlady,

almost doubting her senses, asked what we would like. So that the meal is sumptuous, we replied with magnificence of manner, we limit you in nothing—go unrestricted and provide the banquet.

We were in half an hour invited to fall upon an admirable and delicate collection of dishes, which we should not easily have met with in far more pretending places than Old Karleby. Doctor, I said, I do not think we can escape with less than a rixdollar each. And so it was—we paid two rixi, or two shillings and fourpence, for such a dinner as Gamle Karleby had not witnessed for years. We have taken the address of this old town.

As we came down the channel leading from the main street, we began to realize that we were drawing southwards, and there was a feeling of twilight upon the water. The sunset flush still stained the northern sky, but upon the river's smooth surface and upon the low green meadows on either side lay misty evening vapours. Some mosquitoes—good faithful friends as they were—would not desert us with the unending day, but crept fondly under our handkerchiefs and nestled close to our necks. They seemed sorry to part with us.

And thus we sailed along the coast—now among a fringe of islands—now out in the open sea, while the bright sweet weather and the pleasant goodnatured Finnish company made the time pass quickly. Early

on the third morning of our voyage we came and cast anchor in Jakobstad—I beg the Finlanders' pardon—Piétasâari harbour. The usual land-locked, wood-fringed little bay, with wooden houses among trees: and a tall church spire with a few windmills—were all of Piétasâari that we saw, and then we went lazily to our berths once more.

Another fire to-day, the awning having been ignited by sparks from our white chimney: but it was soon put out, and the awning was rolled up to keep it out of mischief. We were too busy with our Finnish to assist at the illuminations, and sat in the state-room with our coats off, loading our reluctant memories with some untraceable word, and longing for the precious gift—the gift of tongues. We have often thought of those good and godly men, the twelve Apostles of our Faith, and of the extraordinary sensations theirs must have been, when they found they could speak with other men in tongues so strange and dark to them before.

We arranged to go on shore at Wâsa with a pleasant Uleåborger, son of a Finland father and an English mother. Strange to say, he speaks no Finnish—not as much as we do. Swedish is the language of the coast, and to hear the native tongue in common use, one must travel inland Eastward, or North beyond the Arctic Circle into Finlapland. There are a party

here strong in admiration for their own fine language, who wish to replace the Swedish by it: they are known as Finomânes. Of the two, the Russians, who for half a century repressed the native tongue, encourage these, rather than the Swedish champions; they are re-introducing it into the excellent and abundant schools too.

The Russians seem to treat this province fairly and considerately, and not ungenerously, as far as we could learn. The governors of sub-provinces are Russians and the fortress garrisons are Russian, but the State officials are Finlanders. These latter are blamed in many cases by their countrymen for their over obsequience to Russian authority, in their anxiety for promotion and patronage. Before many years—most likely two or three—are passed, there will be a railway made with Finnish resources, running from Viborg all the way to Uleåborg. The Finlanders have a public debt of about a quarter of a million, held, we understood, in Germany and Denmark; and as a gentleman told us with pride, they have more than half a million sterling in the State bank to redeem it with. He believes that if the country continues to prosper as at present, in a few years they will have ten millions in their bank.

Old Wâsa is not to be seen from the harbour: indeed, since the great fire which wrecked it and its

old parish church of Mustasâari, I believe it is not to be seen from anywhere. The more pompous Nikolaïestad has an imposing appearance from the sea, so much so that we hardly thought we could venture on shore dressed only in brown skins and shabby serge. However, with a handsome pair of gloves, and a good deal of white mouchoir showing in the breast-pocket of our coats, false linen cuffs to our flannel shirts, eye-glasses, and erect white collars, we thought we might pass in a crowd. At the last moment a citizen of Wâsa came on board and laid hold upon our Anglo-Finn, carrying him away captive on some matter of business: so the Doctor and I set forth together into the city.

The houses are really large and imposing, but everything is exceedingly new: new streets, new trees, new gardens, new pavements, and a new church, fearful and dreadful in form. Each fourth house—I don't think I am exaggerating much—was a vodka establishment, and red-eyed swollen vodka drinkers staggered along in every street. This was our first interview with vice since we had come abroad.

We went into a bookseller's and asked for a Finnish and English grammar. They were very sorry—in Uleåborg there were plenty. This we denied: then they fell back upon Brâhestad, from Brâhestad to Gamle Karleby, from Old Karleby to Åbo. We said in our bitterness that we did not believe there was such a thing

as a Finnish grammar. We bought a manual, by which we could if we needed learn a few English sentences through the Finnish, and were unobtrusively leaving the shop, when the bokhandler pounced upon us. Hvarifrån komma herrarna? Whence come the gentlemen? From Torneå. Are they Englander? Are they travelling upon busi—— We closed the door and left.

We went into an Apothek's, who was unjustly said to have photographs of Wâsa. Have you any views of Wâsa? Hvarifrån komma herrarna? Have you any photographs of Wâsa? Are the gentlemen Engl—— We retired in haste without closing the door, and escaped to a house where was the sign Fotograf. We strayed into a room by accident on the ground floor, and asked, was this the photographer's? The words were not out of our mouths before we heard the exasperating question, or part of it, Are the gentlemen—— We did not remain in that room, but finding the word Fotograf plastered on the staircase wall, hurried upstairs. A tall stooping delicate man rose as we entered, and we asked if he had such a thing as a photograph. He replied politely that he had not, and we were withdrawing with gratitude when we caught the awful word Hvarifrån. The rest of the sentence was drowned in the noise we made in stumbling after one another downstairs.

We went from bokhandlers to guldshmids, and from guldshmids to pastry-cooks, trying hard to say what we wanted and escape, but it was of no use. At length we went with a fixed determination to a bokhandler's —the only unvisited one—and removing our hats, said before the woman could utter a word, We are Englishmen, we come from Torneå, we are not travelling upon business, we are going to Stockholm. After knocking the ground from under the lady's feet, we asked if she had an old Finnish Bible. As we talked to her, a young priest came from an inner room, having heard nothing of what had passed. We replaced our hats with the intention of going, when he could not resist asking, Wherefrom come the gentlemen? We turned and said, Sir, we have already told the lady that we are Englishmen, travelling from Torneå to Stockholm for our pleasure. Then, determined to be even with the priest, we added, We came, sir, to ask if you had an old Bible for sale, or an old—— I have nothing to do with the business, I do not belong to the shop! roared the young priest hastily. Oh indeed, we said pleasantly, we beg your pardon: good evening.

It was strange at the end of each long street to come abruptly upon the untouched Finland forest—for the town was built in a compact square, and girt round by pine trees. We called for a special object upon a

bookbinder, whose windows stared straight into the forest. He was busy with his craft when we went in, and we made him a long speech in Swedish. We have called, we believe, upon every bokbinder in Ostrobothnia, we said, to learn how the old blue figuring upon the edge of this hymn book is wrought. We went on to say that doubtless there was some stamp or contrivance for the purpose: we added with delicacy that we were unwilling to intrude upon the secrets of his business, but would very much like to adopt it for our library—if he could spare the time to explain to us. The bokbinder smiled: It is smeared with the finger, he said simply, and then scratched.

We found our Finnish acquaintance waiting for us on deck when we came again to the Aâwasaksa. He asked if we were too tired to go and look at some Finland peasants work. We felt yes, but said no, and we set off for the far end of the town again. Do you not think the church is very handsome? was his first question: but he chatted brightly and cleverly, and we enjoyed the walk. His inability to speak Finnish was one charm we had in his society: it gratified us to know more of his own language than he did. He told us we ought to see the Imâtra Fall on the Wuoxin river, not many hours from Helsingfors. It flows—the river—out of the Saimen Lake and enters Lake Ladoga on the western side. Our acquaintance is a

gentleman, and lives in good style in Uleåborg. He has a little country house too and a horse and carriage, has seven or eight persons in family, and he spends 200*l.* a year.

The strength of the summer at Uleåborg is surprising: wheat has been cut within six weeks of the seed entering the ground. Uleåborg is on the latitude of Kem on the White Sea, Tchakotskoi on the Frozen Sea, South Cape in Greenland, Skálholt in Iceland, and Throndhjem in Norway. The salmon of the Oûlu are famous—so are the rapids: but on comparing notes with our friend, we find they are not by a long way so serious as those of the Muônio and Torneå. Coming to the store, we found it full of all manner of rough homely manufactures, from embroidery to ironwork, from rugs to children's toys. We spent a few rixdollars, and then rambled back to the ship. In our absence the crew of an English ship—wrecked that day a few miles off—were brought to land alongside of our steamer, and are to go on to Stockholm with us.

It is the fashion in all these Finland ports, for the inhabitants to come down and stroll on the quay on the evening when the mail steamer is in, and to drink vodka or soda-water upon deck. Half-a-dozen of them would dine on board—merely for variety's sake we were told—and to cross-examine unfortunate strangers too, we thought. We know of no people so

immoderately inquisitive as the Finlanders—Est natura Finnorum novitatis avida. 'Tis the nature of Finlanders to be greedy of news—indeed their conversation depends upon it. Reader, have you no acquaintances, from whose conversation, if you were to withdraw topics resting upon their neighbours' concerns, very little would remain?

When I looked out of our state-room window in the morning, we were out in the open waters of the Bothnian Sea, and had lost all sight of Finland. The wind blew strongly, and rather in our favour: but the Aâwasaksa, which is not an over large vessel, rocked very uncomfortably. This was not in the Doctor's favour, for he lay very sick upon the sofa: and the stewardesses lay moaning in a heap in the pantry, quite unable, poor girls, to provide us with breakfast: so those of us who wanted food went and cut vast sandwiches, and devoured them on deck between the lurches of the steamer.

When one rough and rolling day was over, and a second rough and rolling night, we came at early morning among the Åland—pronounced Oland—Isles: at noon we were passing the Swedish ironclad monitor flotilla—and an ugly and diabolical-looking flotilla it was—in the beautiful Stockholm fiord, and came in sight of the bright and cheerful city.

It looked very crowded after the empty land we

had been in, and we drove to the famous and deserving Hotel Rydberg. After lunching, reading our letters, buying photographs, and despatching telegrams, we found our way by an unfrequented staircase into the Royal Library. Gentle bookworm, we said to a young man in spectacles, we have travelled from a far country—The gentle bookworm pointed to a notice restricting conversation. We are anxious, we said—The bookworm pointed to a second notice, stating that the Library was closed to the public. It is our fixed intention, we said, to see if possible the Codex Aureus: for this purpose we have travelled from a far—The student said the Codex Aureus was in the Library, and like everything else was locked up. We have read Mallet's Northern Antiquities, Torfæus and Pontoppidan, we said, and more than half the Icelandic Sagas, and we are this evening going to Upsala to see Bishop Ulfilas' Gothic Bible, the Codex Argenteus: under such circumstances is it much to ask that we may see the Codex Aureus? The student went to a group of grave reading men, and they smiled. We don't want to see the other books, we said, and we won't take away any of the manuscripts, and we have come all the way through Lapland to see the Codex Aureus. One grave man laughed and went out, returning with a key with which he admitted us to a long gallery filled with books.

We saw the famous Codex and Luther's Bible, with that tough old Christian's handwriting all over the margins, and Gustav Wasa's Bible, and Charles XII.'s Bible, and the Devil's Bible. We did not place much confidence in the two latter books, as the pugnacious Karl XII. was unlikely to have much time to spend in Bible-reading, and we thought the ownership of the second was not satisfactorily established. Thanking the good-natured scholar who had humoured the aspirations of two young travellers, we returned to the hotel to write. At eight o'clock we left for Upsala.

CHAPTER IX.

Upsala and Old Upsala—Mounds of Odin, Thor, and Freya—Their Contents—Stockholm again—Magnificent Museum—Relics of Charles XII. and Gustavus Adolphus—Admirable prehistoric Collection, and Work in precious Metals—Sail for the Island of Gotland—The Mälar Lake and Södertelje Canal—Wisby—Interesting Remains of the Middle Ages—Disestablishment—Imposing Demonstration—Rough Passage to Stockholm—Morning Service—Depart for Copenhagen—The Museum of Northern Antiquities—Discouragement and a Friend in Need—Prehistoric, Runic, Mediæval, Ecclesiastical, and Icelandic Collections—Travel to Kiel—Railway to Hamburg—Renewal of a pleasant Acquaintance—Embark upon the North Sea—Rough Voyage—The Professor—Land at Grimsby.

UPSALA we reached only in time to go from supper to bed, and from bed at five in the morning, by carriage to Old Upsala. The famous mounds, of Odin Father of Gods, Thor his son, and Freya the universal mother, are most interesting. They are very uniform in shape and size—conical mounds of earth slightly flattened on their summits. In 1846 they were opened, two of them, by the Royal Antiquary of Sweden, who penetrated sixty or seventy feet before reaching the walls of the burial chambers. These were formed with huge granite blocks, two or three hundred of which the Royal Antiquary, we presume with assistance, removed.

The floors of the chambers were of clay, with traces of cremation and fragments of calcined human and animal bones. Finally, in the burial urns themselves were the ashes of the dead in whose honour the mounds were respectively raised. Some bones of the dog and horse, a few wrought bone objects, some bronze and delicate gold-work, a comb and some auburn hair, were also found in the urn—from which we are led to fancy that Odin's reputed Scythian descent is questionable, unless we are deceived in our idea that the Scythians wore long dark hair. One urn, which measured seven inches by nine inches, was found within three inches of the slab which covered and protected it. This was in Odin's Howe.

I don't know if Freya's Howe was as thoroughly examined. If we had been the Royal Antiquary of Sweden we should have spent the money on the lady's tomb first, and 'gone' for gold and silver ornaments, to which in those far-off days the female mind clung, not only in this world, but in anticipation of a world to come. For in the ages preceding the intellectual development of the more delicate sex, it is established that they were fond of personal adornment. After the public mind was satisfied that nothing further was to be got at in Odin's, or in his august lady's Howe, the Royal Antiquary of Sweden was brought out, and the tombs were closed.

The church at Gamle Upsala is very very old—a quaint curious little building. On returning to Upsala, we went to see the cathedral, which quite disappointed us—it could not hold a Roman candle to the venerable old building at Åbo. It was still early morning, about six o'clock, and the Library was closed. We asked our host whether he thought the Professors would mind our knocking them up, to show us Bishop Ulfilas' Gothic Bible—the Codex Argenteus. He said he thought they would, so we came back to Stockholm, where we went into the fine Museum and spent some hours.

We saw relics of Gustav Wasa, and of Oxenstjern, an early Swedish hero, and of the warlike Charles XII. from the gloves he wore at his coronation to the sword with which he defied the Turks at Bender. In this matter we rather felt with the Turks, as we did not see why Charles need have gone to Bender, which was quite away from his line of country. Of Gustavus Adolphus, that fine single-minded Christian soldier—the Lion of the North—we saw souvenirs enough to fill two large rooms. We saw the horse that he rode at Lutzen, stuffed: and his old battered breastplate and helmet, and his gloves and boots and ragged old banners.

Then we came to a case devoted to mementoes of Gustavus III., who was shot by an assassin at a masked ball in the theatre about a century ago.

Beneath a broad beaver hat hung a quiet grey cavalier's dress, and from it the grey silk stockings hung, one of them in a long wisp no thicker than my finger. As we were reading the inscription in Swedish, an English gentleman standing near enquired—Can you tell me, sir, if Gustavus III. had a wooden leg? Had he a what, sir? I asked. A wooden leg: *look at that stocking, sir.*

We went through the admirable prehistoric museum, which I believe, in spite of Danish self-assertion, is the finest in the world: the chisels and arrow-heads, and axes or celts, fishhooks, needles, saws, round adzes, hammers and knives, were most wonderful and beautiful. The arrangement is clear, simple, and instructive. We had established ourselves in the gold and silver gallery, to gloat over the ornaments in those precious materials, when a guardian, not liking probably the look in one of the Doctor's eyes, came and closed the iron shutters one by one. We said that if he would wait for ten minutes we would go out without resistance.

We are going to-night by an accelerated Ångbôt (Ombote) service, as the Swedes say, to the Island of Gottland, or more correctly, Gotland. Having escaped by about six feet, on one foggy night, losing our lives in a collision close to this island, we felt kindly towards it, and were anxious to see its little mediæval capital—

Wisby. A jovial acquaintance from Uleåborg found us easily persuaded to go with him, and the Doctor goodnaturedly went to take our passage. I almost regretted to learn afterwards that by a series of misrepresentatations he had succeeded in getting us the best state-rooms.

The little D—we are not going to give up the name Damskib because the Swedes choose to say Ångbôt —Gotland left the Riddarholmen quay at seven in the evening, and steamed up the bright Mälar lake—due west for twenty or thirty miles, then due south for an equal distance, through the beautiful Södertelje canal and the coast-fringe of islands. And then came heavy weather and the deep sea.

In the morning we were at the quay in the little harbour of Wisby, and when the Doctor could be put up and decorated, we went to find a gästgifvaré and breakfast. Among these benighted fog-bound ship-wrecking Gotlanders, my Norwegian would not freely pass current: and we spent three hungry quarters of an hour in groping about for our inn. After spending a longer time than usual at table, as there was a pretty handmaiden to wait upon us, we purchased a little boy who understood Swedish, to show us the way all over the town.

The churches are numerous and interesting, and I regretted not possessing that easily acquired and rather

telling parrot knowledge which would have enabled me to bore the Doctor with details that struck me. I might have had him at a disadvantage in this remote Island, and made his life wretched by asking him to admire that exquisite Tenth-century work—those sweet early pointed windows: but our differences were buried in Lapland, and I would not dig up the war hatchet. There are nine or ten very early churches dating from the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries, and they are undoubtedly well worth seeing.

It is a curious little place, and its proud luxurious career—ending as most similar careers end, in disillusion and disaster—give it a prominence that we candidly don't think its remains entitle it to. The island is full of such old churches as these, and for an architect would be instructive and attractive. For ordinary travellers the churches are rather too dilapidated; of some, one or two blank walls only remain. We visited the Cathedral first, then the Church of the Holy Ghost—a two-storied, very early, octagonal chapel, in which an aperture in the second floor has, we think, unnecessarily puzzled architects. We imagine the second floor was used when the ground floor, or body, was full: and the octagonal opening admitted the sound above. We can hardly think with our Murray, that a haughty feudal baron would have given himself the trouble of mounting a narrow stone stair in the

wall, to have the advantage of sitting apart from his retainers, or that the days of chivalry would have permitted the religious ladies to climb such an inconvenient and awkward stair.

We went then to the churches of St. Hans, St. Nicolas, St. Gertrude, St. Olaf, St. Drothen, St. Laurence, St. Clement, and to another, of which the name has escaped me. Then we dined and started for a walk round the walls—good old turretted walls, and very complete still.

Then we went to the Gotland and found that the steamship management had let our berths over our heads. What, we exclaimed, the berths we had secured in Stockholm! I had felt that the lawless statements of the Doctor might at any minute lead to trouble, but we set off forthwith to the agent's, at the top of the town. Be so good—we said to the agent, a movement is on foot to dispossess us of the berths that we engaged in Stockholm. The agent said he had himself let them, but we cajoled him into promising to do what he could in our favour, even if the other gentlemen should be obliged to sleep in the lamp-room.

Sitting in the debatable state-room writing, I was disturbed by a gentleman who began to bring luggage in. My state-room I believe, I said pleasantly to him, knowing he was the sub-let passenger, and was helping him out with his portmanteau, when the steward came

to his succour. I threw an overwhelming look at the steward, but he brought the luggage back. May I ask to see your ticket, sir? I said to the stranger. This was courageous, as we had none of our own. Here it is, the stranger said: may I look at yours? We are travelling, I said with reserve, under a special arrangement made by my companion. At this moment the captain came, saying the berth belonged to the stranger. Is he alone? I asked. Yes, the captain said. Then my companion must give way, I said with generosity: let the gentleman's luggage be brought in. The Doctor found a fair berth elsewhere, and the enemy sulked all the while till he was sick. This retributive feeling did not delay its arrival, for the sea was high and the Gotland was small.

As we moved away from the quay, we had what we consider, with the exception of the farewell from the Hakon Jarl, the most effective demonstration we have had yet. Three or four hundred ladies and gentlemen were there, waving hands, hats, handkerchiefs, sticks, parasols, and baskets, cheering and singing choruses, until we rounded the breakwater and got out of hearing. Such enthusiasm we never saw, for the steamer sails twice a week: the Gotlanders must be a tender-bosomed people, or they must have expected to see our steamer founder within sight of land. We only consider that if the relatives who came to see the Pilgrim

Fathers off by the Mayflower, came in similar numbers and made a similar noise, we cannot blame a paternal government for interfering with her departure.

The Sunday morning sun awakened us in time to dress and go on shore, and drive to Hotel Rydberg for breakfast. We then went to the Church of Saint Laurence, on the recommendation of the hotel functionary who gets travellers their keys, and directs them to the shops that subsidise him, and sees that they don't leave without paying their bills. We heard a simple musical service, and were not displeased: then I think we wrote, and had a bathe in the afternoon.

We left Stockholm by the night mail train for Malmö. One of the few pleasant recollections that I have of the journey is that I stretched myself comfortably at full length, and moaned whenever passengers, crowded out of other compartments, came to seek seats in ours—Poor man, they would say, as they went out again. Another pleasant recollection is that two American ladies who had been to Stockholm, escorted by their courier the Reliable Ring, joined the train at one of the stations in the morning, and came on to Copenhagen with us.

We were almost unmanned to learn at the hotel that the Museum of Northern Antiquities was absolutely closed on that day. Closed to us, closed to men

of science, closed even to royal guests—so they said at the hotel. We said we would away to the consul-general and get a recommendation. They said the consul-general was at Elsinore. We said we would hence to the British ambassador and get a firmân. They said the ambassador could not get himself admission. We thought that was possible, but then he was probably not an amateur of Runic crosses, Icelandic Sagas, and old spoons: we doubted if he had ever seen the Codex Aureus, that test of scholarship, and we did not believe he ever meant to read Torfæus or Pontoppidan: so we said we should please be directed to the Britannic Embassy without loss of time.

The ambassador was away, but a very pleasant old gentleman, whom we understood to be the chancellor, came to us, and we had a long talk. We said we were British subjects in distress: we had come from the remoter parts of Lapland to visit this Museum: we had twice been in Copenhagen and each time found the Museum closed: couldn't he do anything for us? After discouraging us as much as possible, for fear of disappointment, he very kindly accompanied us in our carriage to the Museum and introduced us to a director, Mr. Justitsraad Steinhauer, whose amiability and good-nature, shown under circumstances of great personal inconvenience, we shall never no never forget. It was a closed day, but he admitted us with his own key, and

we rambled about at our pleasure and saw everything we wished to see.

It is a wonderful museum, but in the actual flints and early jewellery I think Stockholm has the advantage. The Runic stones are a feature, and the fine old ecclesiastical silver objects, such as chalices, spoons, lamps, patens, crucifices, etc.—many from the oppressed land Iceland—were delightful. The wood carvings from Iceland, the old embroidery, altar cloths and vestments and warriors' robes, were beautiful: so were the Runic calendars cut and carved on staves in wood. We were highly contented at having seen the Museum, and dined very good-humouredly in time to go comfortably by train to Korsoer.

We sailed from Korsoer towards midnight, in a fine fast mail paddle steamer, and reached Kiel by about six o'clock in the morning, coming into Hamburg by about nine. We took our passage on the Wakefield steamer sailing at midnight for England; and while the Doctor amused himself by exploring the city, I went out by rail to the pretty village of Reinbeck, and spent the day with our kind and pleasant American friends. I found the Doctor smoking on deck when I came on board the steamer. She moved down the Elbe soon after midnight, and when we came out of our state-room in the morning we were well out beyond Heligoland, and getting heavily hammered by the waves of the North Sea.

The wind blew from the west—almost in our teeth—with great force, and steady and self-possessed as the Wakefield was, great seas of brown water came tumbling over her high bulwarks, making the decks impassable. We overtook and passed the Hull steamer, labouring heavily, and congratulated ourselves upon our choice of a vessel.

All we recollect of this boisterous uncongenial voyage is, that we made slow progress and came regularly to meals. I am wrong, there is one bright spot among the clouds. There was among the passengers a loud-voiced self-advertising professor of languages, who bored everybody when he was not seasick. He would give the passengers generally—bellowing down the cabin skylight as we would be sitting at table—a searching account of his sensations as the vessel rolled. Gott sei gedankt—he would say, I feel myself better—I have had a glass of brandy, and now ze only ting I am cold is my feet. And so on. We had never spoken to one another, but on the second afternoon of the voyage I was pacing backward and forward on deck, and as I passed the Professor, who was seated on a skylight, he shouted, Here! Hi! I beg your pardon sir. I stopped, and he added, Have you such a ting as a penknife? I supposed he wished to cut the pages of a book he held in his hand, and handed him my luncheon knife and strolled on. When I turned round,

the Professor was cutting with my knife some of the dirtiest nails that I ever saw. Walking up to him I said with pleasantness, Perhaps you would like to borrow my nail-brush at the same time, sir? He hardly knew whether I was a good-natured simpleton or intentionally provoking him, but he must have decided that I was the former; for he said, O vell I tenk you sir, I am not much accostomed to broshes.

This little passage filled us with a substantial joy, which lasted until we entered the muddy old Humber, and the Wakefield was moored to the quay in Grimsby dock.

CHAPTER X.

Preparations for our Second Journey—Terra Aquilonis—An unknown Land—Friendly Assistance—More elaborate Provision for Travel—Our Tent and Union Jack—Plan finally adopted—Leave for Granton, N.B.

In the spring of 1874 we commenced our preparations for a second journey to the Arctic regions—the Terra Aquilonis—The Land of the North Wind. We had contemplated travelling up the Gulf of Bothnia to Uleåborg, and crossing through Finland to the White Sea; but a happier inspiration came, in the form of a journey to the home of the lonely Samoyedes—the unvisited land lying to the east of the White Sea.

We had read the pleasant books of Castren and Schrenk, and of the country stretching towards the Petschora river we could learn all we needed: but of that bleak isolated promontory of Kânin, running up out of Mâlaya-Zemlia northward into the Frozen Ocean, we were unable to learn anything. We heard that it was inhabited by Samoyedes—pronounced Samo-yeds—but whether dwelling on the White Sea coast, or inland, or on the Gulf of Tcheskoi, we had no means of knowing. It was a spot absolutely overlooked by

travellers of our own or of any race, and we gleefully conceived the idea of visiting it.

Acerbi writes:—I must confess that the idea of being the first Italian that had ever reached the most Northern point of Europe, was a powerful incentive to my exertions. The Doctor and I have no hesitation in confessing that we were not insensible to a feeling of this kind, in forming our plans for a visit to a part of Europe to which no traveller, Italian or other, had ever been attracted.

We are indebted to Dr. Petermann of Gotha for the kind recommendation of various books, and for his admirable map of North Russia. To Mr. Sidoroff, of St. Petersburg, we are under an obligation for a recommendation to the hospitable Mr. N. J. Rusânoff: for many pleasant letters of advice: and our good friends Messrs. N. Stanton Hill and Boehtlink we have to thank for translating them.

Our outfit we arranged from previous experience in Iceland and Lapland: it resembled that which we took to the latter country—but was far more bulky and extensive. The cooking apparatus of course went: our portmanteaus, Ulster coats, riding garments, waterproofs, rugs: a spring seat of our own design, for use in the springless vehicles in Russia, which proved to be one of the greatest successes of all: an air cushion, convertible into a life-preserver in case of need: an expansive life

collar, a tent constructed carefully under our own supervision, after inexpressible thought and consideration: half-a-dozen phials of mosquito elixir, mosquito veils dyed brown, stout leather riding gauntlets and a mosquito flapper of unfailing properties: a waterproof sheet for use in the tent, or for protection in boats and in driving: a compass, a thermometer, a pocket aneroid barometer: charts of the Arctic and White Seas: a small portable photographic apparatus with an excellent lens, and a box containing fifty dry prepared plates: a small packet of medicines, which were the only portion of our outfit that proved to be unnecessary: a breech-loading gun: an indiarubber bath, which folded up like a wide-awake hat: a coil of stout cord, for casual use: four stout and trusty hampers—two of them having made the journey through Lapland—and containing food and comforts of all kinds: finally, three hundred roubles' worth of Russian gold, notes, and small silver. On the whole we felt that we should require considerable means of transport, and were glad to hear that our steamer was not likely to be full.

Our tent deserves more than a passing notice. It was constructed, after protracted studies, with two jointed upright posts—four feet six inches in height, with brass ferrules and spikes—planted in the ground six feet and a half apart. The covering, of stout corded linen bound with cord, was in one piece—back,

sloping sides and front, the latter being divided for the entrance. The cord, running along and sewn to the top of the tent, was continued for eight feet at both ends, and after taking a turn round the head of each tent-pole, was pegged into the ground at front and back, forming the fore and aft support of the poles. Each side of the canvas was provided at foot with four loops, through which the iron pins were passed that pegged it to the ground: the whole erection was then taut and rigid. To gain length, the triangular back was peaked in the centre at the foot, and a peg passing through a loop, drew it half a foot outwards and pinned it to the ground; a similar arrangement drew out the foot of the tent in front, so that the central length was seven feet six inches, the width being five feet, and the height four feet six inches. The slight plough shape at either end, and the slope of the sides, were sufficient to resist both wind and rain: a sort of little curtain or flap running all round the foot of the canvas, tucked in under the waterproof sheet, made it draught-proof: finally a slight flagstaff, from which floated a deep blue Union Jack, was all that was required to stamp our tent as a tent out of the common, an excellent tent, a tent which would enfoncer all other tents.

When dismantled—the operation taking two minutes—it was rolled up, pegs, cords, and poles, into a white canvas case bearing our initials—two feet and

a half in length, and six inches in diameter, the entire weight being sixteen pounds. When we found ourselves reclining snugly within it, we felt sorry for all other travellers. We carried a mosquito curtain of gauze dyed brown, with which to close the opening in front of the tent. Then we laughed in our moustaches, and said we should be too many for the mosquitoes. In Lapland we made the mistake of carrying white mosquito veils, which were both conspicuous and seductive to the mosquitoes: this year a sober brown proved more becoming and unobtrusive.

Eventually we decided to make the voyage to Archangel direct by sea, as being the least fatiguing mode of travelling. An obliging firm of shipping agents in London furnished us with particulars of steamers sailing from time to time, and we set our choice upon the steamer Norden, sailing from London on the 15th of June for Archangel. It was a pleasant surprise to us to learn that she would call for a few hours at Granton, in the Frith of Forth, and that we might avoid two days of dreary voyage by joining her there.

We left home accordingly with light hearts on the 17th of June, and reached Granton towards midnight—going directly on board of the Norden, which had arrived and would sail towards daybreak.

CHAPTER XI.

Set Sail for the Northern Seas—The Danish Steamer Norden—Our distinguished Position on Board—Dreary and stormy Voyage—Wind and Cold—Cross the North Polar Circle—Sunday on the Arctic—The Midnight Sun—The longest Day in the Year—Whales—Ice and Snow—We sight the Lôfodens—Pass Tromsö and Hammerfest—Round the North Cape—The Coast of Finnemarken—Regions of the North Wind—The Lapland Coast—Snows of Russian Lapland—Round Cape Svîatoi Nôs and enter the White Sea—Cape Orloff—We enter the Dvina—Mosquitoes already—Glorious Sunset—We anchor off Archangel—Solômbola—The Streets of Archangel—Kind Reception by the English Consul—Cathedral of Peter the Great—Solovetsk Monastery—The Museum—Pre-diluvian Remains and Samoyede Objects.

Our Captain's name was Blowhard,
Our Ship was the Lion bold,
And away we sailed for the Northern Seas
To brave both the Ice and the Cold.

OLD WHALING SONG.

EARLY in the morning of June 17th, 1874, the Danish screw steamer Norden left Granton harbour, and put out into the North Sea; and as it was very late before we had retired to our berths, we did not give ourselves the trouble of coming upon deck until nearly middle day.

The North Wind blew coldly in our faces, and we passed in succession Dundee, Montrose, and Aberdeen,

the steamer heading NNE. There was a heavy sea running, and as it transpired that the Norden carried nothing but two English travellers—we mean our unfortunate selves—we were not surprised to find her pitching and rocking freely. She has her water-ballast, and coal for the double voyage, our cooking apparatus, provision hampers, tent and indiarubber bath: but beyond these nothing: and when we reflect that for the moderate outlay of ten guineas each we are being carried in a fine steamer up beyond the North Cape and round into the White Sea, at a cost of not less than three or four hundred pounds, we look upon one another with a certain consideration and respect. We feel satisfied that the owners of the Norden are unselfish upright men, who consider there are gratifications in this life superior to the making of money.

The cabin where our quarters are, is the only weak feature in the vessel: it is directly above the screw, and every plunge and lurch is intensified, to my discomfort and to the Doctor's anguish. The steamer's name, too, affords us some little dissatisfaction, feeling as we do that Norden, or The North, is too vague and indefinite a name for a vessel bound upon a serious voyage up beyond the Polar Circle. We think it would have been in better taste to call it North Something: whether North Cape, North Pole, North Wind, or North Star, we did not mind.

The second day finds us still heaving about on the dark cold waves: sometimes the sun comes out for a short time, and then hastens back behind the clouds. We see no land nor ships, nor even birds. Our excellent meals represent the brightest hours of our day. Everything on board is Danish: from Capt. Johansen and his pleasant officers, to the food that comes on the table. All is clean and orderly, and the Opwarter who waits upon us is a Treasure. I talk broken Danish to him with certain success: the Doctor talks English without failing to make his meaning clear: and we think that if there were a Japanese passenger on board, the Treasure would understand his wishes too.

As the hours pass, we wrestle and grapple in the captain's chart-room with the long and difficult Russian words, and the alphabet with thirty-six letters.

We think there are stormy times ahead for the Doctor—the only visé to his passport was attached last year in Throndhjem: and though we dictated it ourselves to the goodnatured clerk who occupied the absent consul's place, and gave the Doctor the highest recommendation, we think it likely that the Doctor's person will be attached by the correctional police on the Norden's coming to an anchor.

It is now the third day of this melancholy voyage, the sky dull and the breaking waves sheeted with foam.

There is no relief to the dreariness, beyond a chat with our pleasant skipper, or forgetfulness in sleep: one day is passed in reposing from the fatigue of getting through the day before. A whale heaves in sight in the afternoon, but heaves out again immediately he finds how rough and cold it is above water. We would have given anything to have him playing for a few hours round the ship: we would have fed him like a tame gold fish and made it worth his while.

The skipper says we are in the latitude of Throndhjem, but this brings no comfort to our dismal bosoms—no smile to our wasted cheeks. The Doctor says he is quite well, thank you, but doesn't want anything to eat. We would compromise handsomely with the weather: we would take warm weather and let the gale go on, or take cold weather if the gale would go off, or we would take a cold gale if it would shorten our voyage. But the North Wind comes in piercing blasts over the tumbling waves, and drives us from the bridge where we fain would take exercise, to the captain's little room on deck, where we can look sadly at the charts, and reflect that we are shuffling off the tedious coil of time only at the rate of seven knots an hour. Sevens into two thousand go about two hundred and eighty-six times, representing somewhere in the neighbourhood of twelve days for the length of our voyage. We take up pens to write to a few friends who

are in suspense about us, but our fingers are blue with cold and refuse to function.

On this the fourth day at sea, we expect to cross the Arctic Circle, towards ten o'clock P.M. if we calculate rightly, and we can compare this with the last time of crossing it, sheltered as we were then by the magnificent archipelago of the Norwegian islands. Towards eleven o'clock we pass the Polar Circle, enter the Regions of the North Wind, and the sun shows signs of coming forth from the clouds that hide him. At midnight he shines splendidly over the cold grey sea, and we gather hopes of a fine day to-morrow, the longest day of the year.

On a skylight. Sunday. 21*st June.*—It is a clear and magnificent day, and at times the North Wind can hardly hold its own against the sun's rays: so we sit basking for the first time on deck, and revel in the genial warmth. At dinner we drink everybody's health in champagne, and spend the afternoon cheerfully on deck. We remain on deck until late, in the glorious sunlight, and at midnight the sun stands some few degrees above the horizon, slowly rising to proclaim to lower latitudes a few hours later, the arrival of another day. The first officer takes an observation to correct the dead reckoning of the last five days, and finds we are one minute, that is one mile, from where our captain placed us on the chart. We do not intend to

take any notice of this mistake, as we think the captain has done his best.

As we watched the night stream into day, we were aware of a school of whales wallowing and spouting in the golden flood of the sun's light, and at the same time our first officer discovered on the horizon to the east a huge snowy iceberg, floating, as he told us, down to the warmer seas. The Doctor had made a sketch, when it became evident that there were other icebergs, rocky with snow upon them: and we began to realise that we were looking at the northern group of the Lôfodens, called Westeraalen (pronounced Vesterôlen). This gave us pain, and we blamed ourselves for the idle curiosity which was not content to take the iceberg for granted while we could do so. Shortly there came sailing past a steamer, the first evidence of life upon this void and dreary sea.

On the following morning we were off Tromsö, and towards evening abreast of the most Northerly town in the world. Distractions crowded upon us thickly now. What with the Lôfodens and the whales, Hammerfest and the midnight sun, to say nothing of the prospect of rounding the North Cape on the Tuesday morning, the hours flew quickly past. At four o'clock this morning our kind good skipper came down to tell us we were off the North Cape: and dressing in a kind of jury rig, we went upon the bridge, and sat for an hour

in the bright cold sunlight. There was the grim and lonely old rock, the North Cape, with white wintry patches of snow, and deep seams and furrows on his weather-beaten surface. We were sailing past four miles to seaward, and the whole of Europe lay asleep at our feet.

By-and-by the wakeful Haumeister came to say that there was coffee about, in the captain's house on deck, and there we found a comfortable little meal ready for us: after which we went below again.

When we come again on deck we have left Capes Nordkyn and Tânahorn behind us, and are standing steadily to the eastward, within four miles of the coast of Finnemarken. The harsh brown cliffs are capped and patched with pure white snow, dazzling in the sunshine. Beyond Tânahorn are the fiord and mouth of the Tâna, the Norwegian gold river. Fifty miles from the mouth lies Karasjok, the town of Norwegian Lapland next in importance to Kautokeino. The afternoon brings us abreast of the four islands of Wardö, where lies the little town—and once famous fortress—of Vardöhuus. We run now steadily down the coast of Russian Lapland: with ordinary good fortune we look forward to arriving in Archangel on Friday morning, the tenth day of our voyage.

All Wednesday we spend in coasting along the wild and desolate Lapland coast, without a sign of tree, or

dwelling, or of living creature that moveth upon the earth. Nothing but a rough uneven line of rock, rising almost into hills and cliffs now and then: winter's white covering was not yet shaken off, and everything looked dreary and pitiful. Towards night we pass Cape Svîatoi Nôs—with its lighthouse, beacon, and group of huts—and enter the White Sea. In the afternoon the Doctor saw a seal: he had not seen one before, and we tried to shake his faith in this one. But I tell you I saw his hind legs, said the Doctor, which was conclusive.

Though we cannot see it, the Kânin Peninsula lies facing us on the eastern coast of the White Sea, and we shall soon change our course to due south, leaving the Kola Peninsula, and recrossing the Polar Circle abreast of Sosnovets Island early in the morning. We shall be quite sorry to leave our pleasant and obliging captain and officers, and can only think that we have been very fortunate in our choice of a steamer.

In these regions the extent of deviation of the mariner's compass varies very rapidly. At Wardöhuus the needle indicates the true North: at Mezén, where we hope to be in a few days, the variation is from 7° to 8° E. We more than half expect to find snow lying deeply here and there in Mâlaya-Zemlia: on the distant coasts we can trace it. The White Sea has been a little disappointment to us: the waters are of the

colour of brown bottle glass. We have seen the Red Sea, the White Sea, the Black Sea, and the Dead Sea: and the gloomiest and dirtiest of them all is the White Sea.

We approached Cape Bluenose, and moving along past fir-covered low-lying land, left the tall light-tower of Mŏudiuga to the eastward, and took on board a long brown-coated high-booted Russian, who said he spoked plenty English. He took command of the vessel, and steaming past two English steamers lying down by the bar to load, we slowly entered the shallow muddy estuary of the Dvina.

The banks of the channel up which we proceeded were low, green, and feathery with sprouting birch-trees. Our flesh crept and our blood ran cold as we heard the humming ping of the mosquito: he found his way into the saloon where I was packing, into our state-room, where he hovered daintily about our ears: at last we put on our veils in despair. Huts of grey rough wood began to appear on the banks, and huge rafts of pines, lashed together with birch boughs, with little straw hovels or kennels upon them for the steersman. They had oar-rudders of colossal length trailing out behind. The afterglow in the sky, looking back over the broad smooth river to where the sun was dipping below the horizon, was very splendid: above the trees the violet vapours were rising, and the whole heaven was in a glory of gold.

The Norden passed quietly up at half speed between wooden barges great and rude, sawing establishments, timber piles and boats, to where the white buildings and cupolas, chimneys and masts of Solômbola, lay in clear daylight: and there she cast anchor, and the captain came and welcomed us to our journey's end.

Our captain came on the Quarter-deck,
And a taut little man was he:
Overhaul, overhaul, let your Main Tackle fall,
And make ready your boats for the Sea.

Around us lay the foreign steamers, mostly English, each with its crowd of boats and *prams*. These prams are huge barges roofed over, and resemble for all the world game pies or old-fashioned monitors.

We breakfasted once more with our kindly captain, and then we heard the tramping of heavy boots overhead. The Custom-house officials in their stiff uniforms and rough overcoats came down stairs, and we made a clean breast about all our worldly effects. Thanks to Capt. Johansen they gave us very little trouble, and even the Doctor's passport, owing to the enormous red wax seal we had affixed at Throndhjem, escaped scrutiny. It was, however, sent with my own to the Custom-house. Some years ago the reputation of Archangel officials was none of the highest: corruption prevailed largely, and the Government made a clear sweep of them.

We drove in a fleet droshky—after a long conversa-

tion with Mr. Schmitt, a gentleman who had been to Mezén—up along the quays of Solômbola to Archangel, which lies three miles higher up the river. At anchor we saw a steamer, the Sjoelland, which sailed eight days before us and arrived yesterday. Between us and the river were the huge deserted buildings of the Admiralty establishment, lately removed, with a melancholy sentry here and there, brooding like Marius upon the ruins of Carthage, and watching the timbers of the quays as they sank and rotted in the mud.

In the streets were sailors, gaudily dressed peasant market women, and long-coated *môujiks* whom we could trace by scent afar off. These are the veritable Great Unwashed : millions of them, peopling this wide sweeping empire—from the White Sea to the Yellow Sea—from the Oural Mountains to the frosty Caucasus. Officers there were—military, naval, police, medical, postal—all in uniform, with flat white-covered casquettes, buttons and boots—and not easily distinguishable one service from another.

We crossed at full speed a long low wooden bridge, spanning a branch of the Dvina, and entered the rough streets and straggling buildings of the City of the Archangel—Arhângle as it is called. In the windows of the clean detached houses were all manner of bright flowers —from roses and mignonette to jasmine and the lovely oleander. Droshkys, public and private, passed at full

speed, rough creaking carts jolted along—there were gardens and the large low houses of the better classes—and at length we stopped at the house of the acting English consul, Mr. Birse, which looks out upon the river bank.

This gentleman welcomed us most kindly, and busied himself in assisting us to arrange our journey to Mezén. He recovered our passports, obtained a *podorostni*, or order for post horses from station to station: and while other matters were being completed, accompanied us into the city—as the Cathedral entitles us to call this loose rambling collection of houses and sprinkling of shops. We went to the telegraph station, thence to the business agency of the Solovetsk Monastery, and ascertained that the voyage to the Islands must be postponed till our return from the North.

We entered the ugly square box of a cathedral built by the great Tsar Peter, with its five pepper-box green cupolas dotted with golden stars, and its gaudy exterior frescoes, and visited the Summer and Winter churches as they are called—the Summer one above, and the Winter below. The whitewashed walls were hung with pictures of saints, in gorgeous frames: generally the drapery figures and background were in embossed silver: the faces, and perhaps hands only, in oil-painting on wood. There stood to the right of the altar a great rough grey wooden cross, in a glass case against

the wall. The Archangel people boast that this is the work of Peter the Great, but it was a cross that anybody not much accustomed to tools might have made. We saw some old silver crosses and reliquaries, but none convenient to the hand or pocket. In the lady chapel, or whatever it is called, stands the altar, which none but the priests are permitted to walk entirely round. In one part of this chapel hung the gorgeous vestments and trappings of the priests: some in old embroidery, others in cloth of silver and gold. On the staircase stand a few old bronze guns of small size, taken by Peter from the Swedes—so the guardian told us—but they were guns he might have had anywhere for the asking. There were a few Persian rugs—taken from the Persians by Peter the Great, the guardian was on the point of telling us—and on the whitewashed walls here and there, were weak and tawdry frescoes. On the whole it was a violent contrast to the beautiful churches on the Kremlin in Moscow.

Beside the cathedral, overlooking the river, in a clump of weeping silver-birches, stands a quaint old church—evidently older than the other—and very interesting and picturesque. We returned to the Solovetsk agency, to ask for reliquaries and aged pictures painted on gold, and enamelled crosses: but after burrowing through one whitewashed passage after another, and mounting staircases where strange long-

cassocked men with weird unshorn faces and hanging hair, flitted about, we came to the conclusion that there was nothing to be had, and that the holy fathers preferred that such objects should remain in the hands of the true believers. Beneath this portion of the building stood a chapel, where sat three brethren, among costly shrines with faint burning lamps, and pictures, and two or three devout mŏûjiks.

We lunched with Mr. Birse at the United Club, where there is a fine handsome ball-room, adorned of course with a portrait of the Gossoûdar—Alexander Nikolaïevitch—in full uniform, and with a mild paternal smile. We met afterwards at Mr. Birse's a Polish gentleman, who naturally had spent a few vacations in Siberia—five I think: then he had come to Mezén and knew it well, so we had a long talk: he knowing about as much of French as I knew of Russian. Here then was the real North Pole, and we examined him about the journey to Mezén. With our special country Kânin he was not acquainted, but had seen many Samoyedes at Mezén. Poor fellows, a number of Polish gentlemen are dragging out a sort of life-in-death in those wild North Russian provinces: there comes no emancipation for them: the mild-eyed Alexander is not their father, and he does not call them his children.

In the Museum, whither Mr. Birse took us, we saw a large mammoth tusk, found in the province of Arch-

angel, rather discoloured, but of fine firm ivory and a yard in length: a fine old book printed on birch bark: some wonderfully woven thongs of reindeer skin for harness: and a table-cloth formed of little decorated squares of birch bark sewn on to the thin delicate skin of a reindeer calf: these were both Samoyede. Then we saw models of sledges and tents, rude old powder-horns and shot-flasks and flints, also Samoyede: and a solitary flint instrument, whether chisel or hatchet I can't remember, probably Samoyede too. In a farther room were quantities of stuffed birds, and of the animals with which the Province abounds: bears, wolves, lynxes, polecats, ermine, black and red foxes, glutton, weasels, and many others.

This museum might be much more interesting and complete, but the gentlemen of Archangel appear to employ themselves more profitably in the collection of coins—modern coins. It is a pity, for there are endless quantities of Old-Russian objects, which though denied to a stranger might be contributed, or at all events sold, to a public collection of national objects. There are, too, among the Samoyedes, plundered and oppressed though they have been, objects of the greatest interest: costumes, gods, and innumerable sorts of drums, work in wood, bark, walrus ivory, horn and skin. Like everything else, they will die out and leave scarcely a record behind them. Beyond the Petschora are the Ostjaks, an

interesting but inferior people to the Samoyedes—shooting their fish and game still with bow and arrow. Their utensils, weapons, dresses, idols, even their skeletons, would be valuable: and a word from the Governor would bring them—all but the skeletons perhaps—for the Northern savages, Samoyedes and Ostjaks, are very superstitious.

We drove again to Solômbola and called upon Mr. Schmitt, who very kindly volunteered to lend us a pillow and two little mattrasses for the journey.

CHAPTER XII.

Leave Archangel for the North-east—Skirt the Dvina River—Forests and Rivers of Archangel Province—Ancient Town of Holmogôry—Come upon the River Pinega—Imposing Scenery and delicate Vegetation—North Russian Villages—Desolating News and an Alternative—A Knave—We reach Pinega—Negociations for Journey to Mezén—Resort to the Protection of Russian Justice—Disillusion—A rough Scene—Finessing—The Spitzbooben—Sickness at Heart—An Exile and a Gentleman—The Isprâvnik—Discouragement and Reanimation—Auri Sacra Fames—Complaint to the *Times*—Adieu to Pinega, and thank Goodness.

AFTER a pleasant meal at the Consul's, and many kind adieux, we stowed ourselves and baggage into the rude wooden tcheléga—the universal posting vehicle—and drove at grande vitesse through Archangel, where the people who still thronged the streets were fortunate enough to catch sight of us, and out into level wooded country.

The roads were beaten tracks only, save where the ground was swampy: and at those points constructed, for half a mile together, of wooden planks, over which we would bump and rattle. Attempts have been made since our return, to shake our confidence in the spelling of the word tcheléga: we are told it should be teléga. We can only say that we do not care if it should. We

heard it called tcheléga in Archangel province distinctly, and the Doctor and I have pretty long ears and don't often make a mistake.

For the first few stations our tchelégas, which are rough broad cradle-like wooden bodies, perched on long axletrees and small wheels, were far from comfortable, and our teeth rattled like dice: we had not learnt the beneficent secret of packing ourselves upon our effects, hay, mattrasses, and pillows (one of the latter lent to us by Mr. Birse). My spring seat was a dazzling success: it made a lounge absolutely enervating in luxury. The air was cool but delicious: the sky very beautiful and clear: here and there were sportsmen with rod and gun, who were availing themselves of the most delightful part of the great long day.

We sped along, our three horses tearing away as only Russian horses stimulated by Russian drivers can. Fast as the wind and comfortable as a winnowing machine the tcheléga flew along: by green woods and fields bordering the Dvina river: racing down one side of a deep ravine and up the other with the same impulse, as if in the car of a vast swing. Sweet-scented pine forests, with humming mosquitoes, flitted past in the evening hazes: now and then we caught glimpses of the broad sweeping Dvina with a raft floating silently down. As we rattled into each station, our musical bell jingling loudly, two or three sleepy Rus-

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sians would turn out yawning, and harness fresh horses to another tcheléga. We would show them the podorostni, pay in advance for the next stage, swallow a cup of milk, and swing out again like a whirlwind.

At the second station, searching for a man to furnish our horses, I looked in through a window, and found my face close to the head of a man who lay with his hands folded on his breast. Then I saw that a pale horse had passed through the station before us, whose rider's name was Death.

At length we reached Kaskôva, made a portentous supper, of which our hampers provided all but the milk and *samovar*, and fell into a heavy sleep. We walked down to the river's bank in the morning, our baggage drawn beside us on a sledge. On the landing barge were two or three young Russians fishing: the boatman embarked everything, and we pushed out on to the Dvina. It took three quarters of an hour of hard pulling to bring us across: then landing amid a crowd of peasants waiting for the ferry, and a large herd of cattle and horses, we dashed off in a tcheléga drawn by three willing spirited horses.

We traversed low rich plains skirting the Dvina, tore through sweetly-smelling woods, by green larches, and glassy pools decked with water-lilies—always keeping the broad vast river on our left hand. At length, looking back over it, it was one sheet of rich amber light,

and in front of us were the reflections of the several churches of Holmogôry—one of the earliest of the North Russian towns. Along the bank lay piles of birch faggots, awaiting the passage of the Vólogda steamer.

The town is straggling and long: the river bank is lined with bright pretty wooden houses and gardens in succession, past which we swept rapidly and entered the courtyard of the station or *stantsia*. We have read that Holmogôry was a famous stronghold of the Biarmians (Jones' ancestors), possessing a temple sacred to Jumâla, and an old burial-place of the idolaters: but we did not see either the Biarmians, the temple, or the burial-place. Our podorostni obtained for us in a quarter of an hour another tcheléga and three horses: we were becoming apt too, in directing the disposition of our goods, and knew to a nicety where each hamper, rug, and pillow ought to lie. But for a good deal of patience and trouble, we should be sitting after half an hour a helpless ruin in the bottom of the tcheléga.

We moved away again, stopping at the cathedral and monastery adjacent—the former of ancient date—but both were unluckily closed, and the keeper of the cathedral away in the town. Once more en route, we whirled away along the river bank, crossed one branch of it on a floating raft—tcheléga, horses and all—coming after a rapid course to the main stream. We left the St. Petersburg road to the right hand and turned away eastward.

After crossing the great sweeping Dvina, and changing horses once, we came upon the noble Pînega river, moving down in a great clear stream several hundred yards in width, between abrupt cliffs of white chalk, surmounted by slender delicate fir-trees. On the glassy waters were rafts hundreds of feet in length, floating down towards Archangel: our road lay within a few yards—sometimes a yard only—of the cliff, and we could trace the thin wreath of transparent blue smoke that told of life on the great silent rafts. The trees formed a fringe, through which the river glanced, and from firs and birches hung festoons of lovely creepers: the wild roses were budding, and at their feet among the mosses were wood violets and yellow heartsease.

All this was beautiful: indeed I think these solemn stately rivers, in the magnificent sunlight of the North, form some of the grandest scenery I have ever imagined. Nothing of the gloom and desperate monotony of Central Russia: villages abound, each with its handsome church, often charmingly placed near some wood of birch or pine, and overlooking the streams: groups of decent well-mannered peasants, who bow gravely to us, while we raise our hats in return. Great houses of rough unsquared logs with rude carved gables, all grey and unpainted: rickety-looking but serviceable windmills, propped up on a pyramid of logs, and with

wooden sails: grotesque churches at intervals, with indescribable roofs and countless gables, like the old Norsk wooden pagoda-churches. Such we saw for a hundred miles together.

We crossed the Pînega river at Palinska on a raft, and I walked up into the village, where, to my mute consternation, I was denied horses. The station-master said they were out, but I fancied they might not be far away, and feigned indignation: I bounced about in the room, slapped the podorostni on the table, banged my hand upon it, took short jumps about the floor, and flung my cap into a corner of the room. I said I would see the Isprâvnik and get everybody the knoût: but it did no good, and I became calm. I learnt that five hours by boat would take us to Oûgensky—towing and pulling against the current: and going back to the river bank I found the Doctor, seated in front of a group of about thirty ladies of the country, each with a milking-pail. They were waiting patiently for us to evacuate the ferry-boat, that they might cross to the other side.

The station-master asked for rowers, and three damsels jumped up and ran off—for their fathers and brothers we fancied—but returning shortly with masts and oars, they skipped into a boat, brought our luggage, and made everything ready with dexterity. They paddled us across the stream, and one damsel jumped on shore with a tow-rope, while one steered, and so we made

slow way up the river. Our politeness was put to a severe strain, but we thought it well to remain comfortably in our places, while the young ladies sang from time to time with pleasant voices some Russian peasant song.

We arrived at Oûgensky, and were concerned to hear that no horses were to be had for ten hours. We used the expression of a German friend of mine, who holding a letter in his hand containing the news of his father's death, looked at me and said, Here is a nice go. We sat stupidly eyeing one another, till the golden idea suggested itself of offering double remuneration. The silver roubles, like the placid full moon, threw light where all had been gloom and doubt: in one hour we were on our way along the level turf by the river banks: mattrasses and spring seat cunningly disposed, making our tcheléga as comfortable as a railway carriage on these pleasant tracks over wide meadows.

We came quickly to Koûzoniemsky and had an admirable meal in a clean and comfortable room, a good-natured intelligent peasant waiting upon us with milk and the steaming brass samovar. We avoided water generally, as we had some hesitation in making aquaria of ourselves, and mistrusted all these Russian rivers. We packed dexterously, and were preparing to leave, when our recent driver or *yamstchik* entered and demanded payment for the stage in advance, examining the podorostni with an official air. As he drove off at

full speed directly afterwards, I asked the station-master if he had received the money. He said no: was very indignant, and was sending off an express to capture the knave, but we preferred the fraud to the delay, and paid him a second time—he recommending us to see the Isprâvnik at Pînega.

Two hours of fast driving brought us to the last station on the Pînega road; fourteen versts more brought us to the broad shallow arms of the river, which we had to cross. We were carried on the boatmen's shoulders for a quarter of a mile—pulled across to the foot of the precipitous bank upon which Pînega is placed, and made our way to the stantsia.

There is a large imposing-looking church here, visible miles away: but otherwise it is a large and unattractive wooden village. As we sat at supper, we bargained with the forbidding-looking station-keeper, for a boat to take us down the Kûloi river to Rusânova on the Mezén. From our past days' experiences, we felt certain that the poor dilatory station establishments on the Mezén road would be too much for our patience: and though we had been cautioned against descending the Kûloi, we chose without hesitation this means of reaching the sea. We had carefully noticed and been satisfied with the speed of the Pînega river, in passing along its banks: and knowing that the Kûloi passed the town of Pînega on the same level, it

was evident that their descent to the sea must be equal.

We agreed with our host—who more closely reminded us of Virgil's Polyphemus than anybody we could recollect—to pay him twenty-seven roubles, which was one and a half times too much, for the voyage to Rusânova: advanced him according to custom about one-half of the stipulated sum—paying, as it happened this time, fifteen roubles in gold imperials of five roubles each—and then rolled off to sleep.

All was ready in the morning for the start. A strong breeze and delicious air promised a fine and mosquito-less journey: we were attaching ourselves to veils and gauntlets upon the threshold of the station-house, when a small furtive complimentary Jew came up. The English gentleman, said he in German, has paid the station-keeper in golden imperials, not knowing that their value here is seven roubles a piece. Finding from my note book they had cost us six roubles each in England, I called the station-master and said I would pay him in paper, as I found I had made a mistake. This gentleman, who had lost the muscular control over one eye, and who had the most fell and baleful countenance that ever we saw—indeed it would have been excuse enough for his execution, anywhere out of Pînega—this gentleman flew into an uncontrollable passion, foamed and spluttered at the mouth, stormed at us, howled

with rage, and flung the three imperials into my hand, declaring that he would not go with us. We impassively absorbed the gold pieces, watched him tear his horse out of the tcheléga, and then quietly arranged with the little Jew that we should drive with him to Kulogôry, and engage a boat there.

We had got another tcheléga and were driving out of the yard, when the baffled station-master, beside himself at the thought of having in his folly thrown away so rich a chance, bounced into the air, shrieked aloud, and ran yelling to the gate, which he locked. A crowd had collected, taking the station-master's part, and execrating and threatening us: while we stood with our hands in our pockets calmly regarding them. They are afraid, said the crowd, but the station-master knew better: I will open the gate for three roubles, he said: and when we, remembering the yamstchik at Kôuzoniemsky, refused to be robbed again, and laughed in his face, he cursed us horribly. Show me, I said to the little Jew, where the Isprâvnik lives: and leaving the sturdy Doctor to watch the luggage amid that ugly-looking crowd, I walked over with the Jew to the Isprâvnik's.

He proved to be out of town, and as his secretary was not out of bed, I had a long talk with a stout officer who seemed to have blunted his senses by smoking cigarettes, and who listened to me with an expression of massive imbecility: it ended, however, in my return-

ing to the station, satisfied that we had made a mistake, and that we ought to swallow our pride and pay the black mail, rather than stay ten minutes longer in Pînega.

Our friend the enemy had now the effrontery to demand fifteen roubles, as compensation for his trouble in attempting to cheat us, in succeeding in delaying us, to say nothing of breaking a solemn engagement. This was overmuch for headstrong Britons, and we smiled peacefully at him and without passion, while he scowled and hissed at us—Will you come, I said, to the Isprâvnik, and I will pay you what he says is right. He refused at first, but as the crowd seemed to think he ought to go, he followed us sullenly. On the way the little Jew, who was still with me, begged for a five-kopeck piece to buy a glass of vodka, which I gave him. In a moment the station-keeper, walking behind us, raised a cry: He is giving him money! he is giving him money! Don't touch the vodka, I said quickly to the Jew: bring it to me. I drank half a wine-glassful of the filthy poison, offered it mockingly to the station-master, and then to the Jew, who finished it.

We waited for half an hour, when the secretary, a tall, clever-looking young man, evidently of good position, wearing spectacles and spurs, strode into the room, bowed politely to me, and sat down to take the evidence.

The Jew translated for me: but as owing to his nationality, which is not popular in Russia, it was surmised that he might tell the truth, the whole truth, and something more than the truth: the secretary thought it well to have his rendering of my statement verified, and sent for a tall thin dark youth, who gesticulated with his hands, shrugged his eyebrows and shoulders, and shrieked till his voice resembled the sounds of the wind through the neck of a bottle. It set my teeth on edge, and entered like cold iron into my soul, so that whenever he spoke I closed my eyes and groaned aloud.

Through this fantastic buffoon, to make a long story short, I was recommended, after four hours of maddening, because irrelevant and childish discussion, to continue the journey as arranged, and to pay in paper money. The suffocating heat of the room, and the sounds of five voices raging simultaneously in this Pandemonium, appeared to ferment the vodka which I had so foolhardily but necessarily swallowed, and I began to feel deadly sick. Weary and cross and upset, I told them, to their amazement, that I had made up my mind to return to Archangel on the following day. I rose to go, taking the tall youth's arm to support myself. Sick as he saw I was, the secretary begged me for a gold piece, for which he said he would give me five roubles and a quarter: and unfit to refuse anything, I gave him one, though the little Jew had

already got me six roubles apiece for some, and might have got me seven, if he hadn't wanted a consideration for himself.

I went straight to bed, telling the brave and patient Doctor, who was still sitting on the baggage —as he had been from eight o'clock in the morning until then, four o'clock P.M.—that I was too prostrate and worn-out to face the journey to Mezén, and had resolved to abandon Mâlaya-Zemlia and the Samoyedes altogether. The Doctor, who added to the qualities of courage and patience that of philosophy, assented at once. After a while two Jews came in without restraint to my bedroom, and with tears in their eyes implored me to change them some gold rouble pieces. The Doctor promptly assisted them out of the room, and by-and-by in came the tall young man who spoke German. Lieber Herr, he said, there are here in Pînega so many Spitzbûbener Menschen that, Gott bewahre, you may be cheated: be so good therefore as to change for me some gold pieces, and I will give you for each imperial, five roubles twenty-five kopecks. I was too unwell to do anything but pray him to go away for ever, and never let me hear his voice again.

Later in the evening, as the Doctor was sitting wearily beside me, and I still sick and only getting rid of the vodka by degrees: there came in a Polish gentleman, a doctor, who had heard that there was an English-

man lying ill at the station, to offer his services: a man with a nice face and dark spectacles, banished eleven years ago to Omsk in Siberia. Such a pleasant sad kindly man, he was soon at home with us and told us of his life here. Three years ago he was permitted to exchange from Omsk to Mezén—only a shade nearer to the world—and after a few months more to Pînega. The Doctor made him some tea, gave him biscuits, chocolate, and jam, which he would barely taste, though he had had none for eleven years and was fond of them.

In the evening the Isprâvnik came, to pay his respects to us and return my call: a fine-looking man in uniform, attended by his secretary and gendarmes. I was too ill to sit up in bed, but he asked if he could be of service to us, and I asked him to decide what we were to do with our Northern Shylock. He talked with the station-master for some time, then turned to me and said, You must pay him twelve roubles. It was a piece of preposterous injustice, but I had had enough, and paid it readily. His back was scarcely turned when up came the Spitzbooben. Lieber Herr, he screamed, as if hailing a ship at sea, be so friendly as to change for the Isprâvnik some imperials: he will give you five roubles thirty kopecks for them. It was an unworthy thing to ask, but I was not well enough to care, and gave the Spitzbooben some gold pieces.

In another hour that youth returned. Lieber Herr,

he asked, can I serve you in any way? I said he could, by going away and having something done to his voice. Ehrlicher Herr, he went on, after a moment's reflection, I am of a noble family and, Gott bewahre, no Spitzbûbe: be so good as to give me some imperials for five roubles thirty kopecks each. As he had been of some service in translating, and as I could hardly offer a gratuity to a person who said he was a nobleman, I gave him three gold pieces, with which he was overjoyed. As he left immediately I was overjoyed too, and fell asleep.

In the morning I was better, and on reflection thought it was a feeble irresolute thing to turn back, as if we could not face a few difficulties. As the Doctor—I must not say the philosopher, for the Doctor was a little annoyed at the title, which he had always considered applicable only to people who as he expressed it were not of strong intellect—as he gladly acquiesced, I went out and found the Polish doctor, telling him we meant to go to Mezén after all.

He came out with me at once, though it was scarcely four A.M., and set to work to find and engage honest boatmen for us. When it became known at the stantsia that we meant to go on after all, the landlord came in—a very different man now—meek-mouthed and supplicating, for money was to him as his life, and the prospect of a further gain was too sweet to resist. He

asked the Doctor, not the Pole, if we would take him with us. The Doctor drew himself up to about three feet beyond his natural height, and looked at him in lofty disdain. If this ill-looking person fancied we saw in him only the cringing beggar of to-day, and had so soon forgotten the raging extortioner of the day before, he walked in a vain shadow and disquieted himself in vain. We mean to travel with honest men, I said to him through the Spitzbooben: keep the twelve roubles, and if you will take your countenance out of our sight for ever here are fifty kopecks more. Again and again he came, whining to be engaged, till we asked one another how this grovelling creature came to have been born: and when we had engaged three decent men, to the bitterness of his soul, he stood outside the door of our room and glowered at us with envy hatred malice and all uncharitableness: finally coming to beg piteously for fifteen kopecks, the charge for hot water with which he had supplied us.

As we sat waiting for the men, we bethought us of the oracle that is always ready to hear the ill-treated traveller's complaint, and knowing that nothing escapes the eye of this keen and jealous Government of Russia, I wrote a letter to the *Times* with particulars of our treatment by these Patago—I mean these Pînegans. Thank goodness we should soon see the last of the place.

Up came the Spitzbooben as I was closing my letter.

The Isprâvnik sent his compliments, and among the gold pieces I had sent him was one with a small hole drilled through it: would I be so friendly as to change it for a more perfect one? I said I would not be so friendly as to do anything of the kind, for this was too pitiful of the chief magistrate of a district like this. In a few minutes the unabashed Spitzbooben took a bundle of notes from his pocket, and begged for more gold for himself—three pieces, two pieces, one single piece more. I refused him point blank, and he disappeared like an ugly phantom.

In another half-hour he bounded into the room, to introduce a Herr Kauffmann, he said. The Herr Kauffmann, who had unjust pretentions to speaking German, had barely uttered the common salutation when his hand was in his pocket. Sir, he said, will you do me the favour of giving me gold for some notes? No, sir, I won't, I said. I will give you five roubles and a quarter—five roubles and a half—three quarters—six—he pleaded. Not an imperial, I said: good morning. And he went out.

It was a relief such as I cannot describe to shake ourselves free from this dirty sordid place, where we found only one honest man and a gentleman—and he was a Polish exile. The doctor accompanied us out of the town and kissed me affectionately at parting. The Spitzbooben, who had come too, unbidden, offered to do

the same, but Gott bewahre, I thanked him, and wished him good day. As we drove past the door, the landlord stood on the step. I could not resist the exquisite pleasure of making a face at him: and it was such an ugly one that he hissed and bubbled at the mouth, his eyes started from his head until they seemed to meet across his nose, and he shook his fist impotently.

While I recollect, let me relate the sequel of the *Times* letter incident. On our return home I could not find that it had been published, and half suspecting the truth, wrote to enquire after its fate. I received a polite note from the Editor to say that to the best of his belief no such letter as I described had ever reached him. I believe I may say it never left Pînega, and that its appropriation by the Isprâvnik, or under his directions, is his own condemnation. In a country such as our own, where the words magistrate, governor, lord lieutenant, are synonymous with gentleman, we can hardly realise a person in a position partaking of all three, descending to pretty fraud and injustice: and to avoid exposure—venturing upon the suppression of a letter. The Doctor and I can form a distinct estimate of the individual who is capable of reading a letter directed to anybody else: but of the person who can descend to the violation for his own purposes of what is most sacredly the property of another—pah, let us go on to the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.

Embark upon the Kûloi River—Comforts and Relief—Lovely Scenery—Delights of Idleness—Reflections upon the Mosquitoes—Sport and Photography upon the Kûloi River—A luxurious Bathe—Kargopol—Fruitless Attempt upon a household God Magnificent Daylight—Dolga Schelje—Good News—The Estuary of the Kûloi—An Arctic Storm—Steam to the Mezén River—Nicholas John Rusânoff—A City of the Future—Hospitable Reception—Transformations upon the Mezén River—Timber Port of Rusânova—Sail up the River to Mezén. Formidable Tides—The last Town in the World—Siberia in Europe—Exiled Poles—A genial Magistrate—A Disaster—We spend the Day and Evening with Exiles—A Blot upon Civilisation—The Inquisition in Poland—Siberia.

With a peaceful happy feeling we drove out of Pînega, the Doctor perched on one tcheléga and I on another. We sang aloud in the fulness of our hearts, for we were to see Pînega no more, and were to launch forth upon a voyage of two hundred versts or more down the unknown Kûloi river. Our boat was awaiting us, seven versts away across the plain, and our effects and those of our crew were stowed away on board in less than half an hour. A little cabin of wood, which we could cover with an awning when the heat became too great, had been built for us near the stern, leaving only space behind it for our steersman, (who had to blame his

parents for the name Serébrenik—Silversmith), and who climbed round the side when he wanted anything to eat. Here our mattrasses, pillows, spring seat and rugs, enabled us to recline in imposing luxury: and with three stout merry boatmen we set sail.

We were very near the source of the Kûloi, and for half an hour passed along a still channel where the mosquitoes thronged round us, and where the passage was barely navigable for a good-sized boat. The scenery was of great beauty: on one side rich green plains with varied foliage, on the right bank a beautiful abrupt chalk cliff with delicate creepers, and crowned with silvery birches, firs, pines, and a variety of trees all in their lovely spring clothing.

The stream became now fifteen or twenty yards broad, the current gentle, and the water delicious to drink. At Pînega, and in the Pînega river, the water was almost coffee-coloured. We avoided it devoutly, and had taken the precaution of bringing two boxes of soda-powders with us to create foaming drinks: here, however, we laughed and said we had been too solicitous for our comfort. And so the day went on: we talked and laughed with our boatmen, bright but garrulous men: we read, or scribbled our impressions of travel, or napped, sang, and smoked. Sometimes we sang U-pi-dee to the boatmen, and one of them would lay down his oar and laugh, until we used to fear we should have

to hang him up to the mast by his heels, or bleed him, to bring him round again.

Every few hours the solemn moment arrived for food. Two of the hampers would be opened: from one the cooking apparatus—*yashitchok*—taken: from the other, tea coffee or chocolate, biscuits, admirable New Zealand beef, potted game, soups, preserves or dried fruits. This New Zealand beef is the same that stony-hearted employers in England have vainly endeavoured to introduce to their servants, and unprincipled workhouse Boards have attempted to cram down the poor but resisting paupers' throats. Between us we would set the kitchen: the lamps would send up their roaring flame: in three minutes the beef would be cooked and the coffee heating, while we ate with illimitable appetites. Of the river water we made delicious frothing soda-water, and as we glided down, laved our empty plates knives and cups, in the clear cool stream.

The river became very lovely: the delicate feathery birches with silver stems, and the sprouting larches, climbed up the white cliff: the wild duck or geese flew with a harsh cry from time to time over our heads: the Kûloi rippled along with us, and we lay on our lazy backs with no cares in the world, no wants, no anxieties, no nothing. At times, but very rarely, we met a small narrow dug-out canoe—*loditchka*—paddled or poled up against the stream, the boat-

men standing erect and propelling it with great skill.

A horizon of vast grandeur broke upon us this afternoon. Soda-water we could have, jam we had: why should we not have strawberry *syrop*. The experiment was crowned with success, and this became our favourite beverage: we agreed that we had never tasted any so good in Paris. Then we said we would have B. and S. or rather H. and S., for Capt. Johansen had given us a flask of fine old Amsterdam Hollands, and this became another institution.

The one bitter drop in our cup of joy was the monstrous but inseparable curse of Arctic summer life—the mosquito. He abounded, flourished, luxuriated, surpassed himself, out-mosquitoed himself, on the Kûloi river. We were at his mercy: our veils, gauntlets, handkerchiefs, flapper, all were a vanity and vexation. To kill was wanton, for to destroy sufficient was impossible. We had foreseen all this, and had even thought of taking among other things a woodpecker from home with us, to protect our faces while we slept: but one woodpecker would have been a solemn mockery: we should have wanted a fresh woodpecker every five minutes. I suppose these were the historical flies sent to punish the disobedient obstinate Egyptians: they came fourth in order, and after three grievous plagues

—the corruption of the waters, the multitude of frogs, and the swarms of lice—had entirely failed.

We are becoming connoisseurs in mosquitoes: we watch them traverse our veils like figures on slides in a magic lantern. There is the yellow striped Vampire mosquito, with a triple fang to his proboscis: there is the brown humpbacked or Camel mosquito with legs of gossamer, who appears to our vindictive eyes to be from two to three inches in length: finally there is the Scorpion-mosquito, very searching and business-like. We dislike him greatly for he wastes no time. We know now that leather is a hollow delusion, and that armour-plated gauntlets are alone of avail.

Sometimes a mosquito comes and kills himself by squeezing, between our finger and thumb, sometimes by flying against my flapper. There are moments, but so rare and delicious that I almost tremble to describe them, when we find a mosquito who has anchored himself by the proboscis in our gloves—and we watch the expression of baffled hatred in his countenance with which he watches the approach of the avenging finger. O the peaceful blissful enjoyment of that moment. Sometimes we watch him, in his anxious hurried efforts to pierce the glove—he knows that time is all he needs—standing upon his forelegs, with his hind-legs flourishing in the air, while he bores away diligently

through the thick leather in his wicked thirst for blood. Sometimes in our frenzy we ensnare a mosquito and get up and trample on his head. We ask ourselves in hours past endurance why the Law of Nature should be reversed, and Man the lord of creation become the prey of savage creatures. We have formed a grave if impious resolution: we will take a mosquito by stratagem, pinion him, and with the help of a burning-glass offer him in sacrifice to the Midnight Sun.

Linnæus divided the Arctic mosquitoes into three classes: the Culex pipiens, Culex pulicaris, and the Culex reptans, each of which he minutely described. We have gone more deeply into the question than Linnæus, who was an over-rated naturalist, and are able to add to his another class of mosquito, the Culex damnabilis, of which the characteristics are as follows: Corpus ingens cinereum, pedibus duodecim anterioribus flavescentibus, antennis nigris, proboscis infernalis veneno munita.

The Doctor and I sleep side by side in our cabin, and I have no objection to this unless the Doctor snores. In the middle of this night I shook him roughly, and the Doctor awaking, apologised for his disturbed slumbers: he explained that he was on a desert island, and on the point of being cooked by the savages. I am resolved next time the Doctor dreams aloud, not to awaken him, and the savages may cook him if they like.

Occasionally in the daytime the Doctor fires at a duck, *diki oûtka*, but they are shy, and it is the Doctor's chief mortification that he has not yet inflicted a swift and violent death upon a single dicky oûtky.

Kûloi, thirty-five versts down—a verst being equal to two-thirds of a mile or, very roughly, to a French kilomètre—was our first stopping-place: and after a short delay, in the course of which I took two photographs, we continued our voyage. There was one drawback to the success of the pictures: no living breathing human beings could sit still while the mosquitoes made a repast upon their noses: and every second up went an arm, out went a leg, then a head would be thrown back in agony: so that the average of heads legs and arms in the photographs must be immense.

The second day opened cloudily: a strong breeze coming up from the south drove us with great force: the current grew faster as we descended the Kûloi, which flows due North, and we tore along at an enormous speed. From time to time the wind increased to a perfect hurricane, which swept after us, while the boat groaned and leapt to our glee. Verst after verst we flew along: the bends in the river were constant, and we gybed each few minutes: at last in a sudden gust our mainmast snapped like a match, and fell with a crash upon the boatmen's heads, while the boat's head flew round into the wind. An axe adroitly used by one of the men soon

cleared the wreck away, and we sped merrily upon our course again.

The mosquitoes, we exulted to find, were nowhere: they had vanished, like a mist at the rising of the sun. The sun came out clear and strong, and we stripped ourselves and plunged overboard into the deep cool river, and had a delicious swim after the boat, dressing comfortably on our mattrasses in the sun. We even shaved ourselves and looked our best.

Kargopol was our next place of rest, where we went to a nice clean farm-house, with good honest peasants, who made us welcome and comfortable, and supplied our many wants with great readiness. In the corner of the room was a brass Christus which I wanted to acquire: but the peasant refused to part with it, and I respected him all the more for doing so. I suppose no people are so selfish, so unscrupulous, and even impious, as antiquaries. No domestic object is too sacred, no stone or tomb too venerable, to escape their predatory and inquisitive glance. Who but an antiquary, for example, could have earned for himself in a peaceable country like Iceland, the title of Raeus detestabilis Spoliator ille sacrilegus. This reputation a friend of the Doctor's had the honour of bearing for two years, when, thanks to the impulse of an aroused conscience, he became familiar to the Icelanders as Raeus immortalis ille et beatissimæ memoriæ Restitutor.

We left Kargopol we don't know when, for we don't wind our watches and know no distinction between day and night: we do not restrict ourselves either to conventional and harassing divisions of time, but go boldly into double figures and talk of nineteen o'clock, half-past thirty-four, and so on. All we know is that we arrived at the little rickety wooden village of Dolga Schelje, after as nearly as possible two days' and three nights' voyage. We learnt here to our mighty satisfaction that one of Mr. Rusânoff's steamers was lying seven versts down the river, awaiting a change in the tide to tow a huge raft to Rusânova, which lies on the Mezén river sixty versts away. We said good-bye to our three raræ aves—we mean honest Pînegans—took another boat with two civil men, two girls, and a boy, as crew: and running quickly with the tide down the great broad river—for the Kûloi had grown to the width of nearly a mile—we came in sight of the little steamer Kronstadt lying at anchor. The captain welcomed us, and gave us the cabin in the stern for our accommodation, where we soon had an excellent meal and a bath, and lounged about contentedly.

As we waited for the turn of the tide there came up from the sea an Arctic tornado: the rain fell in one sheet, and gave way to hail such as I had never imagined before: great pieces of ice, like small walnuts, were hissing into the water and floating past the steamer.

The captain volunteered very kindly to go at once with us to Rusânova, towing a raft being a very slow business: so we sailed at once, passed a mass of ice lying in by the shore, and in six hours were steaming up the immense estuary of the Mezén river, here more than five versts in width. At Masslynnoi Nôs, and on the low cliffs, lay beds of snow.

Our excuse for calling upon Mr. Rusânoff was a kind letter from Mr. Michael Sidoroff of St. Petersburg, well known in North Russia as an enterprising merchant and concessionaire in the Petschora district.

In front of us, on landing, was Mr. Rusânoff's important sawing establishment. Immense sheds piled with newly sawn planks, numerous stacks of timber, a large engine building, two steamers, four large ships, some schooners and barges, were what struck us at first sight in this three-year-old town. Close by were his house and the pretty wooden church which he has built.

On presenting ourselves at the door of the house we sent in our cards, and were invited to go upstairs, finding a pleasant well-dressed young man in a large handsome room. He advanced to meet us, and we explained that we were the remains of two English travellers, who had a letter of introduction to Mr. Rusânoff. My uncle, he said, is absent, I am sorry to

say, but his house is here, and I hope you will make it your own while you are in the neighbourhood: you are just in time, for dinner will be ready in half an hour. We told Mr. Sharvin that perhaps he had better know what liberties we had been taking with his uncle's steamer before making us so welcome: and when he heard, he laughed, and said the captain had done exactly what Mr. Rusânoff would have wished.

We were soon luxuriating upon an admirable dinner, and inwardly congratulating ourselves upon having fallen on our feet. We sat for an hour looking out upon the great broad river, which flows within thirty yards of the house. Facing us—looking due east, more than three miles away across the water—lay the five or six houses of the little village of Piya. From Piya, running due north, the coast extends in a long low line, dwindling away until it is hidden by Tolstoi Point on this side of the river, which shelters Rusânova from the northern gales.

This little town of three hundred and fifty inhabitants bids fair to become of great importance. Situated sixteen miles north of the old and decaying town of Mezén—that is, sixteen miles nearer to the sea—it has even now supplanted it as the port for the Mezén district, and the Custom-house has already been transferred to Rusânova. The Mezén people, who are not at all blind to the value of money, will probably

only await some further development of the trade, to come here too. There is a population already of about three hundred and fifty, and I believe that within three years it will be more than doubled.

Three years ago there was nothing whatever here but a steep muddy bank, crowned with firs of the virgin forest. Mr. Rusânoff, a man of ability and initiative, coming here, was struck by the advantages the spot possessed for the establishment of a timber port. After long and patient investigations in the district, he took from the Russian Government, I am informed, a concession of eight million dissatîn of forest land lying on and about the great river and its branches. This is equivalent to fourteen millions of acres, which is considerable. The area of France, inclusive of the two provinces temporarily occupied by the Germans, is about two hundred thousand square miles, and we should like to make a comparison: but as neither the Doctor nor I know how many acres there are in a square mile, and don't mean to learn superficial measurement until the métric system is introduced into our puzzle-headed fossil old country, we must leave the question alone. Rusânova, with its capabilities, will develop the resources of this district.

Mr. Rusânoff has two tug steamers and a number of barges: the steam saw-mills are capable of cutting up sixty thousand trees, representing a quarter of a million

of planks, in a year. In addition to the church Mr. Rusânoff erected a schoolroom, an important store for provisions and other necessaries, large house accommodation, and then commenced his business. The trees, hewn in the primæval forests around, are lashed into rafts of perhaps two hundred each, and floated down to the mouths of the rivers, where the steamers go to take them in tow. Arrived at Rusânova they pass through the saw-mills, and are ready for shipment abroad. Once commenced, the operations soon began to grow. In the first year several ships came for timber: last year sixteen came: this year, the third, twenty-two large ships and nine smaller vessels are to come: next year Mr. Rusânoff's business engagements will require fifty ships.

Three years ago the value of labour here was fifteen kopecks, or five pence a day: now it is worth a rouble, or two shillings and ninepence a day. The port is an excellent one. At low tide there are nineteen feet of water in the channel abreast of the quay, at high water from thirty-eight to forty-four feet, according to the height of the tide. There is no bar, and beyond Masslynnoi Nôs, the pilot station and beacon seven miles away, is the deep sea. Mr. Rusânoff means to construct this winter a tall lighthouse and life-boat station upon Masslynnoi Point, to replace the beacon,

and perfect the means of access to the port. The approach of ships is signalled from the beacon, and the steamers are always available for towing ships at a moderate cost. The daylight during the open navigation is practically constant, and the saw-mills and steamers work night and day. The harbour was open last year considerably earlier than Archangel, ships coming here when the other port was closed. The difficult and often tedious voyage down the White Sea, and the miserable approaches to Archangel, are avoided, and the voyage to England is two hundred miles shorter. The average of voyages of English ships coming here for timber has been twenty-eight days.

It appears to me that seeing the advantages of approach and position that Rusânova enjoys, very few years can pass before it becomes a formidable rival to the timber trade of Archangel.

We had a long chat with a gentleman of Pînega staying in the house, who strongly blamed his townspeople for their petty frauds, and what was a thousand times worse, their obstruction to our journey. He begged us to visit him on our return, that he might prove the Pînegans were not all alike: but we had promised to stay with our Polish friend in case we should return that way.

We spent a charming evening in the large drawing-room, and partook of tchaï freely: then we sought our

comfortable bedroom, thought of the kind souls who were probably apprehensive for our personal comforts, and went to sleep in high good humour.

We let twelve hours pass in deep sweet sleep, and appeared at the breakfast table a little ashamed. We had time however, for a huge meal, before we were obliged to leave to catch the flood-tide up to Mezén. The tides run so swiftly, seeing there are a heavy rise and fall, that it is a matter of necessity in a small boat to travel both up and down with them. Our boat, driven by the North Wind, flew like a gull, the muddy water hurrying along with it. The river is enormously wide, nearly four miles, at Rusânova: the banks are low, of reddish marl, and fir-trees cover them for most of the way. In a few months more the river will be covered with great unsightly blocks of ice drifting backwards and forwards with each change of the tide. Apropos of the Mezén water, I made a particularly happy remark to Mr. Sharvin at dinner yesterday. I asked for a glass of water, and seeing that he was passing me a decanter with a brandy-coloured fluid, I said, Thank you, I don't care for any sherry with it. I am sorry to say, he replied, that this is our Mezén water. I felt about as pleased as the gentleman of whom Captain Johansen told us, who went up to a stranger in a ball-room, seeing he appeared greatly bored, and said to him, This is very slow, isn't it? Very, said the stranger.

Suppose we go away? said the first. Unfortunately I can't, said the stranger: I am the master of the house. In an hour we came to low flat islands, dense with jungles of osier, and soon came in sight of the little double town of Mezén—just twenty-five versts from Rusânova.

The two towns lie two versts apart, on the right bank of the river, which is here two miles broad, but intersected by islands. The towns contain between them eleven hundred inhabitants. Grey rough wooden houses and sheds surmount the steep clayey bank, above them stand the summer and winter churches: the whole aspect of the place is grey and dreary.

Such is the gloomy little frontier town of Siberia in Europe, the place of deportation for many a poor Pole, and the little outpost of civilization where they lead only a kind of half life, waiting through the long years for the expiration or remission of their sentence. Archangel is nine days' journey from Petersburg, and Mezén is six days' journey by land from Archangel. Beyond is the wilderness of the Siberias, extending Northward to the Icy Sea, and eastward to the Pacific Ocean. From this point stretch the dismal Tûndras, the vast deserts of swamp and moss, the haunts of the lonely Samoyedes. Two hundred miles away, towards the Oural mountains, lies the mighty river Petschora, the width of whose stream dwarfs the Nile, the

Volga, and the Danube. Pustosjersk lies on its banks, the winter fair and resort of the Koréli and Samoyedes, the fur-hunting tribes of Mâlaya-Zemlia. Mezén is looked upon as a place of modified exile, and is chosen either for those political prisoners who have undergone the greater portion of their term, those who are considered in no way dangerous to the State and have had a slight sentence, or finally for the less blameable class of civil prisoners—those for instance who have put their mothers-in-law to death.

We were conducted to the house of the Isprâvnik, and there learning that he was not at home, but not far away, we pursued him to the house of the Commandant of Mezén—commandant of seventeen seedy-looking bandits, I mean Cossacks. The Isprâvnik, a stout jolly little man in uniform and spectacles, came out to welcome us: the military personage seemed willing to do so too, but his voice was thick, his face flushed, and he appeared to have resigned the command over himself for the time. It transpired that it was somebody's birthday, or somebody's friend's birthday, and the captain had been keeping fête with certain boon companions. He was self-collected enough, however, to wish to sell us at about one and a half times their value some Samoyede *mâlitsas*. We were able to appreciate the thoughtfulness of Mr. Sharvin's farewell remark to us this morning: I hope you will enjoy your visit, he

said, but if anyone should ask you to play at cards, don't.

We followed the Isprâvnik to his own house, with its large pleasant rooms. He chatted kindly with us in French, and welcomed us as the first of the peculiar animal, the vagabond Englishman, that had ever come to Mezén. Finding we could not very well start within an hour, which was all the time that the flood tide left us, we acted upon his kind suggestion that we should keep Mr. Rusânoff's boat and men till the morning, and consider his house as our quarters for the night. After a few cigarettes, we strolled out into the muddy streets with planked pavements, creating a certain sensation as we figured in the town in the chief magistrate's company.

Coming to a deep and rather broad stream, running down at one end of the town, the Doctor and I went for it, clearing it handsomely. The gallant little Isprâvnik, fired by our success, but harassed by a heavy military overcoat, retired twenty paces, adjusted his spectacles, and took a run. Sad to say, His Excellency alighted about a yard from the bank and up to his middle in the black muddy stream, whence I dragged him out by the collar of his coat—spectacles, high boots, uniform, spurs and all. In spite of the abashment we felt, at having led to the downfall of the chief magistrate of a district equal in area to the Spanish Peninsula,

the inclination to roar aloud was only repressed at the cost of what we believe will result in permanent internal injury to both of us.

He changed his uniform, came jovially forth again, and led us to the house of a Polish gentleman, where we found a party of exiles playing cards. On the way we asked him if he were on friendly terms with these exiles. Yes, he replied, with a smile that had something a little cat-like in it: but I watch them.

They welcomed us very heartily, speaking either German or French excellently: and we sat for a long time in interesting conversation about the Samoyedes, Mezén, Mâlaya-Zemlia—everything, in fact, but about themselves, their circumstances or their country—that is to say, in the Isprâvnik's hearing. As that astute magistrate, however, was not familiar with the German tongue, which the exiles spoke with facility, we had more than one talk upon subjects nearest to their heart.

We felt very much for these unfortunate *vernaks*, as the Russians call them. In common with every honourable Pole, they took part in the patriotic movement of 1863, which ended as the three preceding and glorious national risings had—in repression and Siberia. This Polish question has haunted Europe like a nightmare for a whole century: from the year in which this courageous and chivalrous nation were torn apart, their homes and sacred ties violated, and the flower of

their race sent into cruel and hopeless captivity. However much we may have come to look upon it as a matter of course, we cannot shut our eyes to the iniquity of it.

There are expressions which even now make us shudder: banishment, the knoût, the army of the Caucasus, the dungeons of Akatoûia—frightful mysterious oubliettes, the very name of which sickened the exile, and which were only mentioned below the breath: the gold mines beyond Berezov, where the victims would work up to their waists in water: the infernal verdegris mines of Nertchinsk: Tobolsk, Omsk, Kamtschatka: chain gangs of men and women trudging on foot from their native country for one year—two years—before reaching their journey's end. This is no legend of the Middle Ages: it is a picture of actual life in our fathers' times and even in most of our own: it is the Inquisition in Poland. These penalties, it must be said, were shared by others than political offenders: the worst classes of criminals participated in them.

I have only read of two successful evasions from captivity during this terrible hundred years: Beniovsky, who made his escape through Kamtschatka, and the brave enduring Piotrowsky, who traversed Northern Siberia, the Oural Mountains, Archangel province, passed disguised as a pilgrim through Archangel and Onéga, reaching eventually the borders of Prussia,

almost doubting his senses when he found himself free. There are names, too, in the pages of Polish history that will live enshrined with those of Saladin, Wallace, Schamyl and Abd-el-Kadèr—the patriots Poniatowski and Kosciusko. There is no kingdom of Poland now, no country even bearing the name, but there are records that will survive the glories of the Russian Gossoûdars—the titles of Casimir, the King of the Peasants: and of Sigismund, King of Poland, Grand Duke of Lithuania, Conqueror of the Tartars, the Wallachs and the Russians. The Sibirski lost his civil rights, and became as one blotted from the book of mankind: his wife might marry again, or if she followed him to Siberia, their children born in exile became serfs to the crown. This is not twenty-five years ago. The exile receives some pitiful support from the Government, generally several roubles a month and a certain quantity of corn or other food. Many of the exiles, when their term has expired, prefer to remain in Siberia, which, it ought to be said, is not a terrible country apart from the circumstances we have considered: on the contrary, many Russian peasants emigrate yearly to seek their fortune there, in preference to remaining liable to military service on this side of the Oural Mountains. The word Sibir has a more alarming sound to the unlucky Poles than to honest Russians, for to the latter it means numerous privileges.

That frightful instrument the knoût was not the

harmless lash so many of us fancy. Imagine a long thong of hide, soaked in some essence which prepared it to absorb, and become indurated with, metal filings. Before this diabolical preparation was allowed to harden, the edges of the thong were bent round, to form a groove of which the edges were sharpened. One end of the thong was left supple, to wind round the wrist of the executioner, at the other end was a hook or fang. Falling like a double-edged sword upon the victim's back, it cut into the flesh, and instead of being raised, was drawn towards the executioner. At the third blow, if conscientiously administered, the sufferers sometimes lost sensibility, at the fifth they not unfrequently expired. I think in all history since the Dark Ages, there is nothing on record to match this.

We can find only one excuse to make for the conquerors of Poland, and many people would doubt whether that is an adequate one. They may have been frenzied and exasperated with the effort to master the Polish names, and so been led into excess of retaliation. Few Europeans, for example, could successfully contend with the names Przaszniz, Lenczycz, where the vowels are in the proportion of about one to six consonants: Wizniowieczyki and Mieczyslav would confound anybody not very strong in the head: but that there lives an ordinary being who could pronounce Szczuczyn and survive, we do not believe.

CHAPTER XIV.

Okladnikôva—Visited by Samoyedes—Their Habits and Employment—A Samoyede Song—Heathenism and Sorcerers—Honesty and Dignity of the Samoyedes—Matthias Alexander Castren—Physical Characteristics of the Samoyedes—Their Wanderings and Origin—Trace of the Glacial Period—A Lesson in Samoyede—Difficulty of mutual Comprehension—Samoyede Vocabulary and Christian Names—Mongol Characteristics—Leave Mezén—Leisure Hours at Rusânova—A Christening: and Memorials in Contemplation—The Land we are about to visit.

MEZÉN was founded by two adventurers in the reign of John the Terrible—Thelâtoff and Okladnikoff: and it would appear that their relations were not happy, as the town split into two, the upper one for many years bearing the name of Okladnikôva.

There live in the outskirts of the town a tribe of Samoyedes in reduced circumstances, and our hosts sent to bid them come for our inspection. They arrived, seven of them, in their cleanest reindeer skins, making an obeisance, which was not ungraceful, on entering, and standing uncomfortably against the wooden wall of the room. A little vodka gave them courage—the one child among them, to whom it was cruel to give it, taking his share with the rest. We began to talk with

them, they understanding Russian from long acquaintance with the town. They have no fixed employment or occupation, no reindeer, and God knows how these poor creatures live. They frequent the abattoirs and receive what the Russians would throw away. In the winter their wealthier neighbours come in from the Tûndras, and I imagine either employ them in sewing garments or birch-bark sheets, in making boots and baskets, or else they support them out of charity.

They sang for us, a dreary unmusical crooning chant, improvising as they went on—praising our appearance, the vodka, the room, the tables, the windows —all that they saw, in fact—for these poor savages are realists. They know no history, no laws, no learning, no nothing. They are not cannibals, though the name Samo-yed is suggestive—Self-eater (*Samo*, self; *yedait*, to eat): but they eat raw flesh, fish, or fowl: and, next to vodka, their favourite drink is warm animal blood.

They have no ideas or knowledge, no written language or traditions, no books, and no real religion. Those who frequent in winter the towns of Mezén or Pustosjersk, have in name adopted the faith of the Greek Church, and in fact retained the idols of their forefathers. Greek Church indeed. The ink in my pen almost blushes red as I write that I heard only of one single priest in the whole of Mâlaya-Zemlia, and

that was at the little Samoyede church at Njess in Kânin. Possibly, however, the Russians will think of teaching them Sclavonic before they press upon them a form of religion written and conducted entirely in that obsolete tongue. Possibly, too, one day it may occur to the monastery of Solovetsk, three hundred miles away, bloated as it is with wealth, that they might further the cause of Him whom they profess to serve, more by sending some missionaries among the dark and ignorant Samoyedes, than by greedily hoarding their vast riches. It would be more becoming to see these men of God laying up for themselves treasure in this way, than stealthily and hastily investing money in buildings, land, and trading steamers, to dispose of surplus funds upon which they dread to see the hand of Government stretch.

Till some one will send among them, the Samoyedes will know Jesus Christ only as one of their Noûma, and continue to take their religious inspirations from those ignorant fanatics the Tâdibes, who work upon their simple minds with fetish and mummery, and like the Arab maraboûts, and the Laplandish sorcerers of thirty years ago, excite themselves into a state of gibbering frenzy, tearing their flesh and writhing on the ground. In these cruel impostors the poor remote Samoyedes think they have advocates with their God, and that their imposing deity Yliambertje must be ap-

proached through these mediators. Sancte Tâdibe, they say in effect, ora pro nobis. These creatures go through the same empty ceremonies with drums used by that extinct humbug the Lapp sorcerer, and in like manner they use those divining instruments to interpret Fate. To these poor benighted people no mission worth naming has ever come, no worthy Bishop Hvoslef has devoted himself: or, like their Europeanized neighbours, they might have shaken off the ignorance and superstition that press heavily upon them.

The Samoyede, we are told, has many good qualities: faithful in friendship, shrinking from dishonesty, incapable of crime. Often starving, he never stoops to beg. What a lesson to our well-fed, cringing, hotel and railway servants. For a glass of the irresistible vodka he will express a wish—indeed he can't help himself—he is bound to ask for it or perish: an attempt to stifle this craving would leave his children orphans. This is a creditable lesson for his wealthy and mighty neighbours the Russians to have taught him, and it appears to be the only one.

Give me, begged a Samoyede of Castren, another cup of vodka. What good hast thou done me that I should give thee vodka? said Castren. Thou art travelling, said the Samoyede, with my reindeer. But I pay thee for them, said Castren. I have given thee good reindeer, urged the Samoyede. But thy son

drives badly, said Castren. Then don't give him any vodka, was the fatherly recommendation of the Samoyede.

During the evening one of our poor Polish friends came and whispered to the Doctor, May I have a minute's conversation with you in the other room? Certainly, said the Doctor. In a minute we heard a hearty burst of laughter: the exile had asked whether the 'Doctor' had brought any medicines with him, and whether he could prescribe for a severe complaint he was suffering from.

The accomplished traveller and enthusiast Castren left Mezén on the 19th of December, 1842, for the Petschora country: he went with Samoyedes and reindeer sledges to Sjomscha, where he spent some time in trying to master the language. From Sjomscha he proceeded to Njess on the frontier of Kânin, and spent a considerable time at the priest's house, in the hope of finding some satisfactory interpreter among the Samoyedes. From Njess he turned his steps due eastward to the Petschora country, skirting the Gulf of Tcheskoi, and leaving Kânin behind him to the northward. 'To visit Kânin peninsula,' he says in his charming book, 'would have been fruitless, for the country during this winter was quite destitute of people. It happens not unfrequently that the peninsula is in this way evacuated. The reason, I am told, is as follows:

the sea coasts towards Kânin Nôs are very low and flat, and when the autumn is a rainy one even the dryest spots are quite soaked through. When the winter begins later on, with sharp frost, there forms a thick ice-crust, and this is fatal to the reindeer, for it cannot get at the moss with its cloven foot through the ice. I fancy indeed that reindeer moss is to be found on the mountains, (there are no mountains, worthy Castren), but it is of no use to the Samoyedes, because both in winter and summer they occupy themselves in fishing, and dwell by the sea-coasts.'

'Generally speaking Kânin Nôs is rarely frequented. Even the Kânin Samoyedes keep themselves mostly towards the Timân Tûndras. Towards Christmas they draw in towards the neighbourhood of Mezén and Sjomscha to dispose there of their reindeer hides, fox skins, and wild fowl, which they have caught upon land and sea: and to provide themselves with meal, butter, sour milk, powder, shot, vodka, and other articles. After Christmas they return again to the sea: only a few of the poorest among them go to Pînega, Holmogôry, Archangel, where the men employ themselves as drivers and their wives in begging.'

The Doctor and I learn that we are the first travellers of our own or of any race who have come to visit the Kânin peninsula, and if we realise what we are given to expect, we are not unlikely to be the last.

The Samoyede chant was to this effect, or thereabouts:

O ya ya yo, very fine house, yaya yo yayà.
O strange men, yay o ay ya, no talkee our tongue, yayà.
Go ya Kânin Nôs, ya yo, much cold, yo yo ya yà.
Angliski plenty money got, ya ya yee yayà.
Go Kânin Nôs ya, never come back, ya yee, no more.
Lots reindeer on tûndra ya, Kânin o, yee, ya.
Doktor o ya, very 'andsome man, ha hee ya yay ya.
Plenty vodka get, ya ya, good good, o ay ya.

When their song was over, they came one by one to be examined. Simple Chinese Laplanders, their faces told us: their complexions and hair, eyes, noses, cheekbones, nostrils, beardless chins, all were Mongol. Their expressions were not unkindly—but rather sad, and with a lack of hopefulness. Their average height was somewhat above that of ordinary Laplanders, their figures and limbs appearing better proportioned. There seems very little need to puzzle one's head as to their origin: human faces could scarcely speak more plainly. Whether the Chinese were once Samoyedes or the Samoyedes once Chinese, does not matter: only if the former were the case, and the Chinese were all nomads, requiring as many reindeer, and for their reindeers' maintenance as much territory, as the Samoyedes relatively require: this little globe of ours would have been very inadequate for them, and they must have taken means—possibly those which acquired for them their title of Samoyede—to reduce their numbers.

The Samoyedes seem to be one of the links required to establish the relation of the Laplanders with the Mongols. The Laplanders are Europeanized Samoyedes, the Samoyedes wanderers of Chinese race.

In this country of theirs, within the province or district of Mezén, was found the mammoth tusk which we saw in Archangel Museum. On the banks of the Lena and Yenisei, in the country of their neighbours the Yakûts and Tûngusi, were those beds and deposits of mammoth tusks the discovery of which contributed to the distinction of the Russian naturalist Pallas. In the frozen ground in places were found entire carcasses of this extinct tropical monster, occasionally with the evidences of hair and wool upon the hides.

The circumstance of these stranded creatures being found, where now the Arctic fox, reindeer, and bear exist, points to three distinct periods of the earth's existence. The period when tropical animals, and consequently tropical vegetation to support them, existed north of Lat. 60° N. The glacial period that destroyed, and at the same time preserved evidences of, this remarkable animal life. Lastly this comparatively temperate period, in which neither glaciers nor mammoth exist. When we reflect that this latter period extends from the present time back to the great Diluvium of the North, probably our traditional deluge, which strewed Northern Europe with vast erratic boulders:

that this cataclysm was probably the result of the over accumulation of ice in the Northern Regions, during the long and terrible glacial period which preceded it: and that these mammoths existed in ages again preceding that age of ice and snow, it is hard for the mind to realise that the flesh and skin of some of these brutes were so absolutely preserved, that the dogs and beasts of prey devoured them. Game seven hundred or a thousand centuries old, is a novelty with a vengeance. In the neighbourhood of Berezov in Siberia were found the remains of the exiled Russian Prince Mentschikoff, in full uniform, and—though after a century's interment—owing to the glacial nature of the ground, quite undecayed.

With the assistance of the Polish gentlemen, I took a lesson of some hours in length in the Samoyede language, comparing and correcting the sounds of one individual with those of another. It was at first incredibly difficult to make them understand that I wanted them to teach me, though they spoke Russian clearly. My vocabulary is a rough and ready one: the sounds are faithfully conveyed as they met my ear after several repetitions. We were all so tired at the end of it—three Polish gentlemen and two Samoyedes being almost knocked up—that I had not courage to go through it for the fifth time, to distinguish each word by itself.

We chose a man as the first victim, and he came to be cross-examined. We asked him of his home, his

family, his occupation: then I said to him very clearly in Russian, I want to talk Samoyede. He said nothing, waiting for me to begin to talk Samoyede. I want you to teach me, I said to him. He did not know what the word teach meant. I will talk Russian, I explained, and you shall talk Samoyede. He was quite content to take this for granted, but could not see how it applied to him. What I say in Russian, I urged, do you say in Samoyede. He said he understood. I chose the most useful sentence of all in learning a language—*Kak vi gavoriti?*—How do you say?—and repeated it. As he had not said anything, he looked at me in surprise. *Kak vi gavoriti?* tell me in Samoyede, say that in Samoyede. He fancied I wanted him to repeat in Samoyede something he did not recollect having said, and looked more puzzled than ever.

We called a lady, of the name of Pirybtyah, and one of the Poles said to her with distinctness: What the English gentleman says in Russian, repeat in Samoyede. Now, I said, *Kotauri tchas?*—What's o'clock? I don't know, the woman said. The Pole and I groaned in spirit. How do you say, *Gavoriti po Russki?*—Do you speak Russian? Yes, I speak Russian, she said. The Pole tore his hair, and another came to my assistance: he took the woman gently by the arm: Speak in Samoyede what we speak in Russian. Now say, Do you understand? *Tjénouvâo?* said the woman.

We grasped one another's hands, the Pole and I, for we felt that the first step was gained. *Hároshah*—Good? I asked. *Sâouo*, said the woman, and we began to get on swimmingly. No sooner had the idea flashed upon them—for the others were listening—than five or six crowded round the table where I was writing, and whenever I put a question, chorussed the reply, so that we were obliged to tell only one to speak at a time.

Samoyede Vocabulary.

Salutation.	*Torôvo.*
Goodbye.	*Lakòmbé prostjé.*
Bon voyage.	*Sâouo oyou boudié.*
Please.	*Yabtûndala.*
Thank you.	*Passîbo.*
Can you.	*Mia nâm?*
Yes.	*Tartsa.*
No.	*Yângou.*
Do you understand. / Do you know.	*Tjénouvâo?*
I don't know.	*Man yehrâm.*
Tell me.	*Man yan heute?*
Do you speak Russian.	*Oûtsa var da deniavâda?*
How do you say.	*Sier par lanâda?*
Will you.	*Harvânou.*
I will.	*Man ye tŏutam.*
I will not.	*Nyim mirdat.*

I will give.	*Man da goum.*
I have.	*Man danyáss.*
I want.	*Man harvân.*
Where is.	*Houniâna?*
Where is the house.	*Mia houniâna?*
Are there.	*Tanyâh?*
How far.	*Ou sierâna?*
Come here.	*Talyàndo.*
Stop.	*Nôuia.*
Bring.	*Taht.*
Take.	*Mouette.*
How much costs.	*Sian mira korma? Sia birta?*
Will you sell that.	*Mirdat nada.*
Can I buy.	*Nientsi.*
When shall we eat.	*Siam òrtavo?*
Can we sleep.	*Honyou sierto danyégôu?*
Is a good wind coming.	*Mertsi sâouo danyégôu.*

Auxiliary Words.

When.	*Sia douhtân?*	Soon.	*Mièrko.*
Why.	*Amgass?*	Half.	*Piéla.*
What.	*Amgah?*	Quarter.	*Tièty mdârna.*
Where.	*Houni?*	Much.	*Oka.*
How.	*Sier?*	More.	*Oko.*
Up.	*Tjâouna.*	Little.	*Tiàmbyôna.*
Down.	*Tassînié.*	Less.	*Tiàm yo.*
After.	*Pouna.*	Howmany.	*Siàmbir?*

Adjectives.

Good.	*Sâouo.*	Quick.	*Mièrkaou.*
Bad.	*Wâouo.*	Hot.	*Lômbit.*
Left.	*Siàtni.*	Cold.	*Tièts'i.*
Right.	*Manyi.*	Old.	*Nyâouchi.*

Substantives.

God.	*Yliambertje,*	Flood Tide.	*Oka yi.*
A god.	*Nŏum.*	Ebb.	*Hass yi.*
Man.	*Héuri.*	Stream.	*Yièrda.*
Woman.	*Niéh*	River.	*Yaha.*
Reindeer.	*Tûr.*	Sea.	*Yâm.*
Bears.	*Hâouèdié.*	Tent.	*Tjŏum.*
Mosquitoes.	*Njennik.*	Huts.	*Mia kan.*
Walrus.	*Tiutyèdié.*	Boat.	*Ano.*
Weather.	*Nôm.*	Wood.	*Pèrdarah.*
Day.	*Yalé.*	Money.	*Njennai.*
Night.	*Pi.*	Knife.	*Harr.*
Hour.	*Tchas.*	Spoon.	*Lŏutskou.*
Winter.	*Serái.*	Ring.	*Ouda yésia.*
Summer.	*Tanhî.*	Hand.	*Oudâo.*
Sun.	*Hayar.*	Head.	*Erouâo.*
Rain.	*Saryó.*	Tooth.	*Tjivan.*
Fire.	*Tŏu.*	Bread.	*Njan.*
Water.	*Yi.*	Meat.	*Amsah.*
Land.	*Yâhada.*	Fish.	*Hâlé.*
Ice.	*Salva.*	Milk.	*Mòloka.*
Snow.	*Sirrha.*	Silver.	*Njennai.*

NUMERALS.

One.	*Opoi.*	Fifteen.	*Samlakegnia.*
Two.	*Sidieh.*	Sixteen.	*Mattegnia.*
Three.	*Nyàr.*	Seventeen.	*Syo͡uegnia.*
Four.	*Tyètt.*	Eighteen.	*Sidyettegnia.*
Five.	*Samlak.*	Nineteen.	*Habeyegnia.*
Six.	*Matt.*	Twenty.	*Sidyo͡u.*
Seven.	*Syou.*	Thirty.	*Nyaryou.*
Eight.	*Sidyett.*	Forty.	*Tyettyou.*
Nine.	*Habéyou.*	Fifty.	*Samlakyou.*
Ten.	*You.*	Sixty.	*Mattyou.*
Eleven.	*Opiognia.*	Seventy.	*Syo͡uyou.*
Twelve.	*Sidiegnia.*	Eighty.	*Sidiettyou.*
Thirteen.	*Nyaryegnia.*	Ninety.	*Habéyouyou.*
Fourteen.	*Tyettegnia.*	Hundred.	*Your.*

There are surprisingly few Russian or Finnish words in the above vocabulary. *Tchas*, meaning Hour—Russian, *Tchas*. *Passibo*, thanks—Russ. *Spassibo*. *Prostje*, Farewell—Russ. *Prostchaitje*. *Njennai*, Money—Russ. *Dienghi*. *Mòloka*, Milk—Russ. *Mòloka*. *Lo͡utskou*, Spoon—Russ. *Loshka*: being, as far as I am aware, the only examples: and *Piéla*, Half—Finn, *Puoli*: being almost the only example of the Finnish. There is no affinity between the Finnish and Samoyede numerals, but between the Finnish and the Lapp there is a great resemblance. I think Castren is wrong in claiming a

Finnish origin for the Samoyedes and the other Siberian races. An example of what I mean regarding the numerals of the languages we have compared, will be enough for the oppressed reader.

Finnish.	*Lapp.*	*Samoyede.*
Yksi.	Aûst.	Opoi.
Kaksi.	Goûst.	Sidieh.
Kolme.	Goim.	Njar.
Nelye.	Nielya.	Tjett.
Viisi.	Vit.	Samlak.
Kûûsi.	Gût.	Matt.
Seitsemän.	Zhieezia.	Syoû.
Kahdeksän.	Kautze.	Sidyett.
Uhdeksän.	Autze.	Habéyou.
Kymmenen.	Laage.	You.
Sata.	?	Your.

I asked the Samoyedes their names, and the following are the absolute reproductions of them:

Hris-kah.	Man aged thirty.
Pos-yoh.	Man aged forty-two. Inhabitant of island of Kólgujev (marked in charts uninhabited).
Paou-kah.	Man aged twenty-five.
Pir-yb-tyah.	Woman aged fifty.

Nyai-koh. Woman of twenty-eight.
Poy-koh. Woman of twenty-five.
Nien-tsah. Child of five.

These names, I feel certain, would strike anybody as having a strong Celestial sound: there is a fragrance almost of tea about them. The vocabulary I have written as closely as possible to French pronunciation: for in our unhappy tongue, if we are weak enough to commit ourselves to the spelling of some new or strange word, the pronunciation is so unfettered and versatile that on the following day we gaze upon it in stupefaction and dismay.

We bought a *samoyedka*—fur cap—and *pimi* for myself, and *pimi*—boots—for the Doctor: remunerated the Samoyedes, who chanted our generosity, our personal beauty, and respectability of descent, in another improvised pæan: bade adieu to our hospitable entertainers, and strolled back, after a most profitable and interesting afternoon and night, to tumble off to sleep in our large bright room at the Isprâvnik's.

Mr. Rusânoff's three boatmen, whom we had taken the liberty of retaining all night, came at five A.M. to say we must hasten to catch the ebb tide: so knocking up the genial Isprâvnik, we dressed, had tchaï and a light breakfast, and I walked over to Mr. Bronza's, our Polish friend, to secure a *mâlitsa*—coat—that I had

seen on the evening before. I met on the way one of the Polish exiles.—You have had a short night's rest, I said to him. He laughed and said, I am only on my way home: we have been playing Préférence. We said good-bye with regret to the warm-hearted hospitable M. Taratîn—he embracing us, and asking us not to forget him if we ever wished a service done in the distant North.

We reached Mr. Rusânoff's with our usual luck, in good time for late lunch: and with the help of Mr. Sharvin made in the afternoon an excellent arrangement with boatmen for our journey into Kânin. We were to have a large comfortable boat, with five stout honest men, pledged to obey us and go wherever we might wish: and in the stern we decided to construct a small light cabin of wood, to be covered with canvas: a deck flooring upon which we could place our mattrasses, spring seat, pillows, and rugs, and lounge in Oriental ease—doing our writing, sleeping, reading, dressing, or eating.

We spent the day in idling about, visiting the sawmills, writing letters, reading a kind one that had travelled from the other side of the world and overtaken us in this far-away spot: in photographing Rusânova, discussing our scheme of travel, and dining. On the following Sunday morning, we visited the pretty wooden church and the schoolroom annexed to it.

The church is lined with clean pine-wood, the altar vessels are of silver, and there are several pictures of saints.

To-day the pope or priest of Mezén was prevented from coming, as he occasionally does, to hold mass: but as we were told by a Mezén gentleman that the average number out of that town's eleven hundred inhabitants, that thronged to mass weekly, was five individuals: we thought that an effort might have been made to spare him. If those five individuals of Mezén require, as they appear to, more religious support than the two or three hundred who would go to mass at Rusânova, it is time that they should be put to death.

I discovered to-day that a most pleasant gentleman staying in the house, Mr. Trugg, is a Finlander: and as he filled my wine-glass at dinner I said to him, Suûari kiitoksi—thank you. Good gracious, he said, starting back, where did you learn Finnish? We were influenced by certain emotions of surprise at finding a native of Finland—and a man in every other way estimable—who seemed to be unaware of our visit to his country last year.

In justice to ourselves we may claim the honour of having given its name to this City of the Future. It was known as Rusânoffsky Savòd, or simply as The Saw-mills: but as we considered this title very inadequate, we asked permission to call it Rusânova, which means

literally, the place of Rusânoff: and as Mr. Rusânoff was good enough to adopt the suggestion, it appears now on the Admiralty and other English charts under that designation. In consideration of this important service, we believe it is in contemplation to name one of the principal streets Raevsky Prospekt: and to erect in the first square that shall be built, overlooking the river, a statue of the Doctor, with his finger pointing towards the Samoyede country: and round the base the inscription—IN : TERRAM : ILLAM : QVAM : DICVNT : KÂNIN : VBI : NVLLVS : ANTEA : PENETRAVERAT : VIATOR : ITER : FECIMVS. A.°D.ⁱ MDCCCLXXIV.

Castren's geographical description of the country we are about to visit, is clear and good. 'Before,' he says, 'I take my departure for the last time from this town, Mezén, and betake myself into the waste Tûndras, I will sketch some of the outlines of this wide-spread land, which I shall so soon traverse. This country is limited northward by the Frozen Ocean, eastward by the Oural, westward by the White Sea, southward by a forest region which stretches, so they say, to 66° or 67° lat. This indefinite land which represents the Mezén Tûndras, the river Petschora cuts in two halves: of which the eastern or greater half, lying between the Petschora and the Oural, is called by the Russians Bolshaya Zemelskaya Tûndra, the Greater Land Tûndra: by the Samoyedes *Aarka Ya*, meaning the same thing.

The western half, lying between the Petschora and the White Sea, is named by the Samoyedes *Njude Ya*, or Lesser Land, equivalent to the Russian Mâlaya-Zemlia. This tract again divides itself into two halves: the Kânin Tûndra, and the Timân or Tiûn Tûndra. The two last are separated, according to the official descriptions, by the river Pjoscha—according to the Samoyedes' own accounts, by the river Snopa—both rivers emptying into the Gulf of Tcheskoi. Westward, from one or other of these streams, stretches the Kânin Tûndra, as part of which the Kânin peninsula must be reckoned: while the Timân stretches east. The Samoyedes call the Kânin Tûndra *Salyè*, which is equivalent to The Foreland, and it extends to Kânin Nôs: the Timân Tûndra they call *Yude Ya*, the Middle Land—that is, the land between the Kânin and Bolshaya Zemlia Tûndras.'

'Mezén lies, by the winter road, three hundred and forty-five versts from Archangel. Like Kola on the western coast of the White Sea, so is Mezén on the eastern—the last town in the world, and the extremity of all civilisation. Up to Mezén the country is inhabited by Christians of the Russian race, but beyond that spot begins the Samoyede population, the greater part of which is given up to heathenism.'

CHAPTER XV.

Completion of our Preparations—Sail for Kânin—Mglâu—Visit to a Russian Peasant's Household—Reindeer Herd—At Sea again—The Calm that precedes a Storm—Heavy Weather and a shallow Sea—The Cape of Kanûshin—Hopeless Attempt to round it—We run for Korga—The Abomination of Desolation—Our Wigwam—Absence of Game—Narrow Escape of the Doctor—Evacuation of Korga—We approach Kanûshin again—Hopeless Struggles with the Elements—Driven back in Despair—Kanûshin Cliffs—A deserted Village—A Surprise—A wealthy Shrine—Lonely Mass—Dreariness—Merciful Change of the Wind—Insubordination of the Boatmen and superior Unreasonableness of Ourselves—We double Cape Kanûshin and sail Northward Ho—The low Coast Line—Kiya—The Land of the Samoyedes at last—Their Appearance, Features, and Expression—Further Enquiries and Plans—A Samoyede Gentleman—A vain Experiment—Reach the Mièsna River—A Quicksand—Samoyede Visitors.

AT LENGTH our pleasant visit must end: our preparations were complete: the boat was brought round, and Mr. Sharvin, with his accustomed thoughtfulness, had ordered one of the steamers to tow us as far as Masslynnoi Nôs. We laughed as we stepped into the boat, at the imposing absurdity of the boatmen's preparations. There were three gigantic casks full of provisions: three small barrels with milk, curds, and butter, and seven or eight boxes and baskets. We might have been going to winter in Novaya Zemlia instead of cruising

along the summer coasts of Kânin. Good-bye, said Mr. Sharvin as he shook our hands: *I hope you will come back.*

With raising of hats and waving of pocket-handkerchiefs we were off, the little steamer towing our boat with great speed: at the Cape we were cast loose, the steamer sounded her whistle, our men fired a salute from an old flint gun, and we were fairly on our way to the Land of the Samoyedes.

We had time to look about us. On our right lay the long low coast of Kânin, stretching out into the Northern Sea: to the left the coast, equally low, streaked here and there with snow, lost itself in the direction of the Kûloi river. Our boatmen, fine sturdy light-complexioned Russians, clad in Samoyede dress, inspired us with confidence, and we soon became friendly with them. The two leading spirits among them were named respectively Olympi and Aleximoff: but as we could never remember one name from another on an emergency, we provided the former with the name of Orloff, the familiar headland. Orloff had something in him that commanded respect. He combined in himself the two not inconsistent qualities of the vastest ignorance and the most complete infallibility: Orloff was never in the wrong, however much facts belied him, and we admired him for it. The cabin, built of wood and canvas, though restricted in size, was

comfortable: but the great and immoderate casks set the boat too deeply in the water, and we were dissatisfied. The men admitted it was not as it should be, and we arranged to spend the night at Mglâu, a small village on the river of that name, fifty-five versts from Rusânova.

The swift tide took us along with the help of the oars, at the rate of six versts, or according to Orloff nine versts an hour, and the weather was bright and delicious. Our boatmen sang and pulled cheerfully, while we idled on our cushions, musing or chatting. In the evening we entered the Mglâu river, and mooring the boat, walked to the house of a respectable-looking peasant, where we rested: the men going off to the village some versts away, to engage a larger boat. When we were refreshed, the boatmen being absent five or six hours, we began to take part in the proceedings of the household. We assisted the young women to knead the loaves for the oven, adorning each loaf with some device, which greatly amused the simple people, and waited for an excellent dish of fish which they prepared for us. We devoured it, with black bread and new milk, by means of our fingers, for our knives and forks were in the boat. We talked in Russian, and learned as much as we could, which was next to nothing, about the Samoyedes. We asked where they were to be found, what their numbers were, what reindeer herds

they had: but we ended by knowing as much as when we began, or almost as much. Anything more grossly misleading than the information we used to acquire from the peasantry, and more particularly through the medium of Orloff, we have never experienced. Outside the window was a herd of sixty reindeer, cowering over a turf fire to escape the mosquitoes. The house was built of rough timber: indeed almost everything was of wood—cups, dishes, spoons, shovels, locks and handles. There was a noble oven in one corner of the room, and the demands upon it for cooking were immense.

There are a few noticeable characteristics of these North Russian peasants. They have a great flow of language, a greater flow of appetite, great dexterity with the axe, and have a certain courtesy in returning salutes or acknowledging gifts. They are not disobliging, but desperately slow and dilatory. At length our boatmen returned, and we found a large dry and well-shaped boat, into which we were glad to have our effects removed, cabin, flooring, and all. We found that our new boat was not rivetted or bolted together: it was sewn or stitched with osier twigs: and till we found how it behaved in a heavy sea, we were disposed to look upon it as too much of a coracle, and rather a feeble and precarious bark with which to navigate the White Sea. At times it leaked liberally and needed much baling.

We set sail again, crossed the Polar Circle in the

bright morning light, steering almost due North, and keeping well out from the coast, which is bare for miles at low water. We amused ourselves with our chart of the White Sea, mapping out our course upon it, and upon a perfect little German map of North East Europe, by the distinguished Arctic authority Dr. Petermann. The air seemed to die away, a great stillness fell upon the sea: the clouds and sea and sky became one sheet of milk, the only distinction being a creamy haze upon the water. We were sailing upon the White Sea.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free:
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.
Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down—
'Twas sad as sad could be—
And we did speak, only to break
The silence of the sea.

Orloff undertook that we should have fair weather, but we mistrusted the calm, the sky became overcast, and the clouds began to change and darken. We watched the wind ruffling the surface of the White Sea behind us: soon a streak of golden lightning, splitting the black clouds, gave the signal: and the heavens over our heads crashed and shook with the thunder which announced the wind. By a strange chance it was the Feast Day of Sainte Tranquille, in the French calendar. Our boat drove fast before the squall, and we passed

the hillocks and dreary dûnes of sand with great speed. We left Cape Mikäelovsky, and bore up towards Yasma, which we passed in the afternoon.

The wind fell for an hour, and then began to blow in heavy gusts. We moved close in by the shore, and saw on the beach an encampment of Samoyedes, with a few of those anthropophagists and a herd of reindeer. In the evening we were off the mouth of the Tschîsha, and making for Cape Kanûshin. Later in the night the wind blew with still greater violence, disturbing us much in our cosy cabin, and as we neared the Cape it increased to a gale.

We found ourselves at three in the morning coasting along a steep earthy cliff, rising to the height of a hundred feet, and covered with loose turfy moss. The snow lay in beds where it found hollow or slope enough: but the outline showed a succession of landslips which must be fast altering the contour of the coast. At one point lay a mass of ten thousand tons, dislodged by the last thaw: at another a quantity fell as we were passing, and everywhere were overhanging masses only waiting for a little more water, or a little more snow, to hurry into the sea. Against the foot of this yielding cliff the waves of the White Sea—brown and angry enough now—beat heavily, with a sound like that of artillery, bursting high into the air in spouts and spray of mud.

We struggled round the Cape, intending to see if we

could fare better beyond it, but a verst's progress showed us that it would have been foolhardy and wanton to proceed. It was provoking, desolating: but we gave the men the signal to put the boat about, which they did in greedy thankfulness. We returned, lurching and heaving, past the Cape, now dim and indistinct with drizzling rain, and ran for Korga—seven versts away—to wait for happier weather.

We ran the coracle on to the beach, and walked up to the solitary wooden hut Korga contained. In it were four individuals, three men and a boy, who looked at us as if we had fallen from the skies: and their fire emitted so searching and pungent a smoke, that we shed tears like two waterspouts. When our crew of five followed us in, there was not room to sit, stand, or crawl. The cabin was six feet high, nine feet long, and eight feet broad: it had a small door, a small window, and no chimney. A stove of rough flat stones made an admirable cuisine. In self-defence we were driven to pitch our wigwam among a group of delighted Russians. *Hároshah*, *Prekrasnya*, they said: Capital, beautiful.

We hoisted the dark blue Union Jack on the North Pole of the tent—a small white ring in the centre of the blue denoting the Arctic Circle—spread on the floor dry rushes, our waterproof sheet, mattrasses, pillows, Ulster, pilot-coat, and rugs: dug a little trench round, and entered our new home for the first time.

Storm-proof, rain-proof, mosquito-proof: what more could a tent be? We had placed it for shelter close under the lee of the wooden cabin, which was not greatly larger.

The spectacle outside of this haven, where we seemed to have been stranded for our sins, was one of indescribable dreariness. Between us and the shore lay a reach of low brown turfy land, strewn with bleached skeletons of trees and driftwood. Away on either side stretched the shores of Kânin, patched in places with pure snow. Behind us the White Sea was thundering on a shingly beach, and away beyond the low brow of land in front of us, lay the waste and gloomy tûndras of the Samoyedes. It was a scene of shuddering desolation: the only bright feature was the spot that told of human beings, the cosy Russian cabin of grey unpainted wood, with its smoke blowing gustily away, and the cheerful little English tent, with its gay silk flag fluttering in the wind. Above these, side by side, a few yards away, stood three tall grey wooden weather-beaten crosses, like an Arctic Calvary, that looked seaward for the comfort and encouragement of mariners.

All along this coast as well as on the Winter coast of the White Sea, stand crosses with arms pointing north and south, as beacons of guidance, memorials of rescue, or monuments of some watery grave. It is a quaint and beautiful idea of the Russian mariner to erect

these crosses for his comfort in the hour of peril on the sea.

We made the interior of our tent look snug and comfortable: went out on the tûndras and gathered a bunch of pretty white maroschka flowers: hung a picture against the tent-pole, the flowers above it: and with all the most desirable appliances of travel round us, we glowed with happiness, and discussed the features of a banquet. So while the good-natured boatmen bustled about in our service, pleased like inquisitive children with everything new, the active Doctor constructed a large and genial fire a few yards away, round which he danced like a fire-worshipper, and made all ready for the sacrifice. We were too hungry to arrange more than the following:—partridge soup, sea-fowls' eggs, of which the Doctor had hunted up a handful, and with which we made pancakes—some sorrel for salad, which he had chanced upon in prowling over the tûndras—some New Zealand beef, tea, biscuits, butter, strawberry-jam, raisins, almonds, and eventually chocolate to gnaw. For intermediate drinking we had soda-water and strawberry syrups. It is a hard life, this of the tûndras—living from hand to mouth: all day long it is nothing but from hand to mouth, not knowing where we shall get our next meal, nor what we shall select for it.

In the afternoon we strolled away in different direc-

tions, the Doctor to discharge some cartridges at the shrill and clamorous little terns that hovered round his head, and I to grope for precious, or at all events precious-looking, stones upon the beach. As we sat at dinner to-day, the Doctor said: The larder isn't bad, but the worst of it is, the game doesn't come in. I said it did not, and that unless it chose to come in of its own accord, I saw no prospect of the larder's being other than monotonous. I picked up some peb-precious stones on the strand, worn and rounded by the sea, which we imagine to be of great value. Jasper is the coarsest and least costly of them. In the afternoon of this pleasant day I took three photographs, two of the tent and hut, and one of a great mass of turf overhanging the beach. The weather was still unsettled, and we delayed putting to sea.

The intrepid Doctor, it appears, had a narrow escape this afternoon. A ferocious tern, whose nest he had robbed, settled on his hat, and being, as the Doctor said, of immense size, almost carried him off his feet. In making an omelette for tea, we discovered the cause of the bird's vexation. She had been sitting upon those eggs for three or four weeks.

Twelve more weary, dragging hours passed, the North Wind blowing as regardlessly as ever: but the daylight was clear, and the evening tinges in the sky were rosy. So we lay hopefully down to rest, covered

with our coats and rugs, and fell asleep, while the melancholy wind whistled round our tent.

After some hours' sleep we went down to the beach and found the weather just as before, the chill unchanging North Wind agitating the leaden sea. We kindled a fire of driftwood and inflammable turf, had breakfast, and to relieve the dullness prepared strawberry syrops. Strolling to a friendly bed of frozen snow for ice, we saw the smoke flickering about, and to our great and speechless satisfaction found the wind had shifted to the east. So back we ran, aroused the boatmen, and in ten minutes the spot that was so full of life and human accessories, was as bare as we had found it: the baggage was on its way to the boat, and the little grey lonely hut was left to the protection of the three silent crosses.

With light hearts we put out to sea on our second attempt to round Kanûshin Nôs, and found the waters troubled and heaving. Snow lay by the acre along the coast, and the ebb tide had left the shingle glittering.

We drew up to Kanûshin, the sea rose, and at the Point we began to feel the savage force of the wind. Great breakers, broken and white with foam, straight from the North Polar Sea, came rolling in thunder on the beach: in the fierce gusts the tops of the waves were shorn off, and in drifting clouds swept over the dark and fearful waters. We struggled hopelessly for

some time among them, shipping sea after sea, and again, discouraged and despairing, put the boat round and ran before the wind, which howled triumphantly after us. We reached a split in the cliff, through which a little stream of snow water found its way into the sea, and in spite of Orloff's solemn protest that we could never climb the cliff, with difficulty landed on the boatmen's shoulders in the heavy surf.

There was no beach save at low water, and the boat was anchored thirty yards out from the cliff. Two of the men waded out, wetting themselves to their middles, and brought off a provision hamper and some rugs, and with them we commenced the ascent of the cliff. So steep it was, and so loose were the masses of clay and mud that seemed waiting only for our weight to fall in avalanches into the stream, and so soft the clay and slime were, that we more than once turned back in despair. At each step we sank midway to our knees, clogging our boots and hands with mud: and when we reached the top we were exhausted, and could hardly walk.

We proceeded to a collection of wooden huts that lay back some little way from the cliff, and to our surprise found them all vacant: one was full of sledges, in another were traces of reindeer hair and hoofs. We felt a little blank in coming upon this deserted winter settlement, but perhaps we were just as well without

the inhabitants, who could have given us nothing but what we might take now, that was shelter. We walked up to a lonely little wooden church on the cliff, beside which stood five or six high wooden sepulchral crosses. We entered it, and found in the outer chamber reindeer fur and remains of horns.

In the tiny little church itself, we were amazed to find the east wall covered with costly pictures and silver work. There were brazen lamps, and candlesticks with yellow bees'-wax tapers, and enormous decorated candles standing in them. On the floor was a little hand censer. It was evident that these were votive offerings from thankful souls who had weathered Cape Kanûshin. Some gifts were there, of rude wooden shrines and numerous crosses, carved by the mariners' own hands, and coarsely painted. On a little shelf stood a box with tapers and incense. A little reading-desk held two old missals in the Sclavonic tongue, and from the altar-shelf hung cloths or screens, which had been once embroidered cloth of gold.

We lighted the candles—perhaps twenty in all: our two companions commenced crossing themselves devoutly and praying: we slipped some silver into the iron-bound box by the altar, and one boatman lighted the little brazier and waved it before each saint as he prayed.

So in this wild lonely spot, overlooking the White

Sea, with the chill wind whistling outside, standing bare-headed, we had a silent and impressive mass. In a few minutes one of the Russians went out into the little collection of graves, and prostrating himself before the crosses, censed them: then waving the hallowed incense over each dwelling of the dead, came back into the church. There were in all eighteen pictures, and images in silverwork and painting.

After extinguishing the lights we went out to the beacon of Kanûshin, a small hut perched on a high wooden framework, visible at sea for many miles round. From here we could find no comfort: the sulky persistent North Wind blew as before, and we must be patient and submit. Then we rambled a verst along the top of the cliff, past our boat, to the creek at the mouth of the little stream Lynivoi, and here we decided to draw the boat up when the flood tide came. We drew all the larger stones out of the stream's bed, marked the very narrow and crooked channel with stakes, and set off again for the hut we had chosen for our home. We found mosses, and ferns, and Arctic raspberries in blossom—the little Arctic willow, with its one or two catkins: and the fertile Doctor, venturing into a swamp, found some wild onions upon which he browsed. He found a nest of young titlarks too, and I thought he was going to use one in connection with the other.

We made an excellent meal in our lonely hut, and waited till our effects could be landed from the boat, that we might take a photograph of Kanûshin. In the afternoon, in our loneliness, the Doctor and I took a walk away past the beacon, along the top of the cliff.

To our right hand stretched the rolling tûndras of Kânin, all brown and grey with peat and moss: in spots the dull green of the sage-bush showed where morasses lay. As we looked over the brink of the crumbling cliff, there lay in the sea a stupendous mass of land that had subsided and fallen in ruin below. I gathered a bunch of lovely oak-fern, violets, yellow heartease, and maroschka flowers: while the Doctor collected an armful of wild onions, which, after distribution among the men, made the White Sea redolent on the following morning.

In the evening the Russians brought up the luggage, having succeeded, though Orloff offered to pledge his oath it was impossible, in getting the karbass into the creek at high water. We accordingly photographed Kanûshin, and the bleak little church with its group of weird crosses, and our two dismal selves sitting on a log: then we went to bed, and the men lighted a fire in a neighbouring hut, and slept too.

At two o'clock in the morning I awoke, went out, and found that the wind had changed, the sea slightly moderated, and that a bright clear sun promised a glo-

rious day. I hurried over to the second hut and awakened the boatmen, who came out rubbing their eyes, and pronounced the weather *dôbra*. In less than ten minutes from that time, Kanûshin was evacuated, and we were trudging in single file, heavily laden, down to the creek a verst away. The men, inspired by Orloff, declared we could not get the heavy boat down into the sea, and that we must wait for the flood tide: but we were fearful of the wind's uncertainty, bade them hold their tongues, and remove everything—masts, oars, water-casks, boxes—every stick and cord that were in the boat: and eventually, after an hour's violent labour, by attaching our seven backs to ropes, hauling, straining, levering, pushing, rolling—we got the vessel down to the water's edge, reloaded her, embarked all hot and breathless, thrust out through the surf, and put off to sea on our third attempt to double Cape Kanûshin.

Orloff avoided our eyes, but we looked at him with interest. The accumulated ignorance of forty years had set its mark upon this man's brow. Like the tall crag, so often quoted—that lifts its awful form, high o'er the waves, and midway leaves the storm, though round its base the rolling clouds are spread—eternal moonshine settles on Orloff's head. We like a person who is always in the right—immovably, unpersuadably in the right, irrespective of facts or reason. We look upon such a person as above the ordinary run of human beings, and

thus the Doctor and I regard Orloff—we think—indeed we hope—we shall never look upon his like again.

The sea ran very high, but the wind had gone round to the south. For an hour we were stationary, abreast of the Point, though our boat tore through the water: and our hearts beat fast as we thought we should have to put back once more. When the boatmen felt the great breakers, and the boat plunging into them, they threw down their oars and declared they would turn back: wet and angry—Hoist the sails! we roared—the Doctor grasped an oar—I seized the helm—and labouring through the heavy driving seas and whirling current, at last we weathered this redoubtable Cape, and came sailing northwards under the coast.

Kanûshin—re-named Cape Patience—is from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high. The rest of this coast varies in height, from thirty to a hundred feet. It seems as if the whole spongy tûndra, on its soft bed of light earth, were settling down, and squeezing itself into the sea: everywhere were strange fissures and depressions. We no longer wondered at the disappearance of human life from Kanûshin: it was a place in which we would not have bought landed property. We sailed along with a fair strong wind after us, close under the cliff—nothing in sight but this dull brown wall, with the grey sea battering at its foot.

Anon we pass Molôsova, with a single hut, a church, and three crosses : and our five Russians lighted a fire in the bottom of the boat and breakfasted. I find I have written our Ruffians—our Ruffians, but it doesn't make much difference. Snow lay in masses as we came farther north, the land grew lower and lower, extending in monotonous sandhills for miles together. The wind freshened, and we drove before it, entering at length the mouth of the Kiya river. Sweeping round for miles, its right bank was white with frozen foam.

On the left shore we espied the welcome indications of Samoyede dwellings: we had at length entered the promised land. Under the lee of a moderately high sandhill, surmounted by two crosses, nestled the Samoyede village of Bolshaya—Greater—Kiya. Up the river, fifteen versts away, lay Mâlaya Kiya—Lesser Kiya.

We disembarked, and walked along the beach to the village. The tents or wigwams were, we found, with one exception, lying rolled up on the ground : the families were on the point of moving in the direction of Kânin Nôs. There were nine Samoyedes—six men, a woman, and two children—who were much startled to see the strangers of commanding presence. The tents seemed rather poor and dirty: probably these fishermen are reindeer proprietors in reduced circumstances, and bear the same relation to the tûndra Samoyedes as the Norwegian fisher-Lapps to the Fjeld

Laplanders. They had perhaps fifty reindeer only, among them. They were thorough Mongols in feature, with flat faces, high cheek-bones, squat noses with round open nostrils, oblique dark eyes, no hair upon the men's faces but a thin wisp of moustache, tawny-orange complexions, and in stature short. The effects of exposure and privation seemed to have depressed these Samoyedes: and their raiment, once handsome, was ragged and worn. In the tent, however, were better garments, which very naturally they would not use in fishing.

I had a long interview with an elderly Samoyede, and modified some of the sounds in our vocabulary. We bought a good-sized fish, which the Samoyedes caught in our presence, exchanged an English knife for one of theirs, presented the lady with a bright ribbon, and became quite friendly with them.

We questioned whether to go, as they suggested, with reindeer and sledges to Mâlaya Kiya, where there are several families of Samoyedes, or to push on with the favouring wind to Mièsna, one day's sail northward along the coast. We decided to do the latter, and to return to Kiya on our passage south, unless we found sufficient Samoyedes in the North. We had intended crossing to Sobatschja, on the Gulf of Tcheskoi in the Frozen Sea, by reindeer sledges, returning to the White Sea by the rivers Tschôsha and Tschîsha. Sobatschja is a

favourite haunt of these European Esquimaux in hot summers: but learning that there were this summer only a single wigwam and one rich family of Samoyedes there, with several thousand reindeer, we resolved to go on to Mièsna.

The Samoyedes piloted us out of the shallow sandy entrance of the Kiya. We gave them each a glass of their well-beloved vodka, and sailed out again upon the salt sea. As the canoe came out with us, attached to the side of our boat, we handed to the youngest of the three Samoyedes in it, a youth of eighteen, evidently the son of one and brother of the other, half a loaf of bread: and I watched how he would divide it. He broke it into two equal halves, and gave one half to his brother. He broke the remaining half into two, giving about two-thirds of it to his grey-headed old father, and kept the little piece that was left, for himself, poor fellow.

We found Kanûshin had not been quite void of life: the needy persevering and the impious and volatile were there, living through the weary summer days, and longing for the genial ice and snow that would bring them back their occupation and subsistence. The coast sinks as we move northward, and a tide of forty feet would submerge all that we can see of Kânin.

Kambàlnitsa shows another Samoyede village, of

fifteen or twenty inhabitants: but the wind is too favourable for us to run the chance of losing it, and we push on for Mièsna.

Apropos of Kanûshin life, we came from England elated with anticipations. We had read in a quotation from the Abbé Huc's travels in Tartary, that a mixture of tea- or I presume rose-leaves, and mercury, was all one needed to subdue the minor beasts of prey. Smear, says this enthusiast, a cord with the mixture, attach it round your neck, the insects will appear, precipitate themselves upon the cord, eat greedily of the mixture, turn red and die. We procured the paste—we proceeded all the way to Kanûshin—we smeared two cords with the mixture—we attached them round our necks—we saw the insects appear—we spread towels to receive the shower of extinct animal life: the B flats and F sharps settled on the cords—they careered pleasantly about—they tasted the mixture, and they did not turn red or die. I can tell the Abbé Huc of a remedy better than his preventive. Let him make a strong solution of alum and water, strengthen it with aromatic vinegar, add a little glycerine, and he will have a lotion worth all the tea-leaves and mercury in Thibet.

We entered the Mièsna river, and pulled up its muddy waters, failing to find the numerous tents and thronging reindeer we had expected: so remaining in the boat, and running her into a little creek, we sent

off two of the Ruffians to a Samoyede tent we descried, some versts away on the horizon, with instructions to make all enquiries, and bring the reindeer, and the Samoyedes themselves dead or alive to parley with us. We sent a bottle or two of vodka, modified with water, for we had but few bottles with us, to work their charm. Then we lolled about in our cabin, had a fire kindled in front of it for our amusement, and another in the fore part of the boat for cooking purposes.

Sitting in the cabin door as we supped, we saw the fine Midnight Sun, moving at about 8° above the horizon, and dazzling us as we sipped our coffee. The Siberian Samoyedes and Ostjaks glorify the return of the sun, after the long night of winter, by rejoicings and sacrifices. They watch eagerly for his reappearance, as Dryden's often quoted but excellent lines say:—

In those cold regions which no summers cheer,
Where brooding darkness covers half the year,
To hollow caves the shivering natives go;
Bears range abroad and hunt in tracks of snow.
But when the tedious twilight wears away,
And stars grow paler at the approach of day,
The longing crowds to frozen mountains run—
Happy who first can see the glimmering sun.

Becoming impatient after two or three hours, I mounted on the back of a boatman, to ascend the liquid muddy bank. He tottered and staggered in the slime, but I held to his back hair like a man. At last he

stopped: the mud seemed slowly to rise: and the conviction flashed upon me that he was sinking: I was driving him like a pile into the mud: planting him: he was foundering with all hands on board. Behind us was the turbid river, in front a quagmire: to decide was the work of a moment: I leapt into the mud, which rose half-way to my knees, and floundered to the bank, while loud laughter came pealing from the boat.

In two hours more there appeared our boatmen, seven Samoyedî—that is, gentlemen—and one Samoyedka—that is, a lady—in procession, with ten sledges and forty reindeer.

CHAPTER XVI.

Negotiations for Journey to the Interior—Reindeer Sledges—A Purchase and characteristic Incident—We start for the Tûndras—Our sledging Procession—Description of Sledges, &c.—Articles of Samoyede Dress—Ladies' Attire—Mièsna—Beautiful Wigwam—Cleanliness and Courtesy of the Samoyedes—Tent Life—Adroit Hunters—We photograph and mystify a Group of Samoyedes—A Samoyede Deity and Place of Worship—Idolatry—Kânin Nôs as a Refuge—Wolf Traps—Samoyede Dogs—Sledging over the Tûndras—Unaccustomed Mode of Travel—The Tûndras—Swamps and Wilderness—Surprising Qualities of Reindeer and Sledges—Difficult Conditions of Travel and keen Enjoyment—Reflections on the Reindeer—The only Land for Summer Sledging—Travelling Eastward to Koroléva—Village of Tjo͡uma—The Smallest Church in the World—A Samoyede Grave—The Self-eaters—Reflections upon Self-eating and Sentimental Prejudices against it.

We went on shore, dragged this time over the mud on a sledge by reindeer, and treated with the Samoyedes. We found there were but few Samoyedes at Torna, whither we had thought of going, and after protracted talking we arranged that we should be taken on sledges by reindeer to Tjo͡uma, a Samoyede village fifteen versts away: and thence to Koroléva, thirty versts farther as the crow flies, over the tûndras. Thence to Schoina by sledge, and down the Schoina river by canoe to the mouth, whither our boat was to go to meet us.

We purchased a reindeer for five roubles and a bottle of vodka, for we were running short of meat: and we witnessed its execution forthwith by the hands of the lady. She cut it up with great skill, and divided it into joints. The interior they begged for, and when we had given them permission, they took the whole of the intestines, ate some of them with great relish, and packed the others away on their sledges. They drank some of the blood as it was pouring warm from the quivering reindeer: they cut off morsels, dipped them in the blood and munched them: they stripped the feet of skin and gnawed at them, and they removed the stomach, making use of it as a vessel to carry the remainder of the blood. It was perhaps a little revolting, but, Cosas de Kânin, we must take the Samoyedes as we find them.

Their faces, though rather low in type, were not repulsive: the Samoyedka was exceedingly plain, and her countenance became more ill-favoured after two or three glasses of vodka. Her dress seemed to get all awry, and the sleeves to hang from her chest and back. Eventually she sat down and nodded feebly at us. Having completed our arrangements and taken two photographs, embarked the reindeer venison on the boat save what we required for a few days' consumption: instructing the boatmen to meet us at Schoina, we set out.

The sledges were driven in the following fashion :—

Five reindeer abreast, drawing a sledge to which they were attached by a thong, passing from their neck to a broad belt round their middle, and between their legs to the sledge. On the first sledge sat a Samoyede boy, holding a single rein fastened to the antlers of the near reindeer. This sledge carried a little cask of water, and food packed in reindeer skins. Next came three reindeer, fastened by their heads to the leading sledge, and drawing the second sledge, which happened to be mine. Then followed the first Ruffian, who accompanied us as a hostage, for we thought that, as likely as not, the boatmen might make for home when their exacting taskmasters were out of sight. Next came the Doctor, with a hamper and food on his sledge, then three additional Samoyedes in single file, followed by other sledges empty: lastly came the Samoyedka.

The sledges are charming things: a light body on a wooden frame-work supported on slight runners, nine feet in length, two feet in width above, two and a half at the runners. Everything tapering upwards a little, and the whole exceedingly light and strong. The guiding pole is long, perhaps eighteen feet, slightly tapering and very heavy. At one end is a round metal knob, at the other a sort of lance-head: it is no doubt employed in seal or walrus spearing in the season. To stimulate the reindeer, they are gently tapped on the back with the knob.

The men wore *mâlitsas*, *pimi*, and *samoyedkas*, as the three principal articles of the beautiful Samoyede

dress are called. The mâlitsa is a becoming tunic of reindeer skin, reaching half-way below the knees, with the fur inwards. No openings except at the wrists and collar, at both of which points the fur turns over. The outer surface is carefully tanned and bleached white, the seams being ornamented generally with a line of red, or a double line perhaps of red and blue. Over this is worn in the summer, for cleanliness' sake and protection, a covering of similar form in red or blue striped linen: and this covers all but the fur at the cuffs, collar, and border. The latter, which is called the *panda*, is sometimes lovely: stripes of grey white and black fur, placed alternately, and sometimes a little bright-coloured cloth introduced. The pimi are loose boots generally of white reindeer skin with the fur outwards, reaching above the knee, and decorated with stripes of black brown or grey fur, and often a little cloth. Under them, in winter, are worn *dorboûri* or half-boots, with the fur inwards. The samoyedka is identical with the Laplander's fur cap, and, like it, is decorated with gaily-coloured cloth, often red black or yellow. A band hangs on either side, ornamented in patchwork fur patterns: these are usually attached to one another behind the shoulders, falling over the back and reaching to the waist. In winter over the mâlitsa is worn a second one, with the fur outwards and with a hood, which is called *sovîk*. It extends only to the edge of the panda, which is still made available: and to the cuffs are attached gloves or *rukavitsa*.

The woman's dress is much gayer, but scarcely so handsome. The tunic, *pânitsa*, is closer to the figure above the waist, and hangs in a sort of skirt to half-way below the knees. The body is a masterpiece of beautiful fur ornamentation, the various shades and colours being introduced in patchwork with great taste. The skirt has three flounces of deep thick fur of the glutton, bear, or silver fox: between the flounces are gay pieces of cloth sewn in patterns. All the sewing is done with thread made of reindeer sinew, spun simply with the hands and teeth. The head-dress, not often worn in the summer over the plaited hair, is a small close fur cap. The boots and gloves are similar to those of the men.

The children are droll little copies of their parents, but not so jolly as the little Lapps: and the Lapp babies and their cradles surpass them beyond measure.

We proceeded at a swinging trot along the tûndra, towards Mièsna. In a quarter of an hour we pulled up in front of the only tent or *tjoûm*, now standing. Others were lying beside it, but the owners were starting for the inevitable Kânin Nôs. It was a most beautiful tent, large and of conical form: there were thirty slight upright poles, of twenty feet in length, standing in a circle, converging to a common centre above, and secured there by a thong passing through each of them. Round these, in a clean beautiful roll, were four great soft sheets of birch bark, softened originally by boiling,

SAMOYEDE VILLAGE

(From a Photograph)

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seamed and strengthened with thongs, and sewn round the edges with sinew cord. The effect of this cone of bright amber-coloured birch bark was beautiful: we had never seen such a charming tent.

The one which we entered was about fifty feet in circumference: the floor a carpet of lovely moss and bilberry-plant, uncrushed, and apparently almost untrodden, by the soft pimi of the Samoyedes. In the centre was a clear charcoal fire, in the white embers of which two women were cooking a diki ôûtka. A pot hung from a simple sliding framework made of wood, and what little smoke there was, ascended straight through the summit of the tent, which was uncased with bark for a foot or two. Round the tent sat other Samoyedes, at their ease upon furs, and they received us with a pleasant and natural courtesy. Everything was neat and clean, and it was surprising to compare this with the filth and untidiness of the Lapp tents and huts, in which nobody but a seasoned Laplander could breathe and live. No remains of food or bones, or traces of preparation of food, could be seen: no sickening odour of decayed meat or fish: the pots and rude vessels were clean and well taken care of. All uncleanly work was done away from the tjôûm. A Samoyede home is fit for anyone, and worth—begging our own wigwam's pardon—all the canvas tents in the world. In the winter, skins are attached to the exterior, the edges all

stuffed and packed with moss, and the interior is lined with soft fur, till it rivals a swallow's nest in comfort.

In this village were about eleven individuals, possessing one hundred and sixty reindeer. We sat enjoying the scene. All round us were the reindeer, a hundred and forty of which were being captured by the lasso, and secured for our service. The reindeer is an animal not without character, and even when tame he is not always tractable. An old officer on our Norwegian mail steamer gave us a droll account of him. He is a fonny beast, de reinbow: he lives mit de Lapps and their families up in de mountings, and they lives upon him. They eats him for meats and drinks his milk, and he draws em in de sledge: but he von't go ven he don't like, and kicks up de ground with his foots: den must de Lapp turn over de sledge on himself and vait till de reinbow change his mind. This same genial ancient mariner went on to tell us that ven he wass in Nova Zemlia to search de valros, von day dey catched a yong valros. By'm'bye op came de old valros, putted him tosks over de edge of de boat, and look about him. Den he taked hold of our old friend in his arms and dive with him, for tinks de valros he is my yong von. So afterwards he find out his mistakes, comes op again, and put him back in de boat. Good fortune follow the worthy old Mr. Olsen, and reserve him for many a long chat round the bright copper stove,

in the cabin which will ring with his drollery and hearty laughter. The Samoyedes are very adroit at the exercise of the lasso, as well as in shooting with the bow and arrow, fishing, reindeer-driving, and other necessary means of their subsistence. They skim over the frozen snow, in their long narrow snow-slides or shoes, overtaking their prey and transfixing it with spear or arrow. Their neighbours the Ostjaks, themselves famous hunters, admit the Samoyedes' superior dexterity with these weapons: and it is unfortunate that they are adopting rude uncouth flint blunderbusses, provided by the Russians, carrying a ball as large as a walnut. For in the possession of these absurdities they will forget their characteristic weapons, and the glory of the Samoyedes will have departed. A few centuries more, and perhaps donkey-carts and bathing-machines will be seen in Kânin.

I asked the Samoyedes to come and sit in a group in front of the encampment. They were very patient, and there were but few mosquitoes to distract them. They were disappointed, after the long explanation which induced them to sit, to see no result, and it was not easy to explain that the picture could only be developed in England. I wrapped it up mysteriously in a black cloth, pointed solemnly to the sun, said Ha, ha, in a hollow voice, and shook my head, leaving them satisfied, but more puzzled than ever.

The Doctor, chancing about, came upon a bleached white reindeer skull and antlers, stuck upon a stick eighteen inches in height. He broke off one or two of the points, and finding them brittle, considered the horns not worthy of carriage: otherwise they barely escaped the temptation he felt to collect them bodily. It was a god of the Samoyedes, I supposed, directly he pointed it out, for it was almost identical with the form under which the Laplanders worshipped Jumâla or Storjunkar. On the Torneå river and its islands have been found similar objects of Laplandish worship, and rude gods and idols fenced round with reindeer horns. I wished to learn from the Samoyedes themselves, and asked what it was. They said a Nôum, meaning deity.

I took a young man with me, for further assurance, and we walked to the spot, two hundred yards from the village. It was a small circular clearing in the brushwood, maybe thirty feet in diameter, and raised towards the centre, where stood the reindeer antlers. There was an entire skull, and the two fine branching antlers had evidently been chosen for their beauty and the number of the points. It was white as snow, but had certainly not seen thirty Kânin winters: indeed the staff supporting it had not seen ten: so either the Samoyedes reverence it now, and replace the support periodically, or they did reverence it within ten years. I asked the Samoyede again what it was, and he struck the horn

contemptuously with his foot. This is Yliambertje, but we worship Christus now, he said. But what was Yliambertje? I asked: and he went down on hands and knees at the edge of the enclosure, approaching the idol by crawling, prostrating his face, and kissing the ground in supplication, exactly as the Laplanders approached their god Jumâla.

As this Samoyede was not twenty years old, and as the Samoyedes know nothing but what comes under their own observation, it is pretty clear that within this youth's own life-time the Samoyedes had been idolaters, and it is not difficult to fix the very earliest date at which if at all they became worshippers of a true God. The divining drums are still in use among them, but they were not to be seen in any of the tjoûma: indeed on asking for them, they more than once showed us little brass saints, which they had got from the Russians. On one occasion in examining a box I found a rudely cut, painted figure, and by it were some objects wrapped up, that they would not unfold. The Samoyedes, in fact, appear to be in an uncomfortable transition state, half-way from one religion to another: clinging to the old, but willing to adopt the new. Unfortunately our Russian boatman was so colossally and toweringly stupid, so imposingly ignorant, that he was scarcely of the slightest use to us, and what information we got was extorted by painful efforts from the Samoyedes.

Had it been otherwise, we should have learnt a thousand interesting things about them.

I find my notebook promises to become valuable to the naturalist and the amateur of microscopes. The voluptuous mosquito, and the ephemeral black fly which we inhale with each breath of air, are here, and their corpses darken the pages: their curiosity has undone them.

The spring and autumn settlement of Koroléva is our remotest point: we could go in a few hours to Kânin Nôs, five-and-thirty miles away, but we do not care to. In another month the promontory will be worth seeing: crowded with Samoyedes who flock to this coldest point of all the continent of Europe, to seek a refuge from the mosquitoes: but at present they are only breaking up their encampments to move on Kânin, and we shall see more of them where we are. The sufferings of the poor reindeer from the mosquitoes are incredible: one deer which trotted beside me for a time, had its face and head streaming with blood, and was almost beside itself. The Laplanders call the mosquitoes *zhinoik*: the Russians *comare*: and the Samoyedes *njennik*. If the Samoyedes did not migrate northward in the summer, they would run the certain risk of losing their whole herds.

Looking out from Mièsna, we see dotted about on the tûndras, objects that remind us of home, and we

reflect sadly on our loneliness: wooden erections, in form like a cockroach, and of about the size of a horse. They are snares for the wolves, who lie in wait —and very cold waiting sometimes—for the reindeer. The Samoyede dogs are very intelligent—in form like Pomeranian or Esquimaux dogs—often white, and as often wolf colour: they come nosing about in the tents during cooking or meal times, and have to be thrust out. They keep the reindeer as well together as a Scotch sheep dog keeps his flock: indeed one reindeer, attached to my sledge behind, when he found a dog trotting reflectively behind him, strained so fearfully round with his eyes, that I thought he would dislocate them. In his anxiety he would press forward, thrusting his antlers into my ears, or the back of my neck, or his nose under my arm, and he was never at ease until the dog moved on to the front.

We left Mièsna in our old form—our herd of spare reindeer cantering in open order over the tûndras beside us, and kept from straying by two or three businesslike dogs. Away we went, seven low broad teams and the indiscriminate herd—the Samoyede or Englishman squatting on his flat sledge. In a long procession we filed away over the tûndras. Not level mossy plains, but swamps and hillocks and brushwood, and streams and pools: the reindeer trotting with their swift but ungainly step—the sledges bounding from

one great lump of peat to another—hissing through shallow pools—leaping fissures in the turf which they could barely span—tumbling on shifting mosses, which like yellow sponges floated and sank, bubbling and swaying under the light runners—tearing through brakes of sage bush, with water gurgling at the roots: rocking from side to side, climbing hillocks or dyke-like barriers, diving into streams and out again: then the delicious exhilarating gliding over soft wet level moss. We have travelled on horseback, on camels, in canoes, in karyols, in tchelégas, in caïcques, on locomotives: but we know of nothing equal to summer sledging on the Tûndras of the Samoyedes.

It is a glorious sensation: the sledges are wonderful in their aptitude for such travelling. One runner, a foot under water at one second, is two feet in the air at the next: the curved fronts buried in water, while the after ends are in brushwood: at one time the sledge is bridging as quickly as thought a stream or deep pool, and in the next instant is balancing on the top of a bank. So excellent are its proportions that rarely less than three points are supported at one moment, and the balance is preserved under almost incredible conditions. Imagine a boat leaping, rolling, and pitching in a rough broken sea, and then a sledge, lurching over a broken lumpy sea of turf and swamp, drawn by the fleet reindeer: lastly, imagine two

brown-skinned Englishmen in boisterous enjoyment, holding on tightly, to prevent their baggage and themselves from plunging into some bottomless floating morass.

How wonderfully the reindeer sped over these swaying bogs, where a man would sink in a second to his waist, and in ten seconds to his neck: how their broad elastic hoofs expanded like camels' feet. They are splendid creatures: their motion is awkward, and their rounded bodies, slender legs, bulgy hoofs, heavy mossy horns and down-hanging heads, are not pretty to look at: their bellow is exactly like the grunt of a pig, but their eyes, and dark mouths and nostrils, are beautiful. They are surprisingly intelligent and sagacious when trained, and as enduring as the Ship of the desert.

Now and then we stopped to adjust some rein or thong that had become detached, or to send a dog after some dilatory reindeer. Sometimes the trace passing between the deer's legs would become displaced, and a Samoyede would rein up with a shout, and leap from his sledge. I believe there is no summer sledging elsewhere, unless it be among the neighbouring nomads the Ostjaks, beyond the Oural Mountains: the Laplanders do not sledge in the summer—indeed their little punt-like sledges would be quite impracticable for it, and the heat in their sheltered land, where wind

rarely blows at midsummer, would be too much for the reindeer. We had our faithful mattrasses, Ulsters, rugs, a hamper containing the provisions, and the photographitchok, or whatever that apparatus should be called.

Away on all sides of us lay the tûndras, softer in outline, but not unlike the fjelds of Norwegian Lapland. We were making north-eastward for the northern centre of the Kânin peninsula, Koroléva being equally distant from the White Sea coast, the gulf of Tcheskoi, and the Mer Glaciale.

After fifteen versts of quick driving, during which I trembled for the precious box of dry plates and negatives, we reached the little village of Tjoûma. Here again everything was packed for transport northwards, and only one tent remained standing, for the shelter of the inhabitants until they started.

Hard by was a little church, of about the size of an American lady's travelling trunk, surmounted by a tiny cross. We crept inside, through a door perhaps eighteen inches wide by two feet high, and the church barely contained three people crouching inside. In it was a shrine, in a box, which one of the Samoyedes opened. On the whole this religious edifice could not well be smaller without exciting a smile. The Doctor and I do not wish to Napoleonise ourselves at the expense of travellers who have not had the same opportunities, but we think we may say with pride that we have found at

last the smallest church in the world. The vain-glorious Acerbi prouds himself—as one of his countrymen once expressed it to me—upon having discovered the smallest church in the world, viz. that of Mâsi in Norwegian Lapland, but then he never travelled in Mâlaya-Zemlia. The church of Mâsi measures twelve feet in width, six in height, twenty-four in length, including sacristy and vestibule. The reader will appreciate the hollowness of Acerbi's pretensions, when I say that the church of Tjo͡uma would go into the vestibule of Mâsi church.

Beside it was the grave of a Samoyede, headed by a triple wooden cross painted red, eight feet in height. He was the only Samoyede who had been buried at Tjo͡uma in consecrated ground: his grave was recent. Others had been interred according to Samoyede rites, but what the Samoyede rites of burial were, or what their present belief in a future state is, we do not know, and could not ascertain. For all we know, they share the faith of Sardou's French gentleman, who assisted at the funeral of his wife, and delivered a speech animated by the purest materialism, expressing his ardent conviction that he should never see again, anywhere, the companion of his lifetime. The Samoyedes reverence their dead superstitiously, and honour their memory long. The Russian Government, it should be said, protect and encourage them in this disposition, and an

offence against the sacredness of the grave has a simple punishment—Siberia: nevertheless it came to our knowledge that a Samoyede skeleton was last year disinterred and sent secretly abroad.

The Doctor had persuaded himself that the cock-roach traps were places of sepulture, the corpses being exposed and offered in banquet to the ravens and wolves, and he was much discouraged when Orloff assured him such was not the case. In the early days of the Samoyedî it may have been so, and the traps baited with babies: but that was long long ago, and a self-eater if taxed with it now would give a qualified denial. The right of property is sacred among the Samoyedes—how it became so unequally distributed it is difficult to say. Possibly the title to it was acquired like the African chief's—that of having eaten the former proprietor: and the wealthy Samoyede may have to thank Providence for an ancestor with a good appetite. This is the Doctor's theory, and he thinks highly of it.

While upon the subjects of anthropophagy and child-exposure, it may be worth while stating that the Doctor and I have never been able to see anything repulsive in the idea of the infant as food. We look upon it as more decent and more economical than the systems practised, by the ruder nations, of ridding themselves of weakly children by exposure, or by the Chinese,

who disembarrass themselves by drowning, of superfluous female children. We see nothing brutalising in the thought. The writer's brother made the acquaintance in California not a year ago, of a gentleman who affirmed that babies were excellent eating. He had frequently partaken of them, and regarded them as more tender and nutritious than rabbit or sucking pig. This Brephophagist was a well-dressed and nicely-mannered man.

A French philosopher says: Les préjugés sont les maladies de l'esprit humain: and the able Californian I have referred to, writes: 'Divest your objector of his artificial reasons, and you have before you simply a man with a prejudice.' We would add in his words: 'The hope of enlightening those who live in the shadow of ignorance and are wedded to a prejudice, is sufficient of itself for those to persevere who are at all able to establish the truth. It is indeed important that the poor should have more and better food, but scarcely less necessary that a great nation should judge all things dispassionately, and abstain from hazarding strong opinions as mere prejudice may prompt: yet in England we see the curious spectacle of a whole people clinging obstinately to an antipathy for which there is no cause, and declining either to examine for themselves, or to admit the validity of the researches of others. National prejudices should not exist in great countries, and it seems to me the duty of everybody to

assist in putting them down.' This enlightened man is not altogether just to this country: he cannot have studied the Staffordshire newspapers, where it is established beyond a doubt that in that district at least, the conventional habits of food are occasionally departed from.

The Doctor and I do not wish it to be understood by this that we are advocates for the resumption of brephophagy in our own country, but we are wishful and anxious to remove whatever objections might exist towards this or other practices by the Samoyedes. We suppose we have tried most things ourselves. We have eaten horse, shark, bear, kitten, snails, moss, cockroaches (the latter inadvertently), spiders, and mosquitoes. We have sucked the ink from pens, and gnawed the varnish off pencils. We have swallowed plum-stones, buttons, tooth-brush bristles, and powdered charcoal. We have consumed powdered box-wood unjustly described as mustard, brickdust under the assumed form of chocolate, arsenic and plaster of Paris under the shallow disguise of bonbons; and we suppose we shall never forget the taste of our little brother's ear, of which we partook when a misunderstanding once arose in the nursery. We will not deny too that we have entered practically into the customs of the Samoyedes, and devoured both uncooked reindeer and live fish, and partaken of blood. Having placed ourselves therefore we hope beyond the reproach of either partiality or prejudice,

we shall be happy to hear the intelligent experiences of practical brephophagists like ourselves: but not to admit mere sentimental objections entertained by anybody else. We are disappointed, accordingly, when we hear hasty and ill-considered condemnations of the Samoyede custom of eating raw meat and drinking warm blood, and when we know of people squeamish enough to denounce the dainty Yakût, who can eat forty pounds of raw meat in an afternoon.

Filthy beasts, said an English gentleman to whom I related a few Samoyede traits on my return to England: and when he had said so, that gentleman went home, and swallowed oysters alive, ate game in so decomposed a condition that it would offend a Samoyede, and cheese so decayed that a Samoyede dog would avoid it upon the tûndras. Then he took a glass of brandy, and thanked Goodness with a shudder, that he was not as those Samoyedes were. On the whole we feel inclined to respect the habits of the savages fully as much as many of our own in the matter of food.

We read in Virgil of the Scythians and other races, who drank milk thickened with the blood of horses, and of the Spaniards who rejoiced in the latter as a beverage, and if that was nineteen hundred years ago, we do not see that it alters the circumstances. The Poles themselves, or Sarmatians, as they were then called, ate commonly the raw flesh of horses: and Pope Zachary, in

reply to a request for a papal prohibition, says, The Fathers have ordained nothing on the subject, but the advice I myself give is, that meat should not be eaten till it has been smoke-dried or boiled over the fire. In the year 1000 A.D. the Icelanders, upon embracing the Christian faith, passed a law that the nation should be baptized and adore God, but continue to expose babies and eat horse-flesh. Again, when the French army retreated from Moscow, the soldiers killed their horses, and ate their flesh while it was yet warm. The Laplanders, very sensibly, value the warm blood of the reindeer: and indeed certain Dutch navigators, who were compelled to winter in Novaya-Zemlia, saved themselves from scurvy, and kept themselves alive, by this valuable article of food.

In the summer of 1868 a well-known traveller and the writer came to Merzagîn, a small village in the western province of Algeria. We regarded it with a close and sympathetic interest, for here alone of all the Kabyle villages, the inhabitants had had the moral courage, during the terrible famine of that year, to avail themselves of the means of nutrition afforded them by their offspring. Once more: it is barely a month since we read in one of our matter-of-fact English newspapers of the adventures of a castaway boat's crew. We need recall none of the appetizing details, but it is evident that the surviving mariners adopted the only course

remaining which would enable them to avoid one common fate.

We will not pursue further these reflections, which have been suggested by our presence in the country of the Self-eaters, but content ourselves by saying, in the words of a writer already quoted, that if enough has been written to induce one Samoyede to return to the customs of his ancestors, the object of this chapter will have been more than fulfilled.

CHAPTER XVII.

Repose in a Samoyede Village—Magnificent Weather—An Accident—Passage of the Koroléva River—Koroléva and the Heart of the Kânin Peninsula—Important Village—Preparations for Departure of Inhabitants—Chilling Reception—Samoyede Apprehensions—Abortive Photographs—The Korolévans—Stray Mongols and relative Characteristics of the Samoyedes, Ostjaks, and other Siberian Races—Justifiable Suspiciousness—Emigration of the Tribe—Impressive Sight—An Extensive Reindeer Proprietor—A vanished Village—We continue our Journey—Cautious fording of the Koroléva River—Bewildering Course — Sledge-driving — Baby Reindeer — Lassoing Reindeer—Encounters on the March—Cross the Schoina River and establish ourselves in the Village — Prevailing Cleanliness and friendly Courtesy of the Samoyedes—Varieties of Dialect—The Samoyede Nobleman and the Russian Boor—Well-bred Hosts—The Strangers from afar—Superstitions of the Samoyedes—A Lesson in Dignity—Perilous Voyage in a Samoyede Canoe—Reach the family Boat—Visit to a Samoyede Village—Habits and Welcome—Stores replenished—Southward bound — Kanûshin in a Calm—Swarms of Whales—The wide and lonely Sea—The Midnight Sun.

In the tent, which we entered with the salutation Torôvo, were three women, a sick baby, two or three children, and four men. The tent was rather smaller than that at Mièsna, but the people were well-to-do. They had a herd of reindeer near the tjoûm numbering two hundred. They were to our surprise drinking tea from some clean-looking cups, placed on the ground,

and asked us to join them: however, as our Samoyede drivers looked thirstily at the tea, we gave way to them and made our dinner independently. As usual the little wreath of dove-coloured smoke passed upwards through the summit of the tent, and the atmosphere was pure and fresh. The sick child had evidently no skin disease or fever, so did not disquiet us at all. The carpet, of lichen and reindeer moss, was strewn with furs and skins, of which we made use without scruple.

We spent some hours here to allow the reindeer to rest and feed, and then, with a pleasant good-bye from the Samoyedes, set off at the same speed over the tûndras again. It was a delicious day, clear and sunny, a cool breeze driving the mosquitoes away, except when we came to the jungles of sage-bush—or what we know only as sage-bush. This grows at times to the height of four feet, with its roots under water, and here our enemies would pounce out upon us. At one point my sledge, after taking a prodigious leap over a gap, came to grief—one of the runners breaking—and flung me head over heels on to the soft sponge-cake of turf. The Samoyede driving in front of me leapt off his sledge, and with a few clever twists of a thong repaired the weak point, and away we sped again.

After some hours of sledging through swamps and wastes and noiseless solitudes, we came to the nastiest place we had seen yet—a narrow river, with a swift

current, swampy banks, and deep enough to cover the reindeer and sledges. After consulting, and sounding for the shallower parts, the leading Samoyede removed his sack of provisions, clothes and skins, and flung them across the stream—took his place standing, upon his sledge, drove the timid and startled reindeer with loud shouts into the water, which almost carried them down with it—they swam and stumbled and struggled through, and rushed up the steep bank opposite. Next the chief Ruffian went over, and received my rugs and mattrass which I tossed to him. I took my place, like Ajax erect upon his chariot, holding the box of negatives in one hand, and steadying the hamper with the other. With a shout the Samoyedes behind me drove the snorting deer into the river, which flowed round my ankles, the sledge skipped and bumped and swayed, and finally tore with a crash up the opposite bank. How I was not hurled with a somersault into the stream, and how every glass in the box was not shivered like biscuit, I do not know. Next came the Doctor's turn, he clinging on hands and knees to the sledge, and the three remaining Samoyedes brought up the rear.

We skimmed along the slushy wet banks of the Koroléva, through sage-brakes, and emerged on the open tûndra in sight of the village. We were surprised to find only one, of a number of tents, standing. The rest were lying rolled up, among a crowd of sledges and a

large herd of reindeer. As usual the tribe were on the point of leaving for Kânin Nôs, and it is evident that if we had been a week later, we should have had to go on to that Cape before we found a single Samoyede. As we drove quickly up we saw the Samoyedes—men, women, and children—hard at work, packing and loading sledges with provisions, tent-poles, pots, boxes, packages in skins and birch-bark, water-vessels: in short, Koroléva bodily was decamping.

I passed through the crowd of Samoyedes, who were not too busy to come and look at the gigantic stranger, and entered the tjoûm, to prepare some glasses for a photograph, and to see if the negatives were reduced to a fine powder. I noticed an absence of the attentive courtesy that the other Samoyedes had shown us: they seemed almost displeased at my entrance. I fancied they had no inclination, in the bustle and pressure of their occupation, to waste time in ceremony.

I heard them ask our boatman who and what manner of men we were. He said Englishmen, who had travelled four thousand versts to visit them. This was no satisfaction: they said we were, they supposed, a kind of German, (O Doctor! O our country!)—a race notoriously ill-disposed. In vain Orloff assured them that we were in no way connected with that newly-fledged Empire, but with the Empire that Rules the Waves—an Empire that in case of necessity would enfoncer any other Empire: that

we were Conservatives in politics: had the poorest opinion of the Russians' treatment of the Samoyedes, a complete distrust of Russian policy, and that we would not believe the Russian Government on its oath. It was all useless: we had to swallow the pill of mistaken nationality, and the disappointment of seeing them hastily take their tent to pieces. I begged them to wait for a few minutes that I might photograph them from a distance, but this only increased their haste. They said we Germans were notorious for our dirty habits and for carrying cholera about, and they would have none of us.

I commenced dejectedly to take a view of Koroléva, but as the Samoyedes came and removed what objects were facing the camera: a few patient reindeer, blurred by figures passing in front of them, will probably be the whole result. This was a new feature to us in the Samoyede disposition, and did not agree with anything we had hitherto heard of them.

These Koroléva Self-eaters had rather more of the gipsy cast of feature and complexion than we had seen elsewhere: their faces were fuller and rounder, and their eyes almost all black. It was evident that they were in good circumstances: their faces were not drawn and pinched by exposure and privation, and they had every appearance of being well fed.

These stray Mongols extend, under the name of Sa-

moyedes here: Koréli, in the district of the Zeriâna, south of the Petschora: Ostjaks, from the dismal Obi eastward: Yakûts, Tûnguses, and Koriaks on the Yenisei and Lena rivers: to the borders of Northern China: and with habits and modes of life only varying to suit the altered conditions of climate and existence.

The Ostjaks, for example, who outnumber the Samoyedes twice over, have tents only slightly different in form to these tjoûma: they have occasional herds of reindeer, they are expert in the chase, whether of birds, beasts, or fish: they use the bow and arrow in hunting the white fox and other furred creatures: they have diviners or Schâmans, as the Samoyedes have, or had, Tâdibes: they dress in furs decorated with sewing and in colours: their females, however, unlike the Samoyedkas, wear veils.

Next in position come the Yakûts, far more numerous still, using tents in form like those the Samoyedes are packing on the sledges before us: their type of countenance is described as being purely Mongol: ingenious and quick-fingered like the Chinese, keen of sight, and good hunters, nomads like the Samoyedes, with herds of horses in place of the reindeer, hardy and enduring as these horses, which are all in all to them: extravagant eaters, like these reluctant hosts of ours.

Another step takes us to the link required to establish the relationship with the Chinese, the Tûngusi:

they are Mandchous proper. They dress in skins, dwell like the Samoyedes in bark tents, take their religious inspirations from diviners: and, like the Samoyedes and the Chinese, have tawny yellow complexions. The Russian Government class them according to their resources, as horse- reindeer- or dog-Tûngusi. Finally, the Koréli and Koriaks, who are comparatively insignificant in numbers, have characteristics strongly Samoyede.

The clever and persevering Castren, who fell a victim to his enthusiasm for studying the Siberian nomads, classes them as of Finnish race: but I think it is impossible to doubt that the great tide which drifted these tribes along with it flowed from the East, from China in fact. Laplanders, Samoyedes, Ostjaks, Yakûts, Tûngusi, Mandchous: I don't see how anyone can fail to see the sequence. The first are Europeanised Samoyedes, the last are the ruling race in the Celestial Empire. Types of feature, habits of life, characteristics of disposition, are all in relation one with another: and if the Lapps are Finlanders by origin, the Chinese are Finlanders, or the Finlanders are Chinese, too—which even the patriotic Castren would hardly have pretended. The sounds of the language are certainly in some few cases Finnish, but in others Russian and Lapp, and very possibly Chinese. The very costume of these Samoyedish races is Chinese—the mâlitsa, its collar and sleeves, each with a border, and with the single modification of

closeness to suit the climate: the loose boots with rounded peaked fronts, and in the case of the women, even the pigtails.

If the doubting reader will give himself the trouble of drawing and cutting out a little mandarin hat in paper, and of attaching it properly to the head of the solitary Samoyede figure upon the title-page, I think he will give in at once.

Of the Samoyedes proper there are three tribes, numbering in all, however, only twelve thousand individuals. Of their former wealth in silver and precious stones none now remains to them: the systematic plunder and oppression of their neighbours have reduced their means to simple reindeer herds. They even displayed sometimes impatience and suspiciousness when I asked to be allowed to examine some simple silver ring or ear-ring: and no wonder, poor people: they have had a long and bitter lesson in dishonesty, and they cannot tell now whom they may trust. This feeling, and a superstitious dread of cholera, acquired during the terrible plague which ravaged Northern Russia not many years ago, were the whole secret of our inhospitable reception here.

By this time the Samoyedes had completed their packing, and nothing remained but to secure any stragglers among the reindeer. To see the men or boys running swiftly over the tûndras—lasso in hand, coiled in two coils—flinging it dexterously after the evading

reindeers, suggested the Pampas of South America and the Indians: only the Samoyede has an easier mark in the branching horns of the deer, and seldom misses two consecutive casts of the lasso. On our way to Koroléva we changed reindeer twice, and each time the operation of lassoing and making fast thirty-five fresh reindeer, occupied about twenty minutes.

There were in all at Koroléva something less than forty Samoyedes, and thirty-five or forty sledges. I counted up to thirty-five, and then they got into motion and confused me. The teams of reindeer attached to the sledges numbered in all one hundred and fifty, and the entire herd, a Samoyede told me, over five hundred. This is not a great number relatively: there is a single Samoyede at Sobatschja who possesses five thousand. Some little girls that ran about here and there were charmingly dressed. They wore the pânitsa with gay colours and bushy fur flounces, pretty boots of white fur, with patterns: the hair braided in two plaits behind, hanging to the waist, and ornamented each with a row of brass buttons or pendants, which glittered and jingled as they ran. The Samoyedes are said to show but little courtesy or respect to the fair sex: but from what I saw, I should say such is far from the case. Indeed men, women, and children were all respectful one to another, and seemed on the best of terms. I never heard an angry word or saw a

coarse action among them. I do not believe either that polygamy is recognised among them, as is stated.

The tribe soon began to assume a definite order of march: the sledges were collected in three files, each sledge with its team of reindeer and male or female driver: the great herd was concentrated and sent on in front, and slowly, as we watched them, the Samoyedes began to defile on their journey northwards. First one sledge, with four other sledges attached to it, trailed off over the tûndra: then a second link of five: then another, until, like the children of Israel, the whole tribe—men, women, and children, homes and herds—were in motion, disappearing one by one over the brow of some rising ground, and vanished upon their slow and toilsome journey to Kânin.

The forty miles, one told me, would take them many days. It was an interesting and impressive sight, and we were glad to have witnessed it. When they had gone the blank seemed so great, that we stood and stared vacantly at one another. One family, not Korolévan, remained near us as we bivouacked, and supped on the site of Koroléva, vacant now until the autumn, when the Samoyedes move southward again.

Accompanied by the family—consisting of a woman, a boy, a baby, and two pretty little girls—with twenty reindeer, we set out upon our next day's journey at a good swinging pace. Shortly we fell in on the tûndra

with three other Samoyedes and a hundred reindeer, who joined our march, making quite a formidable body. We skimmed rapidly over the wet tremulous mosses, through the mud and water, till we came to the bank of the Koroléva River.

I was unwilling to run the risk a second time of breaking the negatives, so directed the Samoyedes to draw the highest sledge into the river, detach the reindeer, draw in a second, and leave it in like manner. Then with bundles of osier or sage-bush we should have a regular bridge. This had not occurred to them before: but they acted upon the suggestion, and we went over one by one, with very little more than wet feet, and without a jolt. I forget how the baby came over, whether it was tossed across, or indeed whether it wasn't overlooked altogether: I don't recollect seeing it again during the journey.

On we went again, making more for the southward and westward, as the pools and the rivers permitted us. Winding round them in a bewildering way, at times it did not seem as if we could either avoid or traverse them. Sometimes we came to gaps and streams so deep that the reindeer stumbled and fell backwards, entangling their poor slender limbs under the sledge, and having to be dragged out by the hoofs or horns. Then we would have to make a desperate jump to avoid entanglement too.

Our route lay towards Schoina near the coast, about fifteen versts due south of Mièsna. Our speed was considerable, and the distance from point to point was much increased by incessant détours. I suppose we averaged fully five miles an hour, for the reindeer kept almost constantly on the trot: and this over country that human beings, or other animals than reindeer, could not traverse, is exceedingly good. I took the place of our chief Ruffian—to whose sledge the Doctor's was attached—assumed the rein and the long guiding pole, and telling the Doctor to close his eyes and hold on, rather fancy that I brought the teams over the ground in good style. At the after-end of this pole was a lance-head, used otherwise for spearing fish and walrus: and but that I ran a certain amount of risk of blinding and impaling the deer whose heads were attached to my sledge behind, or of harpooning myself when I jogged my reindeer or flourished it about, we posted along without risk or drawback.

To my own sledge had been tied a pretty snow-white young reindeer, who would put his nozzle into my hand or pocket, and eat biscuit with gusto: and whenever the sledge started off, my poor little friend as the cord tightened, emitted an involuntary grunt as he was lugged off his feet, and, half strangled, was towed after the sledge. Once his strength failed him and he fell: the Samoyede hauled him up by the neck

from the bog in which he had stumbled, as a boy would lug a kitten, smote him, and set him in the right path again. In another hour he fell helplessly again, when he was taken up, whipped like a child, not very severely, tied in a kind of knot, and lashed to the seat of the Samoyede's sledge.

Now and then we would stop to lasso fresh reindeer, or to make some new disposition in the order of march. When the reindeer is lassoed he has to be played like a salmon, for fear he should snap the lasso, or drag, as he easily could, his captor after him into some bottomless morass. So he must be manœuvred into a shrimp-like form, when his neck seems to lose its strength, and once fixed so, he is powerless and docile. We again met a body of Samoyedes on the march, and stopped to chat with them. They were eight in number, with two hundred reindeer, and of course taking the direction of Kânin Nôs.

After a tortuous, and one would have said almost impossible journey, we drew up in the evening on the banks of the Schoina river, opposite to the village, whence a canoe with a Samoyede boy put off to meet us. The village at this point contains three tjoûma, over the tûndra a mile or two away are three more, and at the mouth of the river, six miles off, are a seventh and eighth. Such is the curious and straggling village of Schoina, with perhaps forty-five inhabitants.

We were invited to enter the chief wigwam, and found a party of nine Samoyedes, well-mannered and pleasant-looking, sitting in expectation of a fish supper which two women were busily cooking. We were invited to the most comfortable part of the tent, and made ourselves at home upon reindeer skins. The tjoûma are far from being the filthy noisome hovels described by winter travellers. In the cold season they are of necessity less cleanly and airy, for the dreadful cold and snow-storms prevent the use of water, and at times even exit from the tent. The indigent among among them are dirty as Laplanders, but that is natural. In this instance, as in general, we associated with the Samoyedes in perfect comfort, and asked the women to prepare dinner for us. They boiled for us some reindeer flesh, and while we sat toasting some black bread for ourselves, other Samoyedes dropped in one by one, till the circle round the large tent was quite complete. They took care not to crowd us, and if they saw or thought we were inconvenienced, some of them would retire outside. We talked with them, making use of my vocabulary, and took a long lesson in the language.

There are two or three dialects among them in the Kânin Peninsula alone: as certain expressions of the Mezén Samoyedes, understood by those at Kiya, were here quite, or almost, unintelligible. It is easy to understand that a nomad race, scattered as they are,

living so much apart, and with no written language, naturally fall into forms of speech peculiar to themselves: and that in the centuries their people have passed in these solitudes of Siberia in Europe, dialects have sprung up sometimes startling in their dissimilarity. The language is spoken quickly, and is rather indistinct in sound, so that I often made two or three repeat phrases for me, and wrote down from the lips of the most articulate speaker. I often found that girls or women, with their shriller voices, were more readily understood. They were pleased with the vocabulary, and a little surprised: they only failed to grasp a few of the sentences I repeated to them.

These Samoyedes were dignified, well-mannered, and, I feel certain, honest and respectable: indeed, in spite of their experience and intercourse with their neighbours, they retain much of their natural dignity, composure and self respect. If they are less genial and unsuspicious than formerly, it is because they are well justified in being so. There is no comparison, in my mind, between the Russian boor and his so-called savage neighbour the Samoyede. To the sordid meanness and greediness of the former, the poor Yellow man never did and probably never will condescend.

It was a pleasant meal for us, squatting in the tent on skins among the good-natured Samoyedes, and reddening our hands or faces in roasting the bread or

biscuits. The Samoyedes had a kind of soup or mess, half transparent, in a shallow copper pot, from which they ladled mouthfuls in turn : some sat cross-legged, some reclining on their elbows, and the women supped from the same pots as their lords and masters. We told them we were Englishmen, who had come from goodness knows what distance to see them and their country, and they were very pleased. They had never seen any of the persevering nuisance, the English nomad, before, and seemed not so much disappointed as the prejudiced Korolévans. They will tell their grandchildren how two eccentric strangers of huge and vast proportions once came, upon reindeer sledges, dressed in long tight black boots and rough coats, wearing veils like Ostjak women, and how they went away again without burning the tents, or destroying children, or even stealing anything.

These people have a curious superstition about the bear, a creature they much respect. In killing one, they rarely fail to cut the claws off his fore-paws, lest when next they attack one they themselves should lose their lives. Consequently it is a very rare thing to find claws on the fore-feet in buying a skin : and if they are there, it may be taken for granted the bear was not killed by a Samoyede. We brought some bear hams and skins home with us, and they had all been stripped of the claws.

We rested here all night, and in the morning before leaving, I took a photograph of a group of a dozen and a half individuals, who were much amused, but wanted to see the result. The little village, with the clear gentle light bathing the birch-bark tents, the fishing-nets hanging up to dry, the glancing river, the cranky little canoe drawn up on the turf, and the group of gaily-dressed Samoyedes, sitting, standing, or crouching round the front of the tents, were picturesque and interesting. We bought a large white Siberian salmon—delicious, as it afterwards proved—which had been caught in the Schoina an hour before, and a number of smaller fish, to make soup for the boatmen.

There was a little Samoyede boy, standing among a number of his playfellows and elders. As I took a handful of bright silver out of my pocket, the little fellow held out his hand. I drew myself up and looked at him: I thought a Samoyede never *begged*, I said. He hung his head, and looked sadly afflicted when I gave his companions each a small coin. I gave him one, however, by-and-by, and we took leave of Schoina, with very pleasant impressions.

We embarked on a second branch of the river behind the village, in a little rickety leaky unsafe dug-out, propelled by two Samoyedî, while a Samoyedka kept baling vigorously to keep us afloat. We ran here one of the most absurd risks of our journey: neither the

Doctor nor I were half awake, and sitting back to back, one could feel the other nodding, and would jerk him, in agony lest he should lose his balance and capsize the canoe, as a single oscillation would have done.

At length—it seemed hours—we arrived alongside of our comfortable vessel, and after bidding our pirates (whom we found fast asleep on our mattrasses and pillows) light a fire in front of the cabin, we strolled away to the Samoyede wigwams that lay sheltering behind some low sand-hills. The family were asleep, for it was still early in the morning: and unlike the Laplanders, who sometimes remove their reindeer garments only when they are worn out, these ex-anthropophagists slept in their skins, I mean their own skins, covered with either mâlitsas or rugs. The father and mother had a striped linen curtain dividing their part of the tent from the other, and in the centre were the dying embers of a little fire. The top of the tent of course was open to the air, and the atmosphere was clear and healthy. They awoke, threw their mâlitsas about them, and with great courtesy bade us come in, that they might light a fire and cook us breakfast. They showed us two lovely little red fox cubs, that a dog was bringing up, and seemed sorry when we were obliged to leave.

The boat was soon loaded, water and provision-casks replenished, and we put out to sea. A slight breeze came, after a few hours of pulling, and I sent the men

to sleep while I took the helm. Then the tide ebbed, and we cast anchor in the shallow sea, and had our lunch. The Doctor and I had a good nap in the afternoon, and roused ourselves as we came abreast of Cape Patience in the calm hazy afternoon. There was no ripple on the sea, but round the point the tide ran in a rough whirl—a maëlstrom, in fact. No wonder a north, north-west, or west wind makes Kanûshin formidable. In the stream there rolled and wallowed a number of whales: behind us were others, others in front, and out to seaward we could see their great black bodies and spouting fountains: in fact they swarmed here. We wondered why the Archangel fishers never came here, as this afternoon alone would have enriched them.

It became a clear and glorious night, and I enjoyed steering while the Doctor and the boatmen slept. Looking behind to the North, the White Sea stretched away, perhaps to the shores of an undiscovered country, and losing itself in the starless sky. There was no sound on the sea but the murmur of the water against the schooner's rudder: the solemn midnight sun was gliding along the Northern horizon: it was very still and impressive, listening to the quiet music of the sea.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Korga Reefs—The Journey from Tchîsha to the Gulf of Tcheskoi—Samoyedes at Tchórnaya—Sunday upon a calm Sea—Dissatisfaction and a Quarrel—Reach the Northern Limit of Trees again—The Njess River—Mglâu—Reindeer and Siberian Salmon—Difficulty of Navigation on Kânin Coast—Joyful Return to the Mezén River and Rusânova—Hearty Reception—Plan for reaching Archangel—An additional Member to our Family—A Russian Wolf—Journey to Sjomscha—Negotiations and Disappointments—The Samoyedes again—Mosquitoes—Purchases—Abandon the Sjomschan Boatmen in Despair—The North Russian Peasantry; their Rapacity and Suspiciousness—Our last Evening at Rusânova—Set sail for the Kuloi River—Incident in Natural History—The last of Kânin.

We passed Kanûshin Beacon, then the point where we had been carried off through the surf and had struggled up the cliff, then the mouth of the Lynivoi where we had toiled and sweated to drag our boat down to the sea: we had seen so much in the meantime—all seemed a sort of dream that had happened long long ago. We passed Korga Reefs and could see the faint grey little hut lying back away from the beach: then I joined the Doctor in our snug cabin. In the morning we were off Tschîsha, at the mouth of the river of that name; a small village containing four houses, a *tchesòvnia* or church, and a perfect plantation of crosses.

We have heard no point more disputed, even here in the Gulf of Mezén, than the conditions of crossing by this channel to the Gulf of Tcheskoi, twenty-two miles eastward behind the peninsula. One authority says the tide flows each way, meeting in a little chain of lakes midway, transit by boat being only practicable at high water. Another says the tide flows constantly from Tcheskoi into the White Sea, making Kânin in fact an island: and a third asserts that there are two rivers, with a common origin in the little lakes, flowing with swift currents respectively east and west. I can only say this, there is no rising ground or hillock midway, there can be no rapid stream therefore from the lakes: the shore here is flat and low, and at high water the tide must enter. The fact is, I think, therefore, that there are two slow tidal rivers—the Tschîsha and Tschôsha, flowing from the same source, one west and the other east: and the Doctor and I are willing to back ourselves to cross by boat from the White Sea to the Gulf of Tcheskoi in twelve hours. While it was our intention to cross to Sobatschja we were a good deal exercised to learn the facts of the case, and from all we could gather from these wise men of the North, the journey across was either one occupying two or three days, or altogether impracticable, according to the imagination of our authority.

In an hour more we pass close in shore by Tchôr-

naya, where we see sixty or seventy reindeer and a few Samoyedes on the beach. It is a lovely Sunday morning, and we are gliding upon a glassy sea. We are a little dissatisfied with these tardy boatmen of ours: in the last twenty-four hours they have only made fifty versts' progress—two versts and a quarter an hour: all they will do willingly is eat, and I tell them so bluntly in Russian. We have rather a rough scene on board. I accuse them of sleeping and idling, when they were under a promise of working steadily whenever the wind should fall, for a handsome consideration we had offered them. They bounced about in the boat, flung their oars down, stormed at us, swore imposing oaths in Russian, said we were what the Doctor fortunately couldn't understand, or there might have been blood shed on board: they threatened the Isprâvnik, we threatened Mr. Rusânoff. I declared they should not have a kopeck beyond their pay, not a drop of vodka, and this exasperated the Muscovites beyond description. Fifty versts in twenty-four hours, I said, scornfully—two versts an hour—fine boatmen, indeed! They said sullenly it was easier to sleep and eat in the cabin than to pull even two versts an hour. At last the easily-roused passions of the Russians abated, peace stole like twilight upon the troubled scene, and we were friends again in half-an-hour. They profited by the lesson, however, which was all we wanted.

I might have dwelt a good deal more upon the personal vexations and discomforts of our life in the boat, but neither the Doctor nor I care to associate such recollections with those of our journey, more than is unavoidable. These boatmen, for example, whom we had to depend upon for little services, were of such exceeding dirty habits that any trouble was preferable sometimes to employing them. For a week together they would scarcely wash their hands or faces, so that we shrank from allowing them to clean our plates, cups, or cooking vessels. Then the fires which we would have lighted on board, either for cooking or for warmth, would, when the wind fell, or when it blew in our faces, reduce us to the degree of suffocation that precedes the separation of spirit and body: the tears would stream from our eyes, and in despair we would feel that either the fire or ourselves must go overboard.

Worst of all was the case of the water-casks. Imprudently, foolishly, insanely, we had forgotten to examine the means of drawing the water from the casks: and when we saw the boatmen produce a long tin tube, with a canister-shaped enlargement half-way up: when we saw them insert one end in a cask, the other in their mouths, and then draw, our hearts sank within us. We had no tap, no straws, no india-rubber ball even. We could not turn the casks over for fear of losing the water, which was precious, and the fearful

alternatives remained of drawing the water up ourselves through the boatmen's tube, or of letting them draw it up for us. Once we ran short of water, owing to some blunder, and the whole of one broiling day the Doctor and I lay panting with our heads over the gunwale of the boat, and our tongues hanging out. We never knew the luxury of washing either our plates, our forks, our handkerchiefs, or ourselves, in fresh water: perhaps it was not reasonable to expect that we should.

Reader, ask yourself whether you have ever attempted to shave with sea-water. Have you ever knelt bare-headed in an open boat in roasting sunshine, in front of an electro-plated spoon, which you have stuck into some crevice of the gunwale in the childish expectation that it would serve as a mirror? Have you then endeavoured, while you felt your brain slowly fermenting in the sun, and the mosquitoes stinging you wildly through your jersey, to remove the evidences of two days' manly growth from your chin, by means of razor, soap, and cold salt-water? Have you for variety's sake essayed to crop your hair with a penknife, and can you look back upon either effort without emotion?

Have you ever reached that stage of indifference at which you make no account of the winged insects that have darkened your soup or strewn your plate, but drink and eat straight through, removing nothing? Have you ever in self-defence drunk your coffee

through a mosquito veil: and if so, can you wonder that the Doctor and I, after habituating ourselves to such conditions of life, have hesitated to exhibit ourselves much in society since our return to England.

We were vexed, too, with the vain and hungry curiosity of these boatmen. We could not bring out a pencil, penknife, button-hook, revolver, watch, or book, but they would pounce upon it with open eyes, and ask, *Shto shtoït v'Anglia?*—What does it cost in England? I would often shrink from calling their attention to the Doctor, when he would go to sleep in the sun and snore, with his mouth wide open, for fear they should ask me how much he would cost in England. No one will blame us, under the circumstances if we became disingenuous, if we departed from the truth in attaching a value to our articles of property. We think we may say that those untutored boatmen will return home with minds enlarged, and with more expansive views regarding property in England, than they entertained when they set sail with the Doctor and myself.

We passed Yasma, the tide not permitting us to enter: then Njess (or rather the mouth of the river, the village lying fifteen versts from the sea), where was the northern limit of trees in Kânin—mean and emaciated firs only. Njess was the first point at which the Russians stretched out a hand to the Kâninsk Samoyedes,

and the overture took the form of a vodka manufactory, which sowed the seeds of intemperance and depravity among a people of pure and simple life. It attracted great numbers of Samoyedes, who exchanged costly skins for the accursed drink. Six years later it was removed to Sjomscha, and replaced by a mission and school, which are now neglected. At the same time little churches were built, one at Pjôscha on the Timân tûndra, and one on the River Kolwa in Greater Zemlia, across the Petschora. This is the extent to which Russia has participated in the moral advancement of the Samoyedes.

Rather late in the evening we came to Mglâu again, where we had a noble meal of reindeer flesh and the white Siberian salmon, *njelma*. I mention this and other meals in no spirit of sensual enjoyment, but as a record of what proved practicable under circumstances of rough wild travel: the Doctor and I confess to having good appetites, but we are not gluttonous.

The coast of Kânin, from Mezén to Kanûshin, has a singular, and to us, I admit, an unforeseen difficulty of navigation. The tide recedes over the almost level beach for miles and miles: ten miles in places are left as bare as your hand: and as it is impossible in sailing to scramble for the open sea twice in every twenty-four hours, we have to allow ourselves to be stranded, and wait for the return of the sea—often three or four hours. Beyond Kanûshin northwards, as well as from

Rusânova to the westward, is deep water, and no such drawback.

After a comfortable night in the saloon, we find in the morning we are moving tediously against the tide, which eventually forsakes us, and leaves us on a sand-bank for an hour or so: another short time, and we are skimming up past Sjomscha, on the swift flood-tide. We can see Masslynnoi Nôs, and Tolstoi point beyond which Rusânova lies: we see the big ships' masts, then the saw-mills: and with faces mightily browned and burnt by the Kânin sun, which has hardly faded since we began our voyage, we jump ashore to receive the most hearty and kindly of welcomes.

Mr. Rusânoff, as we had guessed by the Russian flag floating from the house, had arrived from Archangel, and we had come up through the ships with our Union Jack flying arrogantly from the mainmast head. We had become so familiar with farewell and other demonstrations during these journeys, and such, as an old traveller writes, are the weakness and foolish vanity of human nature, that in reaching Rusânova on this occasion, we were sensible of some disappointment in not hearing any reports of cannon.

These good gentlemen our hosts were unwilling to hear of our leaving on the following morning, as they had arranged a picnic to Masslynnoi Nôs in one of the little steamers: but knowing the delays that we believed

after bitter experience to be inevitable, we had to determine to leave on the following morning. The Kânin voyage, representing a distance of seven hundred versts, had been on the whole so satisfactorily carried out, that I had already made overtures to our boatmen to continue the voyage round to Archangel, three hundred and sixty versts. The land journey of four hundred and eighty versts in the hot and dusty month of July, with the abounding mosquitoes, we hesitated to face; a sailing vessel, with the contingency of fourteen days' passage, would be undesirable: and it occurred to us as a fortunate inspiration, to go by a strongly-manned boat, round the coast, just as we had gone up and down the lonesome coast of Kânin. Only there was no Kanûshin here, no phantom tide that vanished out of sight; then after reaching Cape Intsi, we should be in the track of steamers or ships, any one of which would gladly pick us up, and the boat could return to the Mezén. Our hosts were a little startled at the idea of the open boat, but we had grown wise in our own eyes, and dissuasion was useless.

Our Ruffians abode at Sjomscha, a small village fifteen versts across and down the river Mezén, and they would give no decided reply till they had talked the matter over at their firesides, so I followed them across, having no confidence in their resolution: Mr. Illyn, a kindly musical little officer of Customs, living,

as everybody here seems to, in the hospitable open house of Mr. Rusânoff, volunteering to take me across in his boat.

Mr. Sharvin has made me a present of a young wolf, a month old, as a souvenir of Kânin. He is an orphan now, having been abducted with three little brothers and sisters from his home, during the parents' absence on a matter of business. He is a most diverting little animal, by name Pimi—a Samoyedish corruption of Pigmy—and for all the world like a large-headed, wide-mouthed, good-natured puppy, and yet a regular wolf all over. At Rusânova is a huge goat, with a shaggy coat and patriarchal beard: when Pimi sees him, he tries to fly at his throat and drag him to the ground. The largest dog appears, and Pimi flies at his throat: he would endeavour to do the same if it were an elephant or an emu. He rolls and plays when he is in a good humour, like a heedless puppy, and will be a charming playfellow on the voyage home.

Mr. Illyn and I set sail for Sjomscha, leaving the Doctor to pack and arrange our personal effects, and the comforts with which Mr. Rusânoff and Mr. Sharvin loaded our reduced hampers—cognac, Château Lafitte, and cigars, being a few of them. Our chief Ruffian was in the bosom of his family, in a large clean wooden house: he declared his personal willingness to go if his companions would go too. I sent him off to see, while

his wife gave us milk and tchâi. They declined to go: Kânin and English discipline had been too many for these freshwater sailors. They were not going to sail again with the headstrong terrible Englishman, who seemed never to sleep when they wanted to idle, whose stony eye was always upon them, and whose voice startled the drowsy mariner at the helm when the boat was straying from its course. I was anxious that Orloff, whom I knew to be an honest man, should come, and when he heard the terms I offered, he hastened off to seek for men and a boat.

We went to take a photograph of the Samoyede village, while he was making his arrangements. The tjôuma were five in number, the inmates poor and dejected-looking; about eighteen of them. Two tents were covered with skins, but ragged and shabby: one was patched with a worn-out pânitsa. Poor people, the invariable bottle of their elixir vitæ brought them out with alacrity, and they sat in a row in front of our tent. I was too sorry for them to attempt to group them, for they were literally alive with mosquitoes. Some sat like statues, others covered their faces with their hands, and sat through the terrible two minutes and a half in mute agony; one little child in a sovîk, in despair turned the hood round, and was photographed so. I gave them some silver, which greatly contented them, and two bottles of vodka.

We went to the house of a respectable villager, and had tea, biscuits, and milk. His clean bright room was worth looking at—more like a shrine or sanctuary than a mŏujik's home. Along the walls hung brass triptychs, silver-framed Christi, saints and virgins, embossed silver figures and plâques, paintings on wood and enamelled metal. This is one of the most striking features in the Russian peasants' houses. Such objects abound: no room is without its Penates: indeed a peasant entering a room in the dark, crosses himself before the Christ or saint he knows to be hanging in the corner.

I bought a white reindeer skin for the Doctor, an old blue enamelled silver cross for myself, and went to find Orloff. This gay and festive trifler having met probably with some discourager, now entertained the belief that the expedition could not be managed: he could find no men nor a good boat. Where were there men and boats? Twenty miles away, at Mezén. Would he go by this tide to Mezén and engage both? Yes, he would. So I waited patiently for an hour, when he returned to say he had reflected, and fancied a boat could not be hired in Mezén: it must be bought. Then buy one, I said, and I will pay for it. This was sufficient, and I sat uncomplainingly for another half-hour. It transpired then, from information he had received, that there would be neither men nor boats at Mezén. Where were there boats and men? At Dolga Schelje,

thirty miles from Rusânova. Would he go to Dolga Schelje, engage them, and go with us to Archangel? Yes, he would. So we went to find some reindeer horns, going back to Orloff's to start. This hyperborean Fabius had mentally evolved some further idea, and hauled off, as a sailor would say, once more. He could get no boat to go to Dolga Schelje.

I could not help respecting the man's unbounded truthlessness. Come with us, I urged, to Rusânova: we will go by to-night's tide to Dolga Schelje, buy a boat, engage men, pay them twice what they ever earned before: you shall have twice what they receive, a handsome present in money when we reach Archangel, and the boat itself into the bargain. He ran to his house, we waited five minutes, the evening was coming on, the tide was already streaming up the river: I saw he was playing fast and loose, and followed Mr. Illyn into his boat in despair. I am ashamed of these people, he said to me: I will take you by to-night's tide in my own boat to Dolga Schelje, and we shall find honester people there. I bethought me of the good decent men who pulled us down the estuary of the Kûloi on our descent to the sea, and rose like a trout at the proposal.

This day's experience at Sjomscha was, I am sorry to be obliged to say, characteristic of the universal disposition we found among the North Russian peasantry. I have no hesitation in saying that this part of North

Russia, I don't mean physically, is the most impracticable and impossible country for travel in the whole of Europe. The delays and the obstructiveness that one has to face everywhere are heart-breaking: they all originate in the people themselves, in their duplicity, obstinacy, and greedy cunning. The fondness of these boors for money, their griping eagerness to obtain it, the tenacity with which they cling to it, their keenness and rapacity, would shame a Jew and astonish a Maltese. And yet their stubborn and incomprehensible reluctance to conclude an engagement, even when, as I have mentioned above, it would remunerate them far beyond their wildest expectations, is hard to realise. No trust or confidence is shown to anybody: always money must be paid in advance, always a few miserable kopecks more, always endless and exasperating talking, before the simplest arrangement can be made. Bribed as they were from point to point, our boatmen wouldn't work. I was a taskmaster all the while over these idle children of Israel, and became weary and depressed. The Doctor and I speak of these boors with that uniformity of expression and constancy which the Athenian philosophers used to applaud in young men.

I came for the second time to Russia, with too genial an impression of the peasantry: it has vanished, and in its place remains a picture of greed and duplicity. They are poor, a Russian gentleman said to me:

So are the Samoyedes and the Laplanders, the Norwegians and Icelanders, who because they are poor are content with little. The North Russian peasant loses what would be a fortune for him, by his sordid yearning for the uttermost farthing: with an extravagant imbecility he loses an imperial in striving for a pitiful kopeck. I do not generalise after the experience of a single place: but everywhere, with close and searching observation, it was the same: at each station along the route, each ferry on the rivers, in each peasant woman who had fowls or eggs to sell: at Pinega, at Dolga Schelje, at Sjomscha and Mezén it was the same spirit that we found. Yet I believe them to be strictly honest, and though we had been put upon our guard by a Russian gentleman, we freely left our effects among them wherever we might be. The strange part of it was too, that in their own homes, whatever rough hospitality they had to offer seemed ungrudgingly at our service: they are not ungenial until it becomes a question of money, and then their whole soul seems to rise in yearning for the beloved object. There is one significant fact: their own educated countrymen do not speak well of them.

It was eleven o'clock ere we reached Rusânova, finding our host and friends at dinner, which they had postponed on our account: and it was definitely arranged, in spite of Mr. Rusânoff's hospitable objections, that we should leave with our worldly goods in Mr.

Illyn's schooner for Dolga Schelje at the commencement of ebb-tide, in about four hours more.

Pimi has eaten a pig to-day—Mr. Sharvin said to me. It was true: the little droll, careering about the place, had attacked, defeated, and eaten a young pig, and he presented a replete and stuffy appearance when he was brought in to join the rest of the luggage. No further proof was needed that Pimi was a wolf of parts, and it only remained to take precautions for the security of the Doctor's life on the voyage.

We left this most hospitable of houses with many regrets and many kind farewells, and glided away down the Mezén river, on our way to the Kûloi. Behind us was the familiar coast of Kânin, stretching away into the shoreless sea, which faded and faded, and finally sank out of our sight, probably for ever.

CHAPTER XIX.

Dolga Schelje—Fortunate Renewal of an Acquaintance—Parting Salute—Bivouac by the Shore—Excessive Suffering from Mosquitoes—Snow and Ice—Unaccountable Tides—A fair Passenger—Koida—Gallant Resistance to female Wilfulness—Cross and re-cross the Polar Circle—Morjôvets Island—An Arctic Scene—Dead Calm and Gale—Cape Vôronoff—Swift Voyage—Our Wolf—Overtaken by a White Sea Mist—Disaster to the Cooking Apparatus—Put out to salute a Steamer homeward bound—A Bathe in the White Sea—Sight Mŏudiuga Lighthouse—The British Flag—A friendly Scotchman—Towed by a Ship—Enter the Dvina again.

We made merry in our cabin for an hour or two, in defiance of the humming mosquitoes that haunted it, and slumbered until we entered the Kûloi river, towards noon on the following day. We met, in a little boat, the very fisherman, whom with his family we had known on a previous visit, and as we had parted on the best of terms he took off his hat and waved it in delight. Mr. Illyn knew him already, and at once hailed him by his picturesque name of Chirôki. Nikolai Nikolaievitch, he shouted from his boat in reply, What can I do to serve you? My friends want, said Mr. Illyn, to sail within three hours for Archangel, with a good boat and six boatmen. *Seytchass*, *seytchass*, they

are *dobri gospoda*, Nikolai Nikolaievitch, and I will take them to Archangel myself. He undertook to provide a boat and men, and to start with us by the ebb-tide within three hours, which for this part of Russia was something inconceivable and unparalleled.

Seated in a comfortable room in a peasant's large wooden house, we had breakfast. The room contained as usual numerous objects of worship, and several peasants brought triptychs and crosses to sell to us. I chose three old silver crosses and an early Sclavonic MS. Bible, which gladdened my heart, and at four o'clock we set sail for the mouth of the river, thirty versts away, we proceeding in Mr. Illyn's boat for companionship, till we came in sight of the sea: and here we took leave of this worthy little man, who had done us out of pure friendliness a service which cost him both fatigue and inconvenience. We ran up our Union Jack, and he saluted with a revolver we had left with him as a souvenir, till we were out of sight and out of hearing, and had rounded the point to the westward—Perétchni Nôs.

As the flood-tide came very powerfully, we cast anchor, and sent some men on shore to light a fire and cook their food. We cooked on board, but could scarcely eat for the hungry unendurable swarm of mosquitoes. They tumbled in their eagerness into our soup, scalded themselves in our tea, crept under our veils and stung us while we drank. We have seldom

found them worse than here: the breeze from the White Sea did not even disperse them, but drove them to shelter in our cabin. Trial, however, has made phisophers of us, and we are prepared at all points.

Without careful equipment it would have been idle folly to attempt the journey to the Samoyedes: indeed we needed much experience, not only of rough travelling, but of deceptive and unaccountable people, to make our way. It was simply impossible for us to carry an interpreter or guide, and essential to know enough of Russian to make every enquiry and express every wish. The journey was impracticable, as we made it, for more than two: as each of the most important means of travel, tchelégas, boats, and tent, contained two only. Lapland was child's holiday-making compared with it. With every effort suggested by past experience, with stubborn perseverance and sublime obstinacy, we barely succeeded.

The breeze off Cape Perétchni made it a difficult matter to administer our yashitchok. We put it into the box to shelter it, but the spirit ran out, and the apparatus was a vast sheet of flame. Getting objects out of it was a kind of life and death snapdragon, which we don't mean to have on board again. Chirôki Chirôkovitch, in his anxiety, upset the box, the spirit ran in forked and hissing tongues of flame among our pillows and clothes, our little flimsy wooden cabin caught fire:

on the whole we think very little more would have lost us our boat.

We pass beds of frozen snow on the beach when we get into motion again, washed but not melted by the cold White Sea waves, and send men off with hatchets and the water-casks to fill them up with ice. We round Cape Abrâmoff next morning, making scarcely any way against the heavy tide. The tides in the White Sea are a study, and a very unprofitable one to the impatient traveller. On the same straight line of coast—Southern Kânin---the same flood-tide will at Tschîsha sweep vessels northward, at Yasma southward, at Njess again northward, and so on. We lay abreast of a point this morning for three hours, though the sea was like a lake, the tide was not flowing, and the men were pulling with all their strength. We might have been tugging away from some loadstone rock like poor Sindbad's, or sailing in an enchanted boat. I thought Koida, of which the low white marl cliffs were in sight, would never come nearer. The boat seemed held between two points, like Mohammed's coffin, in suspense: we put an anchor out, and the boat floated lazily round, stirred by no visible current. I seized an oar and flung myself on to one of the thwarts to encourage the men, but the hot sun made me capitulate. At last slowly and imperceptibly the boat began to move forward, and we could see Koida three miles to our

left, on the mouth of the river Koida, a hundred versts from the Kûloi.

We had a passenger on board—a lady, who had seized the opportunity, which was a rare one, of our sailing by Koida, to take passage with us. She took an oar too now and then, and pulled like a man. Beyond us, right ahead, lay a point running three versts into the sea, for which I steered, feeling disinclined to remain longer in Koida Bay than we already had. It was unchivalrous, and the fair Koidene came aft to remonstrate with me. Madam, I said, you will, I regret, have to go three versts on foot from the Point to reach home, but if I take the boat to Koida we shall have three versts to go and three to return. She was discontented, and went and flung her oar down. One of the boatmen sulkily took her part, and said I ought to steer for Koida. My friend, I said, If you open your mouth again I shall leave you at the Point too. As he wanted anxiously to go to Archangel, this was too much for him. Directly the woman came again, grumbling. Madam, I said, if you are not contented I shall steer for Cape Vôronoff. This was thirty versts away, and the lady was startled into silence for a few minutes. As I kept the boat's head pointing mercilessly to the headland, true to the logical character of her sex, which having once formed an idea, clings unalterably to it, she could not resist one more

abusive remonstrance. I said, Madam, if you speak again, we shall sail direct to Archangel. This stupendous threat silenced the enemy effectually, until we reached the Point, when as she was stepping on shore I put two roubles into her hand, her higher feelings were aroused, she thanked us eloquently, and wished us *tchas slivoi poutch*, bon voyage. As we lay that night in the bottom of the boat listening to the roar of the sea, our bosoms expanded with pride at the reflection that we were the only travellers on record who had successfully encountered and paralysed an abusive lady's tongue. We congratulated ourselves, too, that we had not gone out of our way, as we had to tow the boat for four hours against a streaming tide.

Near Cape Vôronoff we came upon the Polar Circle, and recrossed it again without difficulty very shortly. We sighted Morjôvets or Walrus Island to the northward: came past huge beds of snow on the beach, worn and undermined by the sea, and towering twenty feet in overhanging shelves above the boatmen's heads, while they trudged along with the tow-rope, making a noise on the snow under foot like horses munching.

The sea at Vôronoff lay as calm as if asleep, but we had become so familiar, by constant scanning, with the signs of the weather, that we only prayed the gale which we felt was coming, might be from the North. In an hour it came—the North Wind sure enough—

and we hurried southward on its wings, our boat whirling along like a feather on a duck-pond.

And now the storm blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck us with o'ertaking wings,
And chased us South along.
With sloping masts and dripping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow,
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head.
The boat drove fast,
Loud roar'd the blast,
And Southward aye we fled.

It was noon as we rounded Vôronoff: at four o'clock, in spite of the ebb-tide, we were off Olényi or Reindeer Point, and scudding towards Intsi Nôs: on the point were a Samoyede tjoûm and a herd of reindeer. Our boat, stout and seaworthy, rode like a sea-mew upon the drifting waters, our snug little cabin creaked and complained, and through my small window I could watch the strife of the grey and gusty White Sea.

The boatmen were in great glee, for we had promised them ten silver roubles if we should make good progress to Intsi. At two o'clock in the morning, as we call it —rather gratuitously, seeing that 2 A.M. and 2 P.M. are both alike—we rounded the stormy Cape of Intsi, followed by the gale, which for our special help blew more from the N.W., and drove us rapidly down the coast.

We have two wolves on board—Pimi and one of the foremost boatmen. This latter is the more hungry and dangerous-looking wolf of the two. He has a gaunt, imperfectly-constructed countenance, with shaggy hair shading his eyes. When we eat, as we have occasion to every few hours, the Wolf lays aside his oar, and, sitting upon his haunches, glares at our food and ourselves till we scarcely know which he covets. When we hand him the plates to wash after each encounter, he clutches them, and precipitates himself, like an old maid upon a piece of gossip, on the fragments—bones, skin, salt, pepper, no matter what—and devours them hastily. This makes us very uncomfortable, as we have hardly time to withdraw our hands from his teeth's range, and our knives and forks have narrow escapes. We think of making them fast to the bulwarks with cords, and then if he does swallow any, we may recover them without cutting his head off.

There is a pale-eyed, lean, bloodless old man on board, whom we know as the Orchid. At Dolga Schelje he diligently endeavoured to sell me a brass enamelled Christus, and not succeeding, he had the perseverance to bring it with him in the boat, on the chance of my being sea-sick and unable to refuse anybody anything. In the fulness of my heart, on rounding Intsi, I bought the Christus, and a radiant peacefulness stole over the old Orchid's countenance.

To-day gloom has overspread our household. Pimi chanced across our beautiful salmon, a present from M. Illyn, weighing about fifteen ℔a., and had the misfortune to partake of one-half of it before he found that it was intended for the cabin table. The little creature made us laugh, for he appeared distended like a football, and barely capable of breathing or moving his tail. Master Pimi doesn't dine again for the present.

We sailed along close in shore: I was at the helm, not daring to trust the boatmen to steer; for behind us and to seaward was a heavy white mist, and I did not want to lose the land for long together in this sea of unaccountable tides.

Now and then the sea fog swept over us in a damp white curtain: we saw nothing but the boat driving over the seas, and I steered by the sound of the heavy breakers bursting on the shore. We were content with a cold breakfast, because the wind blew so heavily, and because the Doctor, having lighted the cooking-lamps in a haphazard heedless fashion, had melted one of the lids and effectually prevented the yashitchok from functioning. Had this imposing disaster to the friend that had accompanied us through Lapland and the Samoyede country occurred earlier, we might have perished from want or cold food on Kânin's joyless shores.

In the afternoon we sighted an outward-bound steamer, which we saluted by dipping the Union Jack

and firing a gun, to the surprise of the stranger; and afterwards, the wind having abated, the Doctor and I went overboard, and wallowed like two seals in the White Sea. We were recalled hastily on board, as an alarm was raised: Pimi had mistaken the Orchid's leg for food, and fastened his teeth into it. He was detached with difficulty, and to his great disappointment.

The tall distant lighthouse of Mŏudiuga came in sight, towering over the low wooded coast line—we had run three hundred and thirty versts in fifty hours. The wind was bringing along with ourselves a number of vessels bound for the Dvina. Presently we were overhauled by a great, swift-sailing, three-masted schooner, the Zephyr of Spey, Banff. As she was tearing past, I ran up the Arctic Jack, and asked her captain if he would throw us a line. Certainly, said this good-natured seaman, and hauled up into the wind a quarter of a mile ahead, to wait until we could come up with him. Then he threw us a line, to which we made our boat fast, and the ship set sail again. The sensation was beautiful. The long sharp vessel shot through the water like a knife, and with the power of five hundred horses. She left no tumbling, broken wake like a steamer: there was scarcely a wave behind her, though going at a speed which would distance most steamers. Have you anything to drink on board? sang out the captain. A little claret, we said, but

there is hardly enough to offer you. I don't mean that. Look out! he roared, and his log-line came overboard, with several bottles attached to it containing beer and whiskey. On our heels came a fast-sailing Norwegian brig, the Lesseps, and at one time we thought M. de Lesseps was going, like his distinguished namesake, to take the wind out of England's sails and laugh at her. However, the Zephyr came first, and secured the only remaining man in the pilot-boat.

We sailed for five miles at full speed up the broad shallow central mouth of the Dvina, and cast anchor, waiting for the turn of the tide. Have you knives and forks on board? asked our kindly Scotchman. Yes, we said. Then look out again! and down came a bucket full of good things—salmon, biscuits, tea, and many others, which the captain's wife had prepared, and which we ate with energy in our cabin. We had but a very small souvenir to send up by the bucket in acknowledgment—an old Russian cross. By-and-by a tug steamer made its appearance, and as the Zephyr meant to trust to her own wings to reach Solómbola, we thought it better to transfer our boat to the stern of the tug, and then went on board and slept. When we awoke we were off Solómbola.

CHAPTER XX.

Choice of Steamers—A Disappointment—The Solovetsk Islands—Quartered in the Club—Ivan the Terrible—Photograph of the Samoyede Village—Our Consul—The Merchants of Archangel—Sunday—Morning Service in the Cathedral—Unsatisfactory Condition of the Lower Classes—An Old-Russian Festival and Costumes—Reverend Sufferers—The Khiva Expedition—Are articled to the Steamship Coumoundouros—Costliness of Furs—Good-bye to Archangel.

It had seemed very much like getting home when we found ourselves once more comfortably in Rusânova—but here we were a great step nearer still: our disappointments and worries at an end at last—no more posting or boating or camping, no more unequal struggles with the elements—our object achieved, our self-respect saved, our peace of mind restored, we would go quietly home under the honest English flag.

We rowed to each of the steamers in succession that lay in the harbour, exciting considerable sensation among them and among the fleet of ships lying at their moorings, with our little cabined boat and its Robinson Crusoe-looking load. The Doctor and I are none of those travellers who go about endeavouring to glorify themselves by depreciating others: at the same time we must admit that our self-esteem was gratified by the

evident impression that we made here, and we could not resist drawing a favourable comparison between ourselves and Columbus. We esteem Columbus as an individual and as a traveller, and we respect the courage with which he crossed the ocean in his little ships. At the same time we cannot help feeling that if Columbus had been asked to go and discover Kânin, and to sail half round the White Sea in an open boat sewn together with willow twigs, in doing so: he would have said, Not for Columbus, or something to that effect. Besides, it is fair to recollect that if Columbus only continued steering straight for the West he was bound to come to some continent: whereas if we had gone on steering due North we were not bound, as far as we know, to come to anything at all.

One steamer was loaded to the water's edge: another seemed to have a broken back: a third, the Coumoundouros, was a fine large vessel, but not sailing for a week. However, there being so little choice, we embarked a part of our effects, including Pimi, upon her, and then pulled up to Archangel. Unfortunately enough, while coming up the main channel of the river, a capital steamer, sailing for Dundee, had gone down by the Maimouks Channel and put out to sea: we raced down to Solómbola on the chance of hearing that she would take further cargo beyond the bar, but found that she would not do so.

A second disappointment was to learn that the Solovetsk steamer had sailed for the Monastery on the previous day, and would not leave the island until we should be on our way home. As we had looked forward to visiting Solovetsk, we felt sadly discouraged. Still, when we reflected that a few days' stay in Archangel, a few in Solovetsk, and plenty of assurance, were alone required for the production of ever so long a book about these interesting Islands, and an exhaustive account of the sects and faiths of Russia, we felt that our imagination would fail us woefully if we could not do justice to a description of the Monastery on our return to England.

We offered the captain of a little Swedish steamer sailing for England, three hundred roubles to leave us at Solovetsk, which would have taken him only a hundred and fifty miles out of his course: but as he was unable to do so, we resolved to squander the money in Archangel upon old silver crosses and pictures. We had meant to travel overland to the capital of the Tsars, and thence, viâ Poland, or Riga and the Baltic ports, to England: but we had had enough of Russian posting to last us for some generations, and would not face the nine days' journey to Petersburg.

With Mr. and Mrs. Birse we found the same cordial and friendly welcome, and were soon deep in a relation of all that had befallen us. We found, too, a large and interesting packet of letters from England. Mr.

Birse arranged that we should have quarters at the Niémetski Club: and after a few matters of business, such as the discharge of our upright worthy boatmen, we found it was late in the day. Mr. Birse dined with us, and we played billiards upon the hard wooden table, with balls as large as oranges, that made the room vibrate when they entered a pocket, and the windows rattle when they caramboled. We were established in a large comfortable room over the ball-room, and were daily aroused by a rugged-featured and præterhumanly sharp boy, who wore a frock coat and top-boots, and bore the name of Ivan Ivânovitch.

On this second morning, escorted by Ivan, we went out to the Samoyede encampment, a couple of versts from the Club. The oppressed savages were asleep, but Ivan the Terrible ferreted them out one by one, and lugged them into a group as I directed. These Samoyedes are very poor, and live mainly upon charity and the fragments or refuse of the abattoirs: still their tents are not uncleanly, and they were personally more approachable than a fjeld Laplander. We took several photographs, and as owing to the oppressive odours that pervaded the swamp upon which the tjoûma are pitched, the Doctor and I ran the risk momentarily of taking typhoid fever, we trust the results will do us credit. I mesmerised the needy Samoyedes with a silver 25-kopeck piece, and when a

muscle or eyelid moved, feigned to put it in my pocket —with excellent effect. Poor people, when we bestowed upon each of them a bright silver coin, their eyes glistened with pleasure.

The rest of the day was spent among the silversmiths—disembarrassing ourselves of the 300 roubles that the Swedish captain would not have. We dined in the evening at Mr. Birse's: indeed the demands we made upon the time and patience of this kind-hearted lady and gentleman were unceasing. Mr. Birse in the summer months has hardly an hour he can call his own: the constant flood of English vessels and the equally constant visits of exacting and troublesome captains are a tax upon him from which there is no escape: and a year or two ago it was gravely contemplated to reduce this post to a Vice-consulate. There are few harder-worked consuls in Europe, and withal few so amiable and obliging. We know of gentlemen so exalted from the possession of a small official cap with lace round it, that to be admitted to their presence is a privilege, to ask them for letters which you were foolish enough to have directed to their care, is presumptuous. We know, too, of one consul, in a city hard by the site of ancient Carthage, who saw an English gentleman in his house once or twice a day for a week, without offering him a cup of coffee—and this in an Oriental city.

The Archangel merchants are said to be proverbial for their hospitality, and it is pleasant to hear that they are so, for they have the reputation of being very keen in business. In Solómbola, we are told, it requires a very sharp man to make a living: but we have hardly a right to repeat it, for all the experience we had was of a single gentleman. He lent us a mattrass under the guise of friendship, and afterwards charged us its full value for the loan of it. At the Club in Archangel we met several pleasant gentlemen, and played billiards with them. The Russian game is coarse and clumsy: without steam- or hydraulic-cues no ordinary European could hope to make a ball travel after contact with more than three cushions. The cues are made of infinite numbers of slices of wood glued together in sugar-candy or harlequin patterns—very interesting as examples of cabinet-work, but for billiards absurd.

With regard to the humbler classes of Archangel society—shopkeepers, droshky drivers, boatmen and so on—we are obliged to say that a more rapacious and overreaching class of people we never met. One has to bargain for the very necessaries of life, confectionery for instance. A certain boatman followed us for a mile, importuning me for twice the sum we had agreed upon, I am proud to say without success. He tried the

Doctor, who very good-naturedly explained to him in broken English: No money, not got money, no dienghi, I no captaine, I no have money, O go to Blazes. Eventually he had to be thrust out of the Club by Ivan the Terrible before we could sit down to dinner.

This avenging boy would arouse us every morning, and before we had a chance of even brushing our hair would march sternly into our room with eggs and coffee. This next Sunday morning he had us up and off to the cathedral by nine o'clock, which was supernatural: nobody but Ivan son of Ivan could have done it. As we walked along the wooden pavement we could hear the solemn boom of the bells of Peter's Church, and made our way into the crowd of moûjiks and pilgrims that thronged the body of the cathedral. The bishop, gorgeously clad in robes of cloth of gold, with a mitre sewn with pearls as large as hailstones, sat in the centre, on a stool, facing the altar: the popes and acolytes seemed rather to pay servile worship to him than reverence to his holy office. They kissed the three fat soft fingers, which he affectedly waved in benediction—the Old-Russian benediction was given with two fingers only—knelt to him, bowed, crawled: everything, from the bishop to the humble cringing assistant, seemed hollow and theatrical. The long-coated rough-haired peasants stood and bowed and crossed themselves, without comprehending a word of the Sclavonic in which

all holy books are written and all sacred services conducted in the Russian Church.

What an imposing absurdity, when I am told that not one educated Russian in ten can read or understand Sclavonic. The Arab, at all events, can listen to his Korân if he cannot read it, and he knows that it tells him to be honest, devout, hospitable: but the Russian, as a rule, cannot read his Bible: his is a religion of forms and ceremonies: and it is easy to understand the ignorance and superstition of the lower classes. The Russian Government are jealous of their secular education, lest they should eat of the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil, and want to govern themselves: and the clergy, lest they should come to prefer some more direct means of communicating with Heaven than the Church affords them. And so State and Church together make themselves responsible for the low intellectual and religious condition of these masses and millions of human beings. Lazy, greedy, and deceitful, they are allowed to develop these qualities unchecked, when almost any Russian gentleman is an honourable example of what they are capable of becoming with training and education. I cannot help thinking that we shall one day see a break-up in the system of Russian social and religious existence, and the cataclysm when it does come will be a frightful one.

We left the cathedral far from pleasantly impressed

with its sounding brass and tinkling symbolism, and came back to the Club to lunch. Then under the guidance of Mr. Birse's faithful servant, we set off in a boat for a village a few miles away, over the Dvina, where there was to be a gathering of peasantry in their Old-Russian costumes, from all the country round. Five thousand of them or more, sometimes attend this annual festival: in the present instance we found a rough wooden village in a rich plain, a high wooden church with green cupolas and a belfry, but no happy peasantry as we had pictured them, in boisterous enjoyment round a maypole. A few idlers were strolling about, and eating nasty Russian confectionery which was hawked about in baskets.

We waited for six hours, and then said the whole thing was a fraud, and that we would go home wiser and sadder men. We said it was just like Russia. We were starting sadly and wisely, when our servant pointed out a group of the happy peasantry, advancing to the sound of music. They began to arrive from all points of the compass, heralded by four brass bands, who made the evening hideous and the dogs bay in the neighbouring villages. In the centre of each group were one, two, or three peasant women, dressed as Margaret of Anjou might dress upon the stage. Gowns of stuff sewn with gilt thread, caps of high turban form, also in the same rich material, and thickly sewn with

glass gems and pearls. They strutted solemnly with their hands folded in front of them, holding a square-folded mouchoir, and alive to the sublimity of their position. A crimson damask skirt and high shoes completed their appropriate and not theatrical attire. These groups paraded slowly about among the spectators for some time, but did not increase in numbers: there might have been nine or ten of them in all, and as it was rather a deadly lively sort of amusement, we turned away to go home.

We asked with surprise how the rendezvous came to be at nine o'clock in the evening: the reason given us was a notable one. We heard it from an English-speaking Russian gentleman, and are not drawing upon our own vague and floating acquaintance with the language. The priests (popes they call them), in carrying the image or Christus from house to house, had been made more than welcome—with, I hesitate to write what result—but why conceal what everybody knew: the holy men had become—yes, tight, is the word—and incapable of carrying the image back to the church. As the processions cannot start until this has been done, we had to remain cooling our heels until these reverend victims of a too pressing hospitality had cooled their heads. The number of the fast days in the Russian Church is prodigious: those who are conscientious, the Starovièrtsi or Old-Believers in particular, keep several

in each week. On Christmas Day the fast is universal until the rising of the evening star. The Starovièrtsi believe in nothing new: there is a sublime stupidity about them which leads them to reject new Bibles, new silver crosses, new pictures, new Christi, as unreliable and unorthodox. The Doctor and I have joined these Old-Believers, and we only recognise old Bibles, old crosses, and old pictures.

We were rowed back across the Dvina to Archangel. This great stream is not unsuggestive of Russia itself: very broad, very shallow, and the mud not very far from the surface.

I learned on high authority in Archangel, where indeed it seemed to be generally known, that this clever but not sincere Government understated largely the number of troops engaged in the expedition to Khiva. Instead of thirty thousand, which to the best of my recollection we were given to understand was the extent of the expedition, we are told that no less than ninety thousand were employed. It is certain, too, that the losses were very much heavier than those included in the official statements. This, and no paternal anxiety for the safety of foreign newspaper correspondents, was the reason for their suppression by the Russian authorities. The Russians laugh when they remember how Count Schouvâloff hoodwinked the British diplomatists. Ah, they say, it was hardly a fair match: Count Pierre Schouvâloff is a clever man.

The following day was spent among the rambling and widely separated shops, the Doctor searching for reindeer skins and horns, and I for antiquities. The Doctor has become passionné for old silver buttons and brass Christi, and bargains sternly for them, declaring he won't give another kopeck and ending by giving another rouble. *Dva rûbeli ya dam*, he says: two roubles I will give. When the seller is importunate, he emphasises the *ya dam*, giving force to his meaning, and gratifying at the same time a veiled propensity which haunts all those of mortal birth. He has ransacked Mâlaya Zemlia and the province of Archangel for two walrus tusks, finding them eventually in Solómbola, and pleased to pay only about their weight in silver for them.

As it transpired to-day that the Coumoundouros now possesses no passenger certificate, it having run out a few months ago, we find we have to subscribe our names to the ship's articles in some capacity or other, and we waited upon the Consul to-day for the purpose. I enrolled myself as purser, and the Doctor described himself less pretentiously as cook's mate. Accordingly, next to the name of Thomas Jones, Plymouth, aged 18, served last in Mary, SS., capacity officers' steward, wages per week 1*l.* 11*s.* with provisions—figure the names of Edward Rae, 27, Parish of Claughton, Cheshire: served last on Norden SS., joined present ship at Archangel: capacity, purser: remuneration per

week, 1*s.* exclusive of provisions:—and Henry P. Brandreth, 25 (?) native of Standish Rectory, Lancashire: capacity, cook's mate: wages, 1*s.* per month. Then follows the declaration by the above parties to serve on board the said ship on a voyage from Archangel to Dundee or any ports in the Baltic, White Sea, and adjacent continent of Europe, for a probable period of three months: to conduct themselves in an honest, orderly, and sober manner: to love, honour, and obey the captain: to submit themselves to the lawful commands of the superior officers: to consent, in event of their having succeeded in embezzling or wilfully destroying any of the ship's cargo or stores, to make good the loss out of the salary due to them: to submit in case of incompetency to a proportionate reduction in their wages. No wines or spirits were to be allowed, and no cash to be advanced in a foreign port.

We saw some good furs in Archangel, a beautiful glutton skin among others, costing four roubles. A sable's skin will cost perhaps ten times as much, a sea otter's thirty times, a fine black fox-skin perhaps a hundred times. We did not buy any black fox-skins, as we had become poor, very poor, before leaving Archangel. Captain Wright and Mr. Birse dined with us at the club, and we played pyramids afterwards. Then Ivan son of Ivan, with a spider-like grin, offered to show us some feats with the cues and balls which the young

scamp had learnt by practice in darksome hours of the night when honest folk were in their beds. At Mr. Birse's in the afternoon, I had been invited by the Secretary to the Prince-Governor of Archangel to make a formal complaint about the Pînega Isprâvnik, but we did not care to do so.

We were vexed to hear of a further delay in the vessel's sailing, owing to some Russian blundering, and we had to wait for another day and night. At length, after a kind Good-bye from Mrs. Birse, Mr. Birse took us down the river in his boat to where the Coumoundouros was lying off Solómbola, and after a farewell meal on board we said good-bye to this amiable and hospitable gentleman, and the Coumoundouros steamed down the Maimouks channel of the Dvina. We left the city of St. Michael with its white churches and green and golden domes sparkling in the sunlight: we said good-bye without regret to this broad flat province, its vast forests and its sweeping rivers—to this land of mŏŭjiks and mosquitoes—this land of summer sunshine and winter night—to Pînega, to Kouzonièmsky, to Sjomscha. We think of them all without bitterness—but we have seen enough of Archangel Province—we are satisfied.

CHAPTER XXI.

Run aground in the Dvina—Insect Persecution—Le Distrait—Afloat—Run ashore in the White Sea—The Solovetsk Steamer and Monastery—We struggle off the Bank and sail for England—The Lapland Coast—A comprehensive Name—A destructive Shot—Cry of Wolf—Slow Progress—Whales and the solemn North Cape—Grand coast Scenery—Dead Calm off the Lôfodens—The last of the Midnight Sun A Rainbow—Shark ahoy—Cross the Arctic Circle—Heavy Weather and the deep Sea—The Steamer labouring heavily—Bad Nights and Anxiety—No abatement in Storm—Despondency—One Mile per Hour—Sight the Shetlands at last—The Coast of Scotland—Aberdeen—A strange Arrival.

We passed slowly down by the saw-mills — one of them Mr. Rusânoff's—by the barges and the rafts. It was late in the evening, and the mosquitoes hovered about our heads. We moved along the narrow channel for an hour or more: we met one or two ships in tow: we were approaching the inner, or Lapomínka bar. Beyond a low green point where the river swept round we saw the masts of a white ship lying motionless—the crew labouring at the capstan: the Coumoundouros was driven at her best speed, the helm was put hard-a-port, when suddenly she shivered with a strange dragging feeling; we were jerked forward, and in a second the steamer lay beside the white ship, hard and

fast on a mud-bank. The engines were reversed, all steam crowded into the boilers, the tug which was escorting us towed and hauled, but she lay as firm as a rock, and we paced about on deck in gloomy despair.

The tug remained alongside all night. The early morning came, and with it the miserable two-feet tide: and we tried again, backing, tugging, jerking, but it was hopeless. The tug was sent back to Archangel for lighters, and we looked forward to discharging one-third of our cargo, and to remaining on this bank for two or three days. The cargo of flax had been packed into her very much as oakum is tucked into a deck in caulking, and was not likely to come out in a hurry. The Doctor and I went back to bed to lose ourselves in forgetful sleep.

All day the captain was busy in a boat, sounding and laying down buoys: the hours crawled past, while mosquitoes swarmed on board, of a more mature and deadly kind than we had encountered before—poisonous in stinging, swift in evasion, crafty in concealment: we made ourselves hot and angry in pursuing them. No meal or nap was practicable: they stung through our very coats, and our miserable ankles are still walking monuments of their ravages. We went about mournfully on deck, for the cabin and state-rooms were unendurable, and execrated this miserable port and the greedy penuriousness of the authorities and mer-

chants who would not lay out a few hundreds of pounds in dredging, or a few roubles in staking or buoying out the channel. We laughed hollowly as we thought how the timber trade would ere long leave the port of Archangel with its villainous approaches, for the clear open port of Rusânova.

While the Coumoundouros lay in Archangel, there arrived a person remarkably absent in mind—sixpence wanting in the half-crown, the captain called him—a missionary. This gentleman had lately arrived from Babylon and Nineveh, viâ Odessa and the Gulf of Bothnia, but what the diable il allait faire at Kem, among the bigoted Old-Believers, or at Archangel among the superstitious priest-ridden Muscovites, nobody knew. When asked how he lived, he said that Providence took care of him. In coming home from Mesopotamia, an English gentleman had given him a free passage on a steamer, but he said that Providence had furnished him with it. He gave here one day a lecture upon Babylon and Nineveh, at which I am sorry to say but few people assisted. Le Distrait gave a minute account of what he ate and drank, how he slept, and how many good books he had distributed: but Babylon or Nineveh seemed to be forgotten. Previous to starting from the harbour he made the purchase of a new overcoat from a tradesman in Solómbola, and when Captain Wright admired it a few days after,

he said absently that it was an old one, for which he was indebted to Providence. On the whole, he was an original and a success. Good-luck go with him, poor fellow!

The tug came not, the hours went by—the Coumoundouros lay, like a log that had taken root, upon the same old sandbank: weary and disheartened we flung ourselves into bed, awakening at midnight to the jolly notes of the skipper—She's afloat, and the tug is only coming in sight now! We steamed down to Moûdiuga, and lay at anchor, waiting for another twelve hours to escape over the second barrier to this pitiful port. At middle day steam was got up, the vessel was headed for the buoyed passage, she went at the bar at full speed, she paused, dragged, surged forward, came to a dead stop: the engines were reversed, put at full speed, slowed, stopped, and we were planted for another day, if not three or four, upon this infer- I mean this lower bar.

Hours passed, an anchor was sent out a hundred yards ahead, the captain and pilot sounded all round the steamer, boats were slung up in the bows and filled with water, to help to bring her to an even keel, and we waited impatiently for the midnight tide. The Coumoundouros was drawing fourteen and a half feet of water, and here we were stranded at high tide for eight-and-forty hours in the deepest part of the channel. We said it was just like Russia.

In the afternoon smoke appeared on the horizon, and the holy monastic steamboat of Solovetzky, with a gilded cross at her foretopmast, and swarming with pilgrims—*bohômolets*—steamed past within twenty yards of us, bound for the monastery. We should have respected her title more to bear the Holy Cross at her mast-head, if she were employed less for profitable trading purposes, and were bound, with a few missionaries on board, for the poor and friendless land of Kânin.

O'er heathen lands afar,
Thick darkness broodeth yet—
Arise, O morning star.
Arise, and never set.

If the rising of the morning star dependeth upon these monks of Solovetsk, I fear darkness will continue to prevail. What does it matter to us? they say: let it brood. The officers and engineers of these vessels are monks, all of them: in the stern we could see the long cassock and floating hair of his Reverence the steersman: on the bridge stood his Eminence the skipper, in the tall brimless biretta of the Russian Church. The princely game of chess which these astute priests are playing with the Government will be an entertaining one. Upon the stakes the paternal Bruin has already set his Imperial eye, and the very contemplation has made him lick his Imperial lips. When this sleek fat cub will be bled is hard to say, but bleed he must.

Towards midnight the old screw Coumoundouros was made ready for running this unnatural and unsuitable steeplechase: black smoke poured out of the funnel—the steam roared out of the copper pipe: the engines began to revolve, the screw pounding and churning up the thick brown mud and water with heavy throbs, like the tail of a vast stranded fish: the Doctor and I took eager sights along the bearings, the sailors toiled round with the capstan, singing in chorus: and after half an hour's hard and anxious labour, to our infinite relief she began to forge ahead, and was at last hauled over this fatal bank and floated once more in the White Sea. We drew a long breath as the pilot was sent on board of a ship lying near at hand: the head of the Coumoundouros was fairly turned towards England, and the Doctor and I executed a Samoyede dance on deck to some music we had composed, while we shook the mud off our keel against Archangel, and vowed it should never never see our countenances any more.

At night we crossed the Polar Circle, rounded Cape Orloff, and the sunny cold Sunday morning found us passing Cape Svîatoi Nôs, and coasting along the snowy cliffs of the Kola Peninsula.

This vessel has a surprisingly comprehensive name. The Roman numerals, and ciphers alone, collected, represent a vast and prodigious number.

For instance, C.O.V.M.O.V.D.O.V.O reads thus: —100.0.5.1000.0.5.500.0.5.0. This, when properly pointed, displays the appalling total of ten thousand and five millions of millions, one hundred thousand and five millions, five hundred thousand and fifty, or figures to that effect: and we pay no more to travel by her than by the simple Norden. This discovery set the Doctor and myself talking about other statistics and matters to-day. In 1872 the Doctor went to Iceland, and bagged about thirty-four birds: in 1873 he went to Lapland, and shot about nine: in 1874, in Kânin, he secured never a one. It is not difficult to see what the next step will be. From not securing what he ought to, he will get to securing what he ought not to: and I have concluded not to travel abroad with the Doctor next year.

There was a cry of Wolf on board this morning, and the crew hastened to the spot. Mons. Pimi, who was on the war-path, had caught one of the hens napping, with her tail out between the bars of the coop, and had promptly laid hold of it. The old hen on her side was struggling and cackling in anxious terror lest the tail should give way, but Pimi held on like an oyster, and it required unremitting efforts, equal to those of a steam winch, to haul the little animal off. Later on in the day he made his way into the meat-safe, and with snarl and yelp defied the cooks and stewards to take him out.

While lying at anchor at Solómbola, a tub had been brought on board the steamer, with a number of live fish in it, in water. My little protégé, being at large on the deck, had his head in the bucket and caught and swallowed three fish in a twinkling. On the whole he is a diverting little beast.

The Doctor and I are in brutal health: we are waxing fat upon our hardships: we can only take moderate exercise upon deck: the greatest inconvenience is that when we laugh we can scarcely see out of our eyes, and when we play quoits upon deck, each waits in hopes that the other will pick up the quoits: our appetites rival that of the watchful and necessitous shark.

We plod along, for two long days and nights, past the god-forsaken coast of Russian Lapland, our steamer barely averaging seven knots, or one-third more than our little sailing-boat, between the Kûloi river and Archangel. We see quantities of whales off Vardö, and along by the wild north coast of Finnemarken. The sun has scarcely made any impression upon the beds of snow that we saw on our northward voyage: the cold North Wind constantly prevailing has kept the temperature of the water very low.

We reach, after steaming for three days and nights, the solemn battered old North Cape, and pass almost beneath it. The Midnight Sun was lurking in a thick

bank of cloud, and we thought it possible we might not see it again, as every day would bring us, however slowly, farther towards the twilight of the South. The relief with which our eyes rested upon the noble snowy mountains of Norway after the dull depressing flats of Russia, was unspeakable, and the fresh sounding sea, after the turbid slimy lukewarm waters of the Russian rivers, was a gladness to our eyes and nostrils.

In a dead calm we crept laboriously past the Tromsen fiord, twenty miles seaward from the town: and on this fourth midnight we see the noble old Sun, shining upon the noiseless sea as if he wished to impress us for the last time. Gold on the waters, gold on the snow and mountains, gold in the sky, liquid golden light streaming into the cabin windows—our faces and hair each with a nimbus of gold in the sweet and blessed sunlight. It was surpassingly beautiful—far too beautiful for us to go to bed.

Next day we are late in rising, and spend our time in coasting along by the fine northern group of Lôfoden, called the Westeraalen, and admiring the mountains to our hearts' content. As I write I can see the magnificent Lôfodens themselves, a broken sharp serrated group of purple and dove-coloured peaks, towering out of the sea, seamed with waterfalls, and patched with white snow and glaciers. Later in the evening the Lôfodens become overcast with a dingy rain-cloud, their outlines,

save where the snow lies, obscure and dim. Over the sea is the sun, rosy and serene above the horizon, and out of the gloom on the mountains there rises the extremity of a rainbow, upright as a pillar of flame. The surface of the water changes and becomes of a hazy phosphorus blue, the rainbow expands almost to the zenith, while its reflection meets at our feet, a perfect ring, a real Arctic Circle.

There is a great shark as long as myself, swimming patiently about the ship, with his fin above water: the shark is not a popular fish, and the sailors howl and shake their fists at him. In the course of the evening we stop to do a little marketing: a fishing-boat comes alongside, manned by four clear-eyed honest Norsemen, and full of huge fish: some halibut were enormous, weighing probably a hundredweight. It was a treat to exchange a few words with these frank toilers of the sea, after the shifty overreaching mo\^ujiks, and to receive their hearty Far vel.

The sun sank into the sea at a quarter to eleven, so we have fairly sailed out of the regions of the Midnight Sun: to-day we cross the Arctic Circle (for the twelfth and fourteenth times respectively), and are making our way towards the cloudier countries of the South. Our calm of the day before yesterday, the third calm we have had now, ended like its predecessors: this morning it blew stiffly from the South. All day we made but little

progress against it, our engines working at half speed: in the afternoon we passed a small steamer scudding northwards with double-reefed square sails set, and the wind settled steadily down to a gale, while the barometer dropped from 29·40 to 29· in half an hour.

As night came on—the first night we had had since leaving England—the wind rose in furious blasts, and the dull vast waves with broken crests came thundering past and against the steamer. Plunging heavily she scooped the waters over her forecastle, where they burst and drifted over us in a cloud. The sky became dark and leaden, the wind changed slightly to the south, and came upon us in what the captain called a Southerly Buster. The heavy steamer lurched and laboured, making scarcely any way at all, while the wind shrieked and howled through the shrouds. I was standing on the wet decks, sheltering behind the steam crane, when the main staysail in front of me, split by a gust, burst its stays and went off as if blasted by powder, pulling ropes blocks and bolts out with it. Captain Wright, who had been standing between it and the rail, half a minute before, had come to talk to me, or nothing could have saved him. Then the engines were slowed further, rain poured down to our joy from a great black bank of cloud, the barometer fell no further, and we began to think the worst was passed, and went to bed.

The breakfast hour, somewhere about noon, brings us no satisfaction. We cannot keep our seats at table. The Coumoundouros is driving heavily into the monstrous Atlantic waves, her timber deck-load forward soaking up the seas as they sweep over, and her head is settling gradually down. The coals, as they become exhausted in the after part, help to elevate the stern; and the ship presents the appearance of a swimmer, with his head half under water, striking out with his feet in the air. The vibration in the saloon is enormous.

The long blank hopeless day goes on, the captain and his officers in oilskins on the bridge holding on, while from time to time as the towering seas strike her, the steamer groans and quivers almost humanly. Ten days ago we left Archangel, and we are abreast of the Stadtland, a little south of Throndhjem—probably three days' sail from Scotland. The sun sets at half-past nine in a green and evil-looking sky, and we vex and fret ourselves next day on hearing from Captain Wright that since sunset we have run twelve knots. The Doctor and I are beginning to regard ourselves as a couple of unregenerated spirits, condemned like the Flying Dutchman to wander without end. We feel so forlorn, that when we hear that the Coumoundouros has as peculiar a reputation as any steam-vessel sailing out of the Humber, we simply don't care. She is so stiff and unyielding when deeply loaded, that the waves wash

over as if she were a rock. The danger of this is, that if such vessels take to rolling, they may roll a little too far.

Captain Wright, with his kind, funny ways, made even these days pass, and he very kindly consented, when we besought him, to put us on shore at Aberdeen, seventy miles north of Dundee, and so relieve us of one day or night's voyage.

On the eleventh morning the Shetlands came in sight: at night the merciful wind went round to the north-west. On the twelfth morning we were abreast of the Pentland Frith: the long, long day was drawing to a close, and we were running for Buchan Ness at the rate of nine knots an hour. We said good-bye in the evening to the Coumoundouros and the amiable genial seaman in command of her, and in another hour, with our heap of outlandish baggage—from the tent to the reindeer skins, horns, and Pimi—we stood, feeling strange, ragged, and sunburnt, upon the quay at Aberdeen.

Pimi was soon the centre of a crowd. Eh! see til the bonny beastie! It's a dôg! Na, na, it's a munkie! Eh! it's a woolf!! A pretty little fisher girl gave him some shell-fish, which met with his approval, and he almost swallowed the little girl in his eagerness. A swift messenger had brought us a cab, into which we with difficulty bestowed ourselves and luggage, and amid considerable excitement we drove away from the old harbour of Aberdeen.

CHAPTER XXII.

A pleasant Letter—Impression left at Mezén—The End of Pimi—Effects of our Gale in the White Sea—Foreign Policy of Russia—Development of her Influence—Evidences—The Amnesty of 1874 to Poles—Reflections on our Journey—Farewell to Everybody.

I WILL not detain the amiable and long-suffering reader much longer, but wish to quote from two pleasant letters which reached me since our return home. The first is from Mr. Sharvin, dated Rusânova, August 13/25th, and commences thus:—

'DEAR MR. RAE,—I was delighted to receive your letter from Archangel, informing me of your successful passage and happy arrival at Archangel, where I believe you were very glad to find a little rest after so many inconveniences and detentions in Kânin tûndra, as well as at Mezén and Rusânova. Now it will afford you a little pleasure, I presume, to remember all the Samoyedes, Pînega people, Mezén Isprâvnik, and Mr. Illyn, who often remembers you.

'Your visit to Mezén will be deemed by its inhabitants as an epoch in their public life. Even now they begin to say, that such and such event had taken place a month before the Englishmen came to the town, or

Mr. So-and-So was married two days after the Englishmen were gone. We were very busy after you left us: nearly fifteen ships came at once. You do not mention anything about our little wolf—how he is, and whether he safely reached England, or whether you were obliged to leave him somewhere. All the Mezén people, and Mr. Trugg as well, send their kind regards to you and the Doctor.'

Pimi's end was a sad one. I had intended presenting him to the London Zoological Gardens, where I felt certain that he would be considerately and scientifically brought up, and that he would prove a credit to his native country. My overture elicited a telegram from the Director, stating that there was no further accommodation for wolves. We had become much attached to one another, Pimi being the first pet that I ever possessed, and he probably looking upon me as a near relative, seeing that he was too young to remember his family circle. I felt dreadfully sorry to put to death a friend that had come from so far away, that had shared both our dangers and discomforts, that had never taken a liking to anybody but myself, and that had slept beside me at nights on the lonely White Sea. I felt that he would always be perfectly trustworthy as far as I was concerned: as there was, however, a growing feeling of insecurity among friends and neighbours, and as I had no wish to

provoke the resentment of some parent whom he might have rendered childless by realising the story of Little Red Riding Hood, I felt that Pimi's days were numbered. A few weeks afterwards, having grown to the size of a young pointer dog, he died, after partaking of a small white powder offered to him by a chemist. Our Union Jack, another companion of our travels, is now carefully laid by with other trophies from abroad: the names of Korga, Kanûshin, Kiya, Mièsna, Koroléva, Schoina—spots in which it was the first to wave—proudly emblazoned within the Arctic Circle that it bears.

Mr. Birse writes: 'I have had a long letter from the Doctor, with a vivid description of your journey home. The gale of wind he refers to was most disastrous to the Russian coasting vessels at Vardö, Norway. Six were capsized, and all lives lost. The storm extended to the White Sea, and wrecked a large Russian vessel, with a cargo of codfish, on the Lapland coast. The vessel was caught lying at anchor in a creek, was a wreck in a few moments, and several lives were lost. Great commotion has been made in town too, through the report of the loss of the Government steamer during a voyage to the Lapland coast, with a number of priests, deacons, choristers, Vice-Governor, and many officials, on their way to open a new church erected on the Lapland frontier. The corvette did reach Archangel after all, but had been in great danger.

Mr. Sidoroff is working out an enterprise with some rock oil-springs, in a river tributary to the Petschora, in a very wild region.

'The Samoyedes beyond Petschora lost very heavily by disease among their herds of reindeer: according to your statement the Samoyedes at Kânin Nôs must have escaped. The Government intends sending veterinary surgeons to the Samoyedes next spring, but I very much doubt whether they will countenance any instruction regarding the reindeer from anyone. When any of your friends from Kânin Nôs make their appearance here, I shall make a point of inquiring about yourself and our friend the Doctor, and give you the Samoyedes' opinion of your good selves. I hope it may be flattering—however you shall have the truth. The photograph of the Doctor is most handsome. I expect my friends Messrs. Harvie Brown and Seebohm here before the end of March, on their way to the Petschora river.'

These enterprising gentlemen intend passing this next summer in pursuit of birds upon that great river and its branches. The Doctor and I admire, but do not envy them: we will accompany them, but only with our good wishes: we are not to be classed with those travellers who keep all the pleasures of other lands to themselves. A year or two ago we should have felt their journey as an encroachment upon our personal enjoyment, but now for us the illusions and ambitions

of travel are passed: by all means let Messrs. Brown and Seebohm go among the Samoyedes, and may good fortune attend them.

I am unwilling to appear unreasonable in anything I have written regarding the foreign policy of Russia, but it is impossible to close our eyes to the fact that little by little that country is encroaching upon its neighbours. Take the substance of a few paragraphs cut at random from the newspapers since our return to England, all within the space of a few months.

'Disturbances are reported from Central Asia, which will afford the opportunity,' as the Russian press undisguisedly express a hope, 'of extending Russian influence in that quarter.' Again, 'A Russian exploring party, consisting of two scientific men, two officers, and military attendants, has penetrated beyond the northern frontiers of China: the objects of the mission are purely scientific.' No doubt. Within a week comes a statement that two or three Russian officers, found quietly engaged in mapping out the northern districts of Roumania, were assisted across the frontier by the Turkish troops: it is added generously that the Russian Government have allowed the matter to pass over without protest. The survey of the country, we next hear, between the Amou and the Caspian progresses satisfactorily, and the construction of a deep ship canal is believed to be practicable.

The next news is that the Russian Government have ordered eighteen iron sloops for the Aral Sea flotilla, and two armed steamers for the special purpose of navigating the Amou Darya. Then we are told that among the list of railways to be immediately submitted—notice the word immediately—to the Russian Council of Ministers, are included the long contemplated Caucasian lines. Vast barracks, too, are to be constructed throughout Russia proper. By-and-by we hear that Khiva is suffering from the incursions of marauders, and has appealed to Russia for protection, which will no doubt be afforded. Then it is stated that a Russian expedition has crossed into Persia to observe the transit of Venus—transit of Venus indeed, transit of Mars more likely—and that the circumstance has given rise to uneasiness in that country: the Shah having expressed surprise and concern. This expedition consists of three officers and one man of science—engineering science perhaps. I think these circumstances need no comment: evidence is multiplying daily as to the designs of this ambitious country. For every paragraph that used to appear in the newspapers respecting Russia, at least ten appear now. This fact has its significance: it shows not only Russia's increased activity, but her reliance upon her own strength, and indifference to the concealment of her plans.

I believe we have no conception of the magnitude

of undertakings—viaducts, bridges, canals, and roads—now in progress in Central Asia towards securing quick and permanent communication. Shut off from the sea coast of Europe, and without practicable ports, Russia is stretching herself out towards the Indian seas—patiently and laboriously, but none the less surely. She is not likely to attack India, but beyond any question her intention is to establish a checkmate on the frontier, and when we next come to blows with Russia in Europe, Russia in Asia will threaten our Indian possessions. This is the avowed opinion of intelligent Russians. When the next Indian mutiny breaks out, we must not forget that the Russians will be at hand. England is now sitting in sleepy self-complacency, the voices of disinterested men, familiar, like Arminius Vambéry, with the country and the people, have been set aside for the courteous assurances of a Count Schouvâloff: unlike the astute adder, we cannot resist the voice of the charmer, charm he never so insincerely, and I fear we have a bitter awakening in store for us.

I think my Russian friends know better than to imagine any such questions can affect my esteem and regard for them. They have told me they would not wish me to record other impressions than those I received when in their country. Whether Russian policy is popular in England or no, Russian society is

certainly so. We are sensible of the polish and charm of manner an educated Russian almost always possesses.

I hardly know how the general amnesty granted during the past autumn will affect our friends the poor exiles of Pînega and Mezén. Many, no doubt, can return to their homes—many others, alas! have no homes left them to return to. It will not be indiscreet at this distance of time to confess that we made overtures to one poor gentleman to evade. We told him our plan, which could not have failed to succeed. I have no means, he said. But we will find a passage for you, we said, on an English ship. His eyes filled with tears. When I get to England, he said, I speak no languages: and, my God! I have no money.

Both our journeys were successful, but that to Siberia in Europe was immeasurably the more difficult. Time, Man, and the Elements seemed combined against us. We did not know at the time, as we know now, that the Comet added its malignant influence, or more than once, where we eventually weathered our difficulties, we might have given ourselves over to despair.

The Doctor and I have been repeatedly asked, since our return to England, whether it is our intention to volunteer for the approaching Expedition to the Polar Regions. We offer our final assurance that it is not. The nearest approach that we have ever made, or are ever likely to wish to make, to such an expedition,

was in the course of last July, when we lay stormbound at Cape Kanûshin. At that time, almost due North of us—at a distance of just eighteen hours by railway, had there been one—the gallant Austrians were drifting helplessly backwards and forwards—as they had been for two long summers and winters. We erected no cairn at the farthest point of our journey—our Union Jack we brought away with us—the traditional bottle we gave to a wandering Samoyede—and now the only record of our visit is in the reader's hands.

I am anxious in a few words to take the opportunity of thanking those friends whose assistance, advice, and hospitality contributed to the success of our travels, and those whose society from time to time shed roses upon our path. Lastly, anxious and weary reader, I would thank you, who have accompanied us in our recollections of scenes that will never pass from our memory. Believe me, if you have conscientiously toiled through this volume, if you have scrupulously followed the tedious descriptions, and mastered the Samoyede vocabulary, you are possessed of qualities of endurance that would make a journey through Lapland light, and the hardships of Siberia in Europe supportable to you. What can I say in return?

In the Valhalla of Odin, the Paradise of the Scandinavians, was a well from which the virtuous were privileged to draw—the Fountain of Past Things.

Reader, if you have arrived at the mature age of twenty-seven, I can think of nothing more pleasant to wish you than a fountain to draw from, of the memories of ten years' wanderings like my own. As regards my poor journal, now so nearly at an end, I only ask you to make all the excuse you can for the ramblings of a mind, even ordinarily and without circumstances of aggravation, not over serious or stable: at the same time to respect my forbearance, and be thankful that society has been mercifully spared the relation of eight previous journeys.

Farewell the Arctic and Lapland: Farewell the White Sea and the Samoyedes: Farewell all pleasant friends and fellow-travellers: and Farewell, Reader, for our journey together is at an end.

THE END.

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